THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I[illegible]ed Weekly
by Benj.

Volume 196, Number 11

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SEPT. 15, '23

Marcus Eli Ravage—Kennett Harris—Thomas McMorrow—Sam Hellman
George Kibbe Turner—Charles Brackett—Albert W. Atwood—R. G. Kirk

Here is a Del Monte Product of which we sell millions of cans every year ~

and yet ~ a very great majority of the women who should value it most, have still to learn what it is. Are you one of them? *Read this and see* ~

DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce especially prepared for use in cooking!

Do you know it? Have you ever tried it?

If so, you need read no further—for it is probably already as indispensable in your kitchen as pepper and salt. If not—the reason very likely is that you have still to learn its many really marvelous possibilities for improving the flavors of almost all kinds of foods—*in cooking*.

Where it is Best Known and Why

On the Pacific Coast and in certain sections of the South and Southwest, DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce has long held an important place in the every-day cookery of people who serve good foods. Many of the more piquant and distinctive dishes for which these localities have grown famous—foods reminiscent of the best traditions of Creole, French and Spanish cookery—owe their unusual charm and tempting flavor to a generous use of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce as a cooking ingredient.

In fact, it is this very popularity of the product, in the sections where it is already so well known, that has prevented women in other parts of the country from becoming acquainted with it before this. Those who knew it used all that we could supply, until recently.

But now, we have corrected that condition. Within the past year our source of supply and facilities for producing DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce have been increased so that every housewife in the country may now add its flavorful possibilities to her cooking—if she insists that her grocer supplies her.

What it is and how to use it

Of course you will want to try DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce if you do not already know it. But before you do, please remember that it is a *cooking* sauce and should be used only in that way. Do not confuse it with Tomato Catsup or Chili Sauce. It is something entirely different. Catsup and Chili Sauce should be added to foods on the table—*after the cooking is done*. We also pack both DEL MONTE Tomato Catsup and Chili Sauce, but they do not take the place of DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce in any sense of the word.

For DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce serves its own distinct purpose—as a cooking ingredient—to be used in the preparation of all kinds of meats, gravies, poultry, fish, fried oysters, fritters, omelets, macaroni, rice, beans, soups, salad dressings, cocktail sauces, etc.

Made of red-ripe, California tomatoes, fresh green peppers, and carefully-selected native and imported herbs and spices—all blended according to an original DEL MONTE recipe—it offers almost endless ways of putting new flavor—new taste-appeal—into all kinds of cooking.

The convenience and economy of this sauce will especially delight you. It's ready to use. There is no cooking—no straining of tomatoes—no experimenting with seasonings. Just open a can and you have the secret of many a chef's most popular dishes—a ready balanced sauce that adds rare charm and savor to even the most commonplace foods. By its use, the cheaper cuts of meat and left-over foods of all kinds are easily made into most palatable and tempting new dishes.

Ask your grocer for DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce. If he does not have it, send us his name and address and we will advise him where he can obtain it for you. Once you've tried it, you'll want to order it by the dozen cans and keep a supply always on hand.

Send for this Book

To show the many simple, economical and appetizing uses of this product, we have prepared a special book of "DEL MONTE Tomato Sauce Recipes," which tells all about it and how to use it. Write us for a free copy. Ask for Publication No. 689. Address Department 30, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Especially Prepared for Every Cooking Use

Smooth, inexpensive-to-maintain, this street in York Village, Maine, was first treated with Tarvia in 1913.

A macadam road brought up to date. Main Street, Le Roy, New York—transformed by Tarvia during 1919 and 1920.

Columbia Avenue in Vandergrift, Pa., once an old brick street, was surfaced with Tarvia in 1914. Other streets are being improved in the same manner.

The Three Ages of Main Street—

WHAT are the three ages of America's Main Streets?

First, the Age of Mud and Dust—the age of the sprinkling cart—the age when spring thaws turned Main Street into a mud-hole. Unpaved and untended, the old-fashioned Main Street was a daily affront to the community.

Next, the Age of Incompleteness. In this period, the busiest section of Main Street was given a fine, expensive pavement—so expensive in fact that many towns could afford only a few blocks at the most. Then came an abrupt break-off into unimproved country roads.

And today—the Age of Tarvia.

Main Street has been extended. Instead of a short stretch of ultra-expensive pavement, there are miles of moderate priced, low maintenance cost Tarvia roads—radiating out into the country, and bringing business into the town by automobile and truck. Hundreds of towns and counties have found that Tarvia roads are the economical solution of the good roads problem—satisfactory alike to road officials and taxpayers.

For Tarvia roads are not only firm, smooth, dustless and mudless all the year round—they are far less costly to build and maintain than any other type of modern highway. Because of these economies, the use of Tarvia insures the most miles of good roads that can possibly be built and maintained with the road funds available. There is a grade of Tarvia for every road purpose—new construction, repairs or maintenance.

If you will write to our nearest office we will promptly and gladly give you practical information regarding your road problem.

Motorists in Leavenworth, Kansas, find it smooth, easy riding as they spin down Broadway—a Tarvia "Main Street" since 1917.

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For Road Construction Repair and Maintenance

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THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited:
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

State Street, Hart, Michigan, first treated with Tarvia in 1913.

Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last many years. The quick cleansing of "P and G" keeps paint "young."

When little Billy starts to school

You probably want your children to romp and tumble about with other children as much as they please. But there are occasions when you want them to *stand out*—when you want them to appear unmistakably *your* children, in whom you have pride. Nothing makes a child stand out from the crowd like neat, clean, *fresh*-looking clothes.

> *If children's clothes are made white, they should be kept white. If they have colors in them, these colors should be kept fresh. And not even a good laundress can preserve whiteness and freshness if she is handicapped by her soap.*

Perhaps your laundress has experimented with many soaps, and still her results are not up to the standard you set.

The choice of soap should be yours

If that is so, we suggest that from now on you select the soap yourself and on next wash-day provide her with P and G The White Naphtha Soap. Then watch what happens during the following month. By the third or fourth washing see if the original fresh whiteness does not reappear.

P and G is a most unusual soap. It washes *clean*.

That, you may say, is what every soap is supposed to do. Perhaps, but how few actually achieve genuine, *white* cleanliness—real freshness, *like new* freshness!

Acts on dirt, not on colors or fabrics

That's the kind of cleanliness and freshness P and G achieves, because it acts on the *dirt*, not on fabrics or colors; it rinses out thoroughly, leaving no trace of soap, soapy tinge or odor behind it—it is a *white* soap, a *thorough*-cleaning soap, a *safe* soap for both colors and fabrics.

Besides, P and G lessens the need for constant boiling and hard rubbing. Laundresses like it because it saves their time and energy while it saves their employers' *clothes*.

So many millions of households have discovered the unique properties of P and G that this soap is now *the largest selling laundry and general household soap in America*.

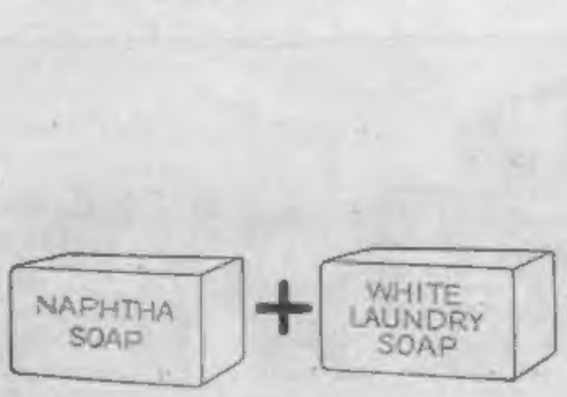
PROCTER & GAMBLE

Glassware and dishes glisten with perfect cleanliness. P and G removes grease instantly without rubbing. Leaves decorations unharmed.

Not merely a naphtha soap,

Not merely a white laundry soap,

But the best features of both, combined.



Speed + Safety

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AMERICA GOES A-MARKETING

By MARCUS ELI RAVAGE

WAS it De Tocqueville who remarked that this was a land of contradictions? That was pretty smart of him, if it was he, considering that he looked us over before our troubles had really begun. He was a French scholar and gentleman, with republican proclivities, who braved the seas and then went back and wrote a book about democracy in America or something like that. It must have been somewhere around a hundred years ago. Just what the contradictions were that made him sit up I do not recall. I should not suppose they were very startling or violent ones, however. What, I have sometimes wondered, would he say if he could be among us today?

I have myself been struck with a bit of a paradox in this land of my faith and my adoption. Nothing very astonishing; nothing very new, even. I have been carrying it around on my chest for quite some time—ever since I landed here in fact, nigh unto a quarter of a century ago. Others who arrived with me, or who followed later, have doubtless made a note of it also. It is really too obvious. Only, for some reason which I cannot explain, no one has taken the trouble to share it with the world. And this is the first opportunity I have had of unburdening myself.

PHOTO, BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

A Sunset View of New York Harbor, With Ellis Island, the Landing Place for Immigrants, at the Lower Right

The Paradox of American Immigration

I AM going to begin by naming it, lest the suspense should become too much for you: It is the paradox of American immigration. Next I shall proceed to state it, briefly, crudely, baldly, and—how am I to avoid it?—paradoxically. To wit: The foreigner whom America wants is not the one she needs; and, *per contra*, the immigrant she needs is seldom the one she thinks she wants. Having got so far, I am about half through with my job; or, at least, I would be if the majority of my readers were newcomers like myself. I take it they are not. Therefore I shall have to go on illustrating and dramatizing the proposition for a page or thereabouts. Then it will be incumbent upon me to analyze and explain it; or, in other words, to show that the paradox is not a paradox, after all, but only appears to be because there prevails some little confusion about America's purposes. Finally, I shall have a word or more to say about another interesting—and apparent—contradiction: Namely, the paradox of Americanization, which may be stated roughly like this: America no sooner gets the alien she needs than she sets to work with the utmost alacrity to turn him into the immigrant she wants, with the consequence that the old vacancy remains as vacant as ever.

I must warn you that what I am going to give you is an article with a purpose and precious little entertainment. If it were a novel I was writing, it would be called a problem novel. The purpose is simply this: To get you to understand this tangle of immigration and, incidentally, its first cousin, the well-known muddle of Americanization.

Now then: From time to time I have stood at the crossroads, like the Sphinx of old, and annoyed the passers-by with a question:

"What think ye of immigration?"

And my good-humored friends of the native persuasion usually replied:

"Well, frankly, it is about like this: We want hunkies, fellows with brawn and muscle to manipulate the pick and shovel for us, to do our dirty work."

And I have said: "Equally frankly, you are much mistaken. That is probably what we need. In fact, I know it is. But it is not at all what we want. We are looking for an entirely different species of biped."

With occasional variations, my friends' reply is typical. It represents the prevailing philosophy of immigration. In my judgment it is a misconception. It not only confuses two distinct ideas—the idea of our immediate requirements with that of our ultimate aspirations—it states a half truth as if it were the whole truth.

Now the half which is true I understand perfectly well. The Old World is the labor market of the New. America goes forth into this market to hire hands. She needs them to run her machines, to mine coal and ore, to dig tunnels and build roads, to raise wheat and cotton, to blast and hoist, to hew wood and draw water. America is a new continent, only partly cleared and conquered. Europe is an old continent with a surplus of population. The movement of immigration is designed to balance the equation—to export this surplus of man power to where it is most needed.

Those Whom Uncle Sam Makes Welcome

SO FAR so true. Economically speaking, it always was true. The history of America's settlement was from the start—in one sense, at least—caused by European overpopulation. All I want to point out is that this is not the whole truth. Just consider the present situation. At this very moment there is in the United States a very serious shortage of labor. Industries are actually running behind schedule for lack of workmen. Manufacturers and *entrepreneurs* in many trades are calling loudly for increased immigration, for a lowering of the bars. Does America heed the call? Is the nation or the Government in favor of the wide-open door? Not so you can notice it. The restrictive legislation remains on the statute books, and—with perhaps minor modification—is likely to remain. Yet no one denies that we must have more labor.

I am not, please understand, criticizing our immigration laws one way or the other. This is not an argumentative article; it is an explanation. Even if America is to be

regarded as a mere employer and the immigrant as an applicant for work, there is bound to be regulation. We have a right to determine the number and the kind of men we want to engage. We even owe it to the personnel already in the plant to exercise care and judgment in selection. We cannot take on criminals and lepers, idlers and incompetents, drunkards and epileptics. In fairness to the new employe himself, we must insist on his entering with a minimum of funds sufficient to carry him until his first envelope comes in. Most important of all, justice to everybody concerned requires us to consult our actual industrial needs. It would be a poor kindness to both old hands and new if we were to take on more help than we could supply with work.

Now our immigration law actually contains provisions of this nature: There are clauses prohibiting the entry of persons afflicted with contagious diseases; there are some others which exclude mental defectives, lunatics, prostitutes, anarchists and a comprehensive group of individuals guilty of acts involving moral turpitude. We keep out paupers and all such as are likely to become public charges. And we demand that every alien applying for admission shall possess a fixed amount of money which will enable him to survive the period between his landing and his first job. To be sure, there is not a word anywhere in the document that can by any stretch be interpreted to look toward our industrial needs. Neither the Secretary of Labor nor the Commissioner General of Immigration is required or even empowered to hire and fire in accordance with the state of employment within the country. But the law makes up for this interesting omission by a whole series of enactments which have not the remotest bearing on economics.

That is where the rub comes in. That is what knocks the theory of America as a mere corporation in search of labor into a misshapen article of headwear. Come a step nearer, if you please, and examine the law. Here, first of all, is something about a literacy test. No foreigner shall be admitted to the United States of America who cannot read. Read what? The Declaration of Independence, the Lord's Prayer, or the Principles of Boiler Making? Not at all. Just three lines of print reminiscent of that famous summary of human wisdom: "This is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." In English? No; any language, dialect or idiom will answer.

When the Nation Takes on Help

WHAT, you might ask, has the ability to unravel twenty-six words of Bengali got to do with lumberjacking in the Northwest? Everything in the world, as you shall hear in due time. Wait, though. Here is a clause dealing with contract labor. "Contract labor," of course, means workers who have secured employment in advance of their coming; and from that you will doubtless conclude that the authorities are instructed to give them special consideration and to waive certain of the less important formalities. If you are looking for hands, there could be no more desirable ones than these. If you fear paupers and dependents, here are people guaranteed able to take care of themselves. But what does the law say? It says, in effect: Aliens who have been engaged as workers in the United States prior to leaving their native lands, or who have been induced to quit their homes by promises of employment, shall be subject to exclusion!

In addition, we have a law barring Chinese. Many things may be said, and have been said, against this ancient race. The one thing that nobody could urge against them is that they won't work. They are honest, intelligent and industrious. They are tough and inured to hardship. They will endure long hours under the most trying conditions. Wages are nothing to them, they require so little to live. Best of all, they are neither anarchists nor syndicalists; the radical sociologies of the Europeans do not appeal to them; they take but slowly even to conservative unionism. In a word, they are the perfect hunkies. Nevertheless, we'll have none of them. What is the reason? Why, the strangest imaginable—the strangest, I mean, if you are obsessed with the notion of Uncle Sam as a gang boss. We object to Chinese principally because they are cheap labor!

To cap the climax, there is the quota law. Now the principle of that law is, from every point of approach, excellent. It is the first attempt at anything like scientific regulation of this vital matter. If you will not tell it in Gath, and if you will protect me from assassination at the hands of my fellow immigrants, I will confess to you that I have in my time labored to have that principle embodied into law. I cannot truthfully say that I am altogether satisfied with the result; but that is neither here nor there. It is the provisions of it that interest us in the present discussion.

On first hearing the word "quota" you will almost certainly think of occupations and vacancies. Your mind will form a picture of the general staff of American industry sitting in conclave and drawing up charts for the immigration authorities, advising them of the precise number of carpenters, bricklayers and glass blowers they must have to keep the country's establishments going. Well, it is nothing of the kind. The quota law is contemptuously indifferent to such materialistic contingencies. It is very profoundly concerned about blood and culture, about ideals and citizenship. It enacts that aliens shall be allowed to enter the United States in proportion to the number of their respective race who have already become Americans. Pick up your paper any day this week and you will be startled to read that at a moment when business is clamoring for more help scores of able-bodied workers are being returned to the lands of their fathers on no other ground than that their third cousins have neglected to take out naturalization certificates.

What is the key to such a state of affairs? There is one, never fear; and a very good one it is too. We'll come to it presently. For the moment I beg to remind you that you have not yet seen the enigma in action. You have merely heard me tell about it. To get the full flavor, I recommend a visit to one of our national employment bureaus, alias an American port of entry.

Every one of us, I suppose, has some general idea of how the business of engaging labor is ordinarily conducted. It is a simple enough matter. The applicants are lined up for inspection. Sometimes they are given blanks to fill out. Then the manager, or whatever he calls himself, gives them the once-over. The first thing he looks out for is physique, to make sure that the men are fit for the work. Then he asks a batch of questions of the usual kind. Has the applicant been employed in this line before? If so, where and how long? Why did he leave his last job? What wages does he expect? And so on. Often, too, there is something that might be called a character quiz. The employer nowadays wants to know whether his men are married, whether they are sober and steady, whether they belong to unions, and a great many other things. It is not just curiosity or meddlesomeness on his part. These personal details have a direct bearing on efficiency in modern industry. Everything else being equal, they may determine the applicant's desirability.

But that is the end of it. The emphasis is entirely on the man's fitness for the job. Apart from that the management is not in the least interested in the private lives, the family connections, the tastes and prejudices, the hopes and ambitions, the social and political views of its workers. To sum it up in a phrase, the employer looks upon the employe—and very properly, in my opinion—not as a human being but as an instrument, a factor in production. The employe himself would, as a matter of fact, resent any paternalistic inquisitiveness. He is not here to be investigated or uplifted, but to offer a commodity—his services—for sale. A business house is not a religious mission or a matrimonial agency.

Memories of Ellis Island

THE immigrant station is another affair. Looking on at the proceedings for the first time, you would hardly guess their purport. It would never enter your head that what you were witnessing was a great corporation at the routine of taking on help. It might be a club committee passing on the qualifications of proposed members, or an institution of learning examining prospective students—anything but what it is supposed to be. There is the customary form to fill out—more than one, if I remember correctly. Follows the inevitable physical examination—a very thorough one, I can assure you. And then comes the long, exhaustive and exhausting questionnaire *ad hominem*.

It is this last that makes the performance so exciting and so unique, though the written test is no slouch, either. The alien is required to strip himself—mentally, ethically, spiritually, often corporeally as well—and to submit all these layers of himself to the minutest microscopic analysis. He must trace himself back to the nebulous beginnings of his race and project himself into the farthest future of his descendants, and fill in the interval with just about everything he can think of, which is not even half what the inspector can think of. It is not really a personal examination in its main aspects. It is a genealogical, anthropological, psychological, social-political research.

Maybe you think I am overdrawing the picture. Then let me tell you: I have had my day at Ellis Island. I have gone through the mangle and wringer, and I have retained some rather vivid memories of the experience. It is not the kind of thing one is apt to forget. It so happened that I got by, personally, rather easily. But while waiting my turn I had ample opportunity to observe the tribulations of my fellow victims. I recall wondering, as I looked on, in a vague sort of way: "Just what are these uniformed officials trying to get at? This cross-examining business—it cannot have any connection with our usefulness as laborers." You see, at the time I, too, carried around the notion of Uncle Sam as a gang boss. In all the letters I had got from my friends over here, that note was stressed and harped on:

"Tell them you are coming to work. That is all America wants with you. They'll deport you if they suspect you of any other intention."

I continued puzzling about the matter for years after my landing, and the more the restrictive laws went piling on the more confused I became.

Consider the thing this way: Suppose an employer of labor—say,

(Continued on Page 189)

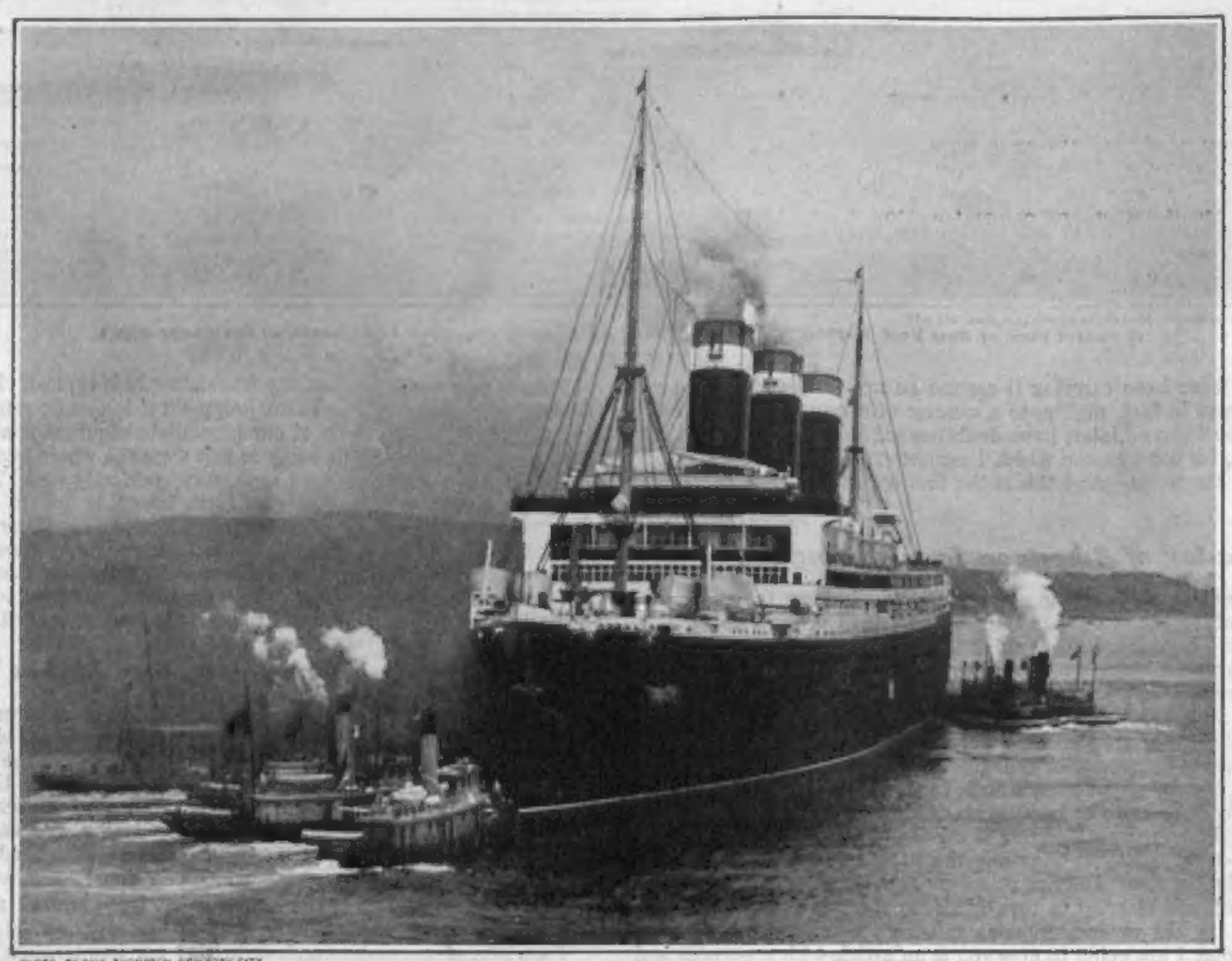


PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

For Her International Ferrying the Giant Leviathan Has a Steerage Capacity of 1660 Persons

PRETTY BUSINESS

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Life is So Hard for a Woman Alone, Don't You Think?" She Asked Her Companion

OUTSIDE the arched window of the little drug store dusk was beginning to confuse itself with leaf smoke in the village street. The lights behind the pharmacist's colored bottles responded to the proprietor's match with a muted puff.

"Yeah—yeah," the woman whinnied into the coin-box telephone. "Say, I just about wore out a paira shoes walking; but I found it all right."

The man standing near thought, as the electric clock ticked the seventh minute since he had begun waiting for her to be through, that it was only because of the weakening influences of civilization that he hadn't choked off her gabble forever with a shower-bath attachment which dangled temptingly close to his hand. He was a man about thirty, with very black hair and very blue eyes, and the idea had cajoled his well-cut mouth into a rather wry grin.

"Yeah, it's awful handsome. It's marked just like you said—Peale—P-e-a-l-e."

It was the man's own fault that he'd almost certainly sacrificed the chance to put in his call before his train left to his belief that every next sentence would be her last, so he should have been philosophical about it; but he wasn't.

"I guess I'm some little go-getter, huh? They didn't name me Bird for nothing."

She was going to mewl all night. The young man picked up his bag. It was rotten luck. A talk over the telephone might have revived his enthusiasm for what he had resolved to do. It needed revivification. As he was moving out there was a change in the woman's voice.

"Oh, is that so? Well, it wouldn't hurt you to say thanks for once in your life. Wait till I see you! I'll tell you where to get off!"

The clash of the receiver on the hook stopped him at the door. He put down his bag. The woman had turned a long, painted, youthless face, looped at the side with jade earrings, on the proprietor.

"What you got in the gum line?"

One felt that she had to set her teeth in something.

The young man ranged some coins on the show case and told Central that he wished to speak with long distance.

"I'll connect you with the toll operator."

"Telephone," someone gasped behind him.

"Busy just now, Miss Narcissa," the proprietor interrupted his sale long enough to announce.

"Oh!"

It was such a desperate "Oh!" that the young man turned and saw that April had come out of the October night—the whole bouquet of April in very tiny compass. Five feet at most, with forest-brown hair, and cheeks and mouth the color of maple buds, a girl stood at his elbow.

"Hello!" a voice came over the wire.

"Hello!" the young man answered. "Is this the toll operator? I want ——"

Such distress had taken the hazel eyes of the girl that the young man didn't say what he wanted, but put his hand over the mouthpiece and asked, "Would you like to use this first? My call is apt to take some time."

"Might I? Mine's awfully important."

"Of course. . . . Never mind that long distance. Give me the regular operator, will you, Central?"

He handed her the instrument.

"You're so kind," said the April girl; then, "Three eight. Ring hard, please."

Her free hand, a very childish hand, kept clutching at the plaid cape she wore.

"Please ring again. I know there's someone there."

"Hello!" Relief brightened her voice. "Margery? Margery, he wasn't there. He's out of town. I tried Pat, too. I knew you wouldn't like it; but I was desperate. It didn't matter because he's with them, and I couldn't even talk to him. Isn't there anyone else? Think, Margery! There must be some man we could call on."

There was an anguished pause.

"Oh, don't say that, Margery! Please!"

She was going to cry. Amazingly enough, the fear that she was going to cry moved the young man beside her tremendously. It made him act in a way he hadn't any idea he was capable of acting.

"If ——" he said. "If it's just a man you need, and there's anything I can do, I'd be most delighted."

The April girl swung around.

"You?"

"If I can be of the least assistance."

"Would you?"

"I'd love to."

The girl didn't answer him.

"Margery," she said into the phone, "it's all right. Go ahead and get ready. No, really it's all right. I'll explain when I come."

She crotched the receiver.

"Come," she commanded with the loveliest of curly smiles.

"Can I leave my bag here, do you suppose?"

"Of course. Mr. Nelson went out with the book-agent lady, but I'm sure he'll look after it. Oh, I forgot! Have you evening clothes in it?"

"A dinner coat."

"Then you'd better bring it. I'll help you carry it."

"It's light." The young man forswore its sixty pounds.

"We'll have to fly."

On the sidewalk the long-faced conversationalist, talking to the proprietor, bowed to the April girl.

"Did you make any sales?" the April girl asked.

"Not-chet."

The April girl made a sorry little face.

"Life is so hard for a woman alone, don't you think?" she asked her companion.

The young man laughed, and said, "Appalling."

"You see, that's really what's the matter with us. We haven't the vestige of a man. It makes our family life awfully wabblous."

They hurried up the empty dusky street. The only people they passed were two little girls inside the post office staring at a placard with rapt expressions.

"I don't think they should post pictures of escaped convicts in public places, do you?" the April girl asked. "They certainly can't be good for children to see. This one must be awfully handsome. I couldn't get near it this afternoon, the high-school girls crowded so tight."

"One could hardly ask the authorities to restrict the circulation to the fellow's own circle," the young man said. "Do you remember this one's name?"

"I didn't hear it. . . . I'm afraid that bag is terribly heavy, but we're in sight. It's that white house back in the yard."

The young man had remarked the place that afternoon. Square and white, with a square cupola and a portico of Doric columns, the house dominated the village from wide lawns. Great elms lifted the tarnished gold of their autumnal leaves above it; woodbine, scarlet as a flight of tropical birds, festooned its iron balconies. In the dusk, its small-paned windows were plaided oblongs of light, and before an iron fence a bonfire flung orange flames up to smoke.

"Can you tell me what I'm to do?" the young man asked.

"I'd rather wait till we get inside, if you don't mind. It's such a terrible thing to explain. . . . Isn't the bonfire beautiful? I raked the leaves this afternoon before I knew —— I kept thinking of the French words—a *feu de joie*." She gave a little shudder. "I think life is awfully scary, don't you?"

They'd reached the portico. The April girl rang a pull bell before she opened the door and led the way into a wide hall, its far end filled with a staircase which divided into two curved flights halfway up its ascent.

"My name is Narcissa Rowan," she said. "This is Rowan House."

"Mine's Dean Lane."

Narcissa Rowan held out her hand.

"How do you do?"

A colored maid in a black dress entered on shoes patterned in corn plasters.

"Will you get the Chinese room ready for Mr. Lane to dress in, Rachel, and take his bag upstairs?"

"Yas'm, Miss Narcissa."

"And now"—Narcissa looked at her guest—"if you will come into the drawing-room."

As Mr. Lane was led to a seat by the coal fire under a flower-carved marble arch he had an impression of a gay old-fashioned room, a white room with gold and crimson in it. Underfoot, a somewhat shabby crimson carpet blossomed into incredibly luscious roses. At the windows, foam-lace draperies fell to the floor from gold cornices. Crimson brocade covered the carved rosewood chairs and sofas, and from blossomy golden frames on the walls several ladies and gentlemen looked down with aristocratic indifference. Narcissa Rowan seated herself with great precision.

"It's about my sister Margery," she said. Then she jumped up and clasped her hands in forensic excitement.

"My sister Margery is a very beautiful young lady, and she is the victim of a plot—a plot just as foul as if a lot of Italians with grimy faces got it up in the back of a saloon; and just because the Dowlings are rich and respectable is no reason I shouldn't call it what it is."

"Certainly not," Mr. Lane agreed.

Narcissa's eyes shone.

"You see the Dowlings are giving a dance tonight. They have a big place here."

"The gray stucco one beyond the pumping station?"

"Yes. Margery calls it Pseudohurst; only mamma won't let her, because it sounds viperish. Well, they're giving this ball for Dora Dowling's wedding party, and they've asked everybody in Northern New York, and they've told all the girls in town to bring an extra man or two, only they didn't tell Margery until the day before yesterday. Bess Dowling did, then. She's the one Margery's age. She called up on a pretext and she said, 'Oh, dear, I do hope no girls will come without bringing men. You know how awful it makes it not to have millions of stags.' Well, Margery thought she was all right, because she'd asked Dick Chambers to come up from Albany as soon as she got the invitation. Then, just this afternoon, she got a letter from Dick, saying he couldn't go with her. Bess Dowling had invited him to stay there, before the invitations were out. Bess had met him through Margery. He's terribly in love with Margery, Mr. Lane. It's like fire and powder. You know, in Romeo and Juliet—'Like fire and powder, which, as they kiss, consume.' And Margery likes him, and I think it's Margery's last chance. She's twenty-three now, and—well, I'll explain later.

"I wanted Margery to go without any escort and brave the Dowlings' displeasure. It's what I would have done; but Margery has the pride of Lucifer, and she said she'd rather die an old maid.

"So Frail and Lovely," Narcissa Praised Her Softly. "You Wouldn't Think She Would Have Had Twelve Children"

"I couldn't let her not go, Mr. Lane. If she's not there tonight the Dowlings will poison Dick Chambers' mind against her and make him hate her, and I think he'll marry Bess Dowling. I couldn't stand that."

"Then I'm to take Miss Margery?"

"If you will."

"With all kinds of pleasure. But who's to take you?"

"I'm not asked. I was sixteen last week, but everyone treats me as though I were very young. It's a sort of convention. I was going to tell you that when Margery got Dick's letter we didn't know what to do, because our mother is away; but Margery thought of Mr. Whittlesea, who has been our lawyer forever and whose wife died two years ago. I went to explain to him and ask if he wouldn't take Margery, but he was out of town. He was out of town on Union Tractor business, and that's the Dowlings'. I believe Bess Dowling had him sent away on purpose. That may sound far-fetched; but I do, because, though Bess is awfully clever, she's not very pretty; and she's never forgiven Margery, because before her coming-out party she said to Margery once, 'Brains will win,' and Margery thought it was funny and told everyone, so people call her Brains now."

"It appears that Miss Margery has a tongue in her head."

"She is the cleverest, most beautiful girl —— You're wondering why I said I thought Dick Chambers was her last chance. It's something in Margery herself, Mr. Lane. She's had dozens of suitors and been awfully popular, but you can't go on like that in Elmsley. The men just don't hold out. She hadn't been in love for ages until Dick Chambers; and while some of her suitors are faithful to her, and will be till they die, she won't have anything to do with them when she's not interested. There's Pat Deshon, for instance, whom I tried to see when I found out about Mr. Whittlesea. He's to be an usher and so at the bridal dinner tonight; but I knew that if he knew about Margery he'd get her there in some way, even if it were for another man. But he was at the Dowlings' already for a rehearsal."

"I shouldn't think Miss Margery's future looked so black, though, if there's someone like that."

"Margery will never marry Pat. He's the one mother and I love, and I guess mother has talked about him too much. You know, they say that's fatal. Anyway, of all her suitors who are left, he's the one she treats the worst."

"Good Lord!" Mr. Lane exclaimed. "What gives you any idea I'll be satisfactory?"

"You're new," Narcissa answered. "Do you want to dress while I explain to her? The Chinese room is at the head of the stairs on the left. I forgot, when I told Rachel to put you there, that I spilled ink on the carpet this morning writing a poem."

Margery Rowan, water-waving her golden hair before the myriad-shelved walnut bureau in her room, didn't turn at her sister Narcissa's entrance.

"Well," she asked, adjusting a careful comb, "who did you get?"

"His name is Lane. I think he's perfectly lovely."

"I hope I will. . . . Can you get me some candles or something? This gas is so wretched, and you should dress by a perfectly cruel light like that one over the dressing table in Dora Dowling's bathroom. . . . When did you meet him, Cis?"

"He heard me telephoning at the drug store and offered to help me."

"But where had you met him before?"

"I hadn't, Margery. He was just there."

"Narcissa Rowan!" Her sister turned from the mirror showing the pallor of horror even in the gaslight. "Do you mean to say you just picked him out of the air?"

"You said you just had to go, Margery."

"But I can't possibly go with a person you found on the street. Don't you realize that that's the worst thing you can do, Narcissa? That's what Messalina did. He's probably a thief or an adventurer or a traveling man, and just saw a chance to get in."

"He's not, Margery. He's a gentleman. And he's quite elderly. More than thirty, I guess."

"Where is he now?"

"He's in the Chinese room dressing."

"He's probably taken the silver and left. Go and listen. If he's still there, I'll put on something and fix my hair and tell him, as soon as he comes out, that I can't go with him. You must be out of your mind. I never heard of anything so fly-up-the-creek in my life!"

"But you said anyone!"

"I could have asked old Uncle Joe Hepner myself, and I know he's safe, if he is black. Don't you ever add a pinch of salt to anything?"

"Oh, Margery, you can't send him away! He's so lovely!"

When Mr. Lane descended from his leisured dressing, a tall, bright-haired young lady in blue serge stood in the firelit drawing-room.

"I'm Margery Rowan," she said. "I want to apologize for Narcissa's making you so much trouble. I simply don't understand how she could have thought I would do such a thing."

"You aren't going to, then, Miss Rowan?"

"I haven't a doubt you volunteered to be kind, and all that; but ——"

"I can't very well force myself on you. I'm sorry you have to miss the party, though."

"But you are a gentleman!" Margery exclaimed. "How funny!"

"I'm glad to have your word for it," Mr. Lane told her.

"Narcissa insisted that you were, but I didn't believe her. She hasn't much judgment. She spent most of the afternoon giving tea to a woman book agent who looked like an army mule in earrings, and who, she claimed, was perfectly charming."

"I suppose your agreement, in my case, doesn't make any difference?" Mr. Lane hazarded. "I'm in town until the next train leaves for the North. That will be at three o'clock in the morning."

Margery shook her head.

"No," she said, "it wouldn't do."

Then she turned away from him and looked at the fire.

"Mamma would expire. Oh, it doesn't matter."

"I left my bag upstairs. I'll get it."

Margery was still standing by the mantel when Mr. Lane came downstairs again.

"Good-by," she said, half smiling. "I hope we may meet sometime under the proper auspices."

Her tone showed the resentment she was feeling, at the moment, against such things as proper auspices.

"I hope so too."

Mr. Lane paused, then ventured a question.

"Is Miss Narcissa's room opposite the one I dressed in?"

"Yes; why?"

"Because I'm afraid I heard her sobbing. She'd set her heart on your going, Miss Rowan."

Miss Rowan colored slightly.

"I suppose she told you all about why she's so anxious."

"She did mention a Mr. Chambers."

The blush was unmistakable.

"I simply shudder when Narcissa is alone with anyone. Darling as she is, it's as uncomfortable as having a listening-in device in the family. She gets things so exaggerated. I did tell her I thought Dick Chambers would propose tonight, and that if he did I intended to accept him. That was hardly a reason for her to lasso a stranger."

"I think Miss Narcissa has you rather on her mind," Mr. Lane said.

"It's not only me; it's mother. You see, we're really wretchedly poor; and mother is in New York now, trying to arrange to sell some of our old pictures and furniture, which are valuable. She believes if she can we'll be able to save the house; but we won't. She's delayed too long. All Narcissa can think of is what fun it would be to greet mother at the train tomorrow with the news that I was going to marry brilliantly."

"I should think it would be pleasant," Mr. Lane admitted.

"As I've told it, it sounds like the scheme of three adventuresses to land a fortune; but it really isn't that, Mr. Lane. I haven't exerted any wiles, and Dick Chambers has proposed before. At least, he's done the sort of thing Bess Dowling calls a proposal; and I suppose that if I'd wanted to write little notes to my friends next day, and give a tea with pink roses and Cupid favors, we'd have been as engaged as anyone; but I won't be a bird of prey. As for mother's instigating it, nothing could be farther from the truth. Mother's line is that enough Rowans have married money and helped squander it, and she wishes one would marry ability and help make it."

"Who is ability? The Pat person?"

"I see Narcissa has been thorough. Yes, Pat is ability. Pat is perfection—and he's just impossible. He's one of the few men I've ever seen with whom I've never even thought for a minute that I could be in love. As he's about the only one who sticks, Narcissa feels that if I don't go tonight I'll probably wither on the parent stem. I suppose it's more than likely. My crop of invitations to visit people gets smaller every year, and men are scarce in Elmsley. The girls are reduced to awful expedients. I know one who was saved from certain spinsterhood by her grandmother's death. She clapped a boy, who'd been hanging about for years, into black gloves and treated him like one of the family at the funeral. The speech of people did the rest."

"It seems a bleak prospect," said Mr. Lane, holding out his hand. "I'd like to have been of some help. I'm sorry no one happened to introduce us."

"I am too," Margery answered.

She looked sorry. Mr. Lane had almost reached the door, when he was arrested by her sudden laugh.

"It's too ridiculous. You're a darling, and I've been talking to you as though you were my grandmother. Of course I'll go with you! You'd better have something to eat with Narcissa while I finish dressing."

"We're having an awfully lady supper," Narcissa Rowan apologized; "just eggs, Caracas and tea biscuit. If I'd known a gentleman was coming I would have had chops."

"It's the best supper I've had," her guest informed her, "in fourteen months."

"Gracious!" Narcissa's brown curls bobbed. "Where have you been?"

"I've been eating soulless food."

"Well, I don't know that our Rachel has much of a soul. Do you think darkies have? They're so happy." Narcissa paused to consume some of her chocolate, then asked, "Have you a golden sorrow, Mr. Lane?"

"A what?"

"A golden sorrow. That's what I need. You can't really write poetry until you have one. Of course, it's unfortunate to have been born into a family too late, like Margery and me; but it isn't a golden sorrow, because I think it's sort of romantic, and really don't mind so long as mother has all the necessities. Margery does, though. She hates left-overs, which is what she calls all the family lace and queer jewelry. It's a good thing she's the eldest and has clothes bought for her. I think left-overs are sort of comfortable—you've got used to them; so, while I would like some new things, that isn't a golden sorrow, either. A golden sorrow must have something to do with the heart; and I've never had a grand passion—just some old beaux of Margery's who've been nice to me."

"I should say there was yet time," Mr. Lane proffered comfort.

"Perhaps. Awfully romantic things do happen in Elmsley. Old Mrs. Potterfield, for instance, who lives in the red-brick house down street, and has no hair of her own, but two wigs, a blond and a brunet, was a great beauty once, and refused a man, whose name I suppose I oughtn't to mention, but who afterwards became a President of the United States, because he wasn't a gentleman."

"Mr. Potterfield is, I suppose, unexceptionable?"

"Yes, I presume you would call Mr. Potterfield a gentleman. You see, he's an undertaker; and they have to be quiet and have nice manners."

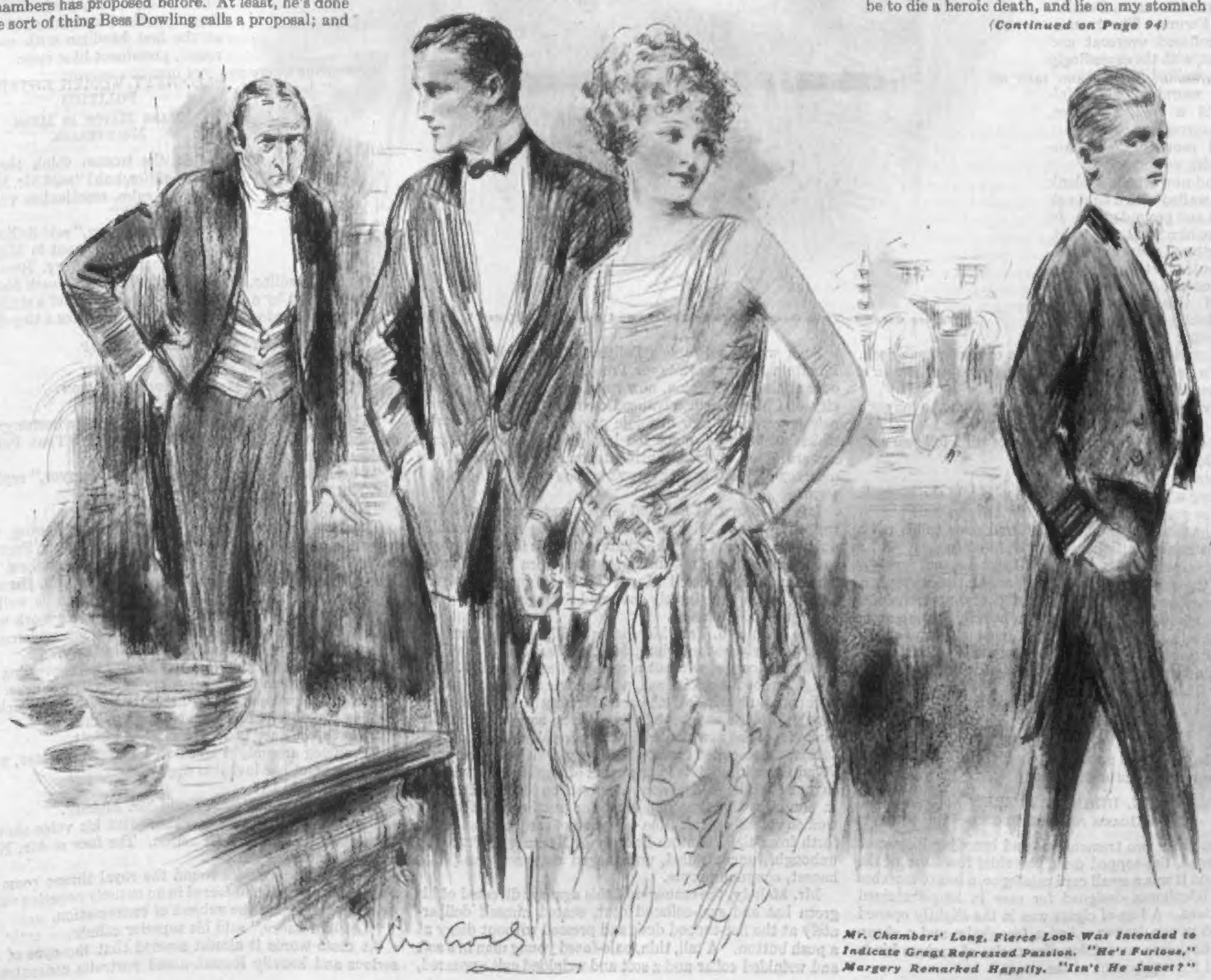
"Whereas there's apt to be a good deal of base metal left in a presidential possibility."

"Strong, ruthless men!" Narcissa mused. "Women are supposed to like that sort. I don't believe I should. I think I would like a polished villain better."

"As a step in the ladder of poetry?"

"'For my true love's a liar,' you know. I'd rather be able to make beauty like that than anything on earth. The only thing I can think of that would compare with it would be to die a heroic death, and lie on my stomach on a cloud,

(Continued on Page 94)



Mr. Chambers' Long, Fierce Look Was Intended to Indicate Great Repressed Passion. "He's Furious," Margery Remarked Happily. "Isn't He Sweet?"

THE PHANTOM FACTORY AND THE MILLION-DOLLAR DOG

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THIS is the story of the phantom factory and the million-dollar dog which the policemen tell to one another confidentially out of the corners of their mouths on late, wet, lonely nights in the great city of Chibosh—that marvelous modern metropolis which was governed by a press agent; of the million-dollar dog, and the most carefully unknown man in the great city, and the last phantoms he turned out—the phantom women—and how in the end they rose to ruin him.

He was going to his work as usual on that Tuesday morning—at ten o'clock on the fourth Tuesday in January. He wore his green velours hat and his yellow gloves and his seal-collared coat as usual, and he looked, as usual, straight ahead, with an exceedingly calm face, as he came into the dirty-floored corridor of the second-class office building which lies across from the big stone city hall.

Without speaking even the number of his floor—which the elevator man knew—he shot upward, was deposited on the ninth story and walked forward through the narrow hallway of the second-rate office building to the front that is opposite city hall, and stopped before an office door.

This door was numbered 913; on the ground glass below that number was the name, People's Political Forum. The man in the seal-collared overcoat and velours hat, with the exceedingly calm face, walked in.

"Good morning, Mr. Melody," said a woman's voice, without expression.

"Good morning," he answered, with no more.

He stood now within a blank inclosure, walled with a light oak wainscoat and ground glass. In this, before him and to his right, three unlettered doors appeared. Near the entrance through which he had come, the only occupant of this cheerless and nameless lobby—a sallow, black-haired young woman with a highly impervious face—sat at a light oak telephone desk.

"What's on today?" inquired Mr. Melody of her in a crisp businesslike voice.

"They're calling you all the morning from the mayor's office."

"Let them call. I'm not in yet—not till I tell you so," said Mr. Melody. "Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

Removing a yellow glove, the man who told the mayor's office of the great city when and how long to wait passed deliberately through the first unlettered door to his right into what was evidently his own private office.

It was a fair-sized room with scant but unusual furnishings. On the side walls, dominating as saintly images in a shrine, hung two more than life-sized poster portraits of a face—a man's face, with sleek hair, a heavily Roman nose, a meaty jaw, a thick mid-Victorian mustache, and an air of virtue never seen outside of either a shrine or a campaign headquarters. Beneath the one to the right appeared the heavy black inscription:

OUR MAYOR
HE TAKES NO MAN'S BIDDING

On the left, beneath an absolutely identical portrait, appeared the more definite caption:

HON. HERMAN J. TRUE
ON GUARD FOR THE PEOPLE

Between these two tremendous and brooding likenesses stood a broad, flat-topped desk, the chief furniture of the room. Upon it was a small card catalogue, a box of matches and two telephones designed for ease in long-sustained conversations. A box of cigars was in the slightly opened right-hand upper drawer. And a few chairs and a cheap sectional bookcase containing directories of various kinds completed the equipment of the room.

"We are Going to Take Over This Fake Society and Run it Ourselves!"

Such was the People's Political Forum, the so-called Phantom Factory of Mayor True, which, having put him over at the last election, now ruled through him the great city of Chibosh—an advanced example of that immense new power, that new invisible government of the world, which all have felt since the last great war, as it leads onward cities, nations, continents, mankind to the new democracy for God and the good by the use of the printed word.

It was from this guarded and secret room, from the trained hand of Michael F. Melody—the most carefully unknown man in Chibosh—that there went forth the phantom organizations, not unknown to modern campaigning, which had first elected Mayor True the guardian of the people, and now so largely governed through him the great metropolis of Chibosh.

The Herman J. True Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, without merchants or manufacturers; the True Mothers' League, without mothers; the Herman J. True Neighborhood Associations, which never met in any neighborhood but this—all these and many more had been brought to life and kept living as long as needed for the purposes of the new politics in this carefully secluded institution, the so-called Phantom Factory, which created or revived these intangible instruments of popular government as it needed them. And now, at length, on this last Tuesday in January, the time had come for putting out the new women voters' organization—the last of the phantoms to go forth from the Phantom Factory of Herman J. True, the unbought, uncontrolled, unmanaged mayor of the plain, honest, common people.

Mr. Melody, the manager of this agency, divested of his green hat and seal-collared coat, seated himself deliberately at the flat-topped desk and pressed without delay at a push button. A tall, thin, pale-faced young man in a soft and wrinkled collar and a soft and wrinkled suit appeared, a cigarette in his lips and a sheaf of newspaper clippings in his hand. Stillman Nott, this man's name was. Like his chief, a previous and experienced newspaper worker, his line was to clip the papers and, with Mr. Melody, to write the various letters, interviews and speeches which composed so great a share of the activities of the Phantom Factory in its government of the great city.

"Good morning, Still," said Mr. Melody.

"Good morning, chief."

"What's he yelping about this morning?"

"That North Side Women Voters' Club is loose."

To these words, delivered in a monotonous and morose voice, the face of Mr. Melody gave no recognizable reaction.

"With their show, you mean? That Taxpayers' Pageant in Great American Hall?" he asked.

"All over the first page—in everything!" his assistant confirmed him.

"Let's take a look," said Mr. Melody, extending his hand for the newspaper clippings which formed such a critical feature of the Phantom Factory's daily work. Laying them upon the desk, he stared down at the first headline with calm, round, prominent blue eyes:

SOCIETY WOMEN ENTER POLITICS
MARK MAYOR AS MERE MOUNTEBANK

"So the women think they'll enter politics, huh?" said Mr. Melody in a calm, emotionless voice. "In Chibosh?"

"That's nothing," said Stillman Nott, the first assistant in Mayor True's Phantom Factory. Removing the first headline, he replaced it with one of much deeper black, followed by a striking full-page picture of a striking and large-featured woman, carrying in her arms a tiny dog:

WOMAN WIELDS WALLOP
GRAVE GRAVAMEN OF GRAFT MENACES MAYOR'S ADMINISTRATION

"They're helping hang that Central Bridge horror graft scandal on us, huh?" said Mr. Melody. "That Peters Federal investigation campaign."

"I hear they're out boosting Peters for mayor," replied Mr. Nott.

"Now ain't they sweet!" his chief replied.

The two bent over, examining the last clipping, the assistant casually, the manager of the Phantom Factory with his eyes fastened on its contents. Above them the brooding identical campaign portraits of the Hon. Herman J. True, the mayor of Chibosh, looked down as well in heavily mustached sincerity, dominating their work with his air of preternatural virtue. The readers underneath did not sense this, busy with their daily tasks.

"That's the one, huh?" asked Mr. Melody, pressing his third finger, which bore his larger diamond ring, upon the portrait of the woman in the plumed hat, with the vivacious looking toy dog. "The president of the outfit?"

"That's the one," said Mr. Stillman Nott.

"Prancing around, in and out, all over the place, with her sables and her invisible dog."

"You've told it."

"Good! Fine business!" said Mr. Melody.

His face was, as always, calm. But his voice showed both enthusiasm and satisfaction. The face of Mr. Nott was not warmed by it.

"He's dancing circles round the royal throne room all the morning," he volunteered in an entirely negative voice, evidently changing the subject of conversation.

"Let him dance," said his superior calmly.

At these words it almost seemed that the eyes of the serious and heavily Roman-nosed portraits concentrated

with silent rectitude upon the speakers, aghast at such figures of speech in such a connection

"He's says you've got to chase them off the front page Tomorrow!"

To this announcement the sincere identical campaign portraits seemed almost to nod their confirmation.

"That's nothing to what we're going to do to them," replied Mr. Melody calmly but very positively.

"Yeah?" inquired the unemotional Mr. Nott.

"They're out looking for serious moral stuff — the women. We'll give them a real issue with a wallop."

Mr. Nott merely looked at him, even the angle of his cigarette unchanged. It was, of course, the almost daily business of the Phantom Factory to turn out issues with a wallop — strong, gripping, moral enough to catch and hold the great, alert, sophisticated population of Chibosh for the new democracy through the printed word

"And then we'll pull that new mayor's women voters thing," continued his chief.

"You will?" asked Mr. Nott.

A faint shadow of curiosity, of doubt such as is often aroused today by the mention of women's public activities of all kinds—touched his face, it seemed, and was gone.

"Send out for Bart Foley," directed Michael F. Melody, and turned as the other left the room to the routine detail of the Phantom Factory

II

IT WAS early Tuesday afternoon in the Phantom, or Publicity, Factory of Herman True. Mr. Melody, its manager, sat at his desk looking up at a youngish man in a derby hat, who stood at his right, toward the portrait of Mayor True, when on guard for the people.

"Can you steal the dog?" asked Mr. Melody in a crisp and businesslike tone.

"Why not?" asked the man in the derby hat nonchalantly in return.

"This afternoon?"

"Why not?" asked the visitor dispassionately a second time

He was a square-set, youngish man of medium height He wore a dark, shiny but carefully brushed and buttoned coat, shoes not new but brilliantly polished, and what was apparently a trained hat; for otherwise, how could it have stayed on? His round face, entirely devoid of emotion, gave the impression of having recently been sandpapered

"There won't be any fumbles?" the chief of the Phantom Factory asked again, still gazing steadily at his agent.

"Take it easy, chief," returned the latter in a voice of perfect confidence and poise -his derby, it almost seemed, changing to a still more careless angle, in correspondence with his thought.

"It's all framed, just waiting the word from you."

"The chauffeur is fixed?"

"He's a rummy. He'll follow you twenty blocks for a drink, baying like a staghound."

"And the maid with the dog?"

"Chief, I'm making love to her myself," said the man in the derby hat earnestly.

"And it's all worked out where you turn the dog over at the corner to Sergeant Deever, of the Headquarters Squad?"

"Everything just like you said, boss. I know my line," protested the veteran agent of the Phantom Factory, a touch of justified grievance now stealing into his tone of voice and the attitude of his hat

"All right," conceded his employer. I guess you do. Go after it "

Mr. Foley changed his stance somewhat heavily instead of going at once, his round, red, unblinking eyes set upon his superior's face.

"Say, listen," he asked, "when do I get my fifty?"

"When you deliver the dog," replied Mr. Melody coldly.

"I got to eat," suggested the man with the trained hat. Mr. Melody gazed with his shallow, round, blue eyes, blandly silent. "You know that," insisted the other in a hollow and accusing voice.

The two identical posters of Herman J. True gazed down with judicial fairness during a further silence

"Here's ten then," conceded Mr. Melody at length.

"When do I get the rest?" inquired his agent in a hardening voice.

His hat -of course, through some illusion seemed to adopt a belligerent angle with the more aggressive tone For he could see, of course, by the way the Phantom Factory was putting out money on this thing that it was an important play.

"You'll get it," reasserted Mr. Melody firmly, "when the dog's passed over and I get the slip from the sergeant saying so. Now peg along. Get busy," he concluded in a sharp, snappy voice, sending him along before he struck him for more money

For a moment his agent waited, eying first him and then the bill in his own hand. His hat hesitated on its round support as if in doubt, but finally, in an attitude of accepting the inevitable, turned and passed with him slowly from the room. The grave eyes of the sincere, virtuous Roman-nosed portraits followed him as he finally closed the door and left them alone again with Mr. Melody, busily at work upon the many activities of the so-called Phantom Factory.

It was nearly four o'clock before the voice of Mr. Foley came in across the wire that unknown and guarded wire of the Phantom Factory whose number has never been recorded in the telephone book.

"She's stole," it reported briefly

"And passed along?"

"She's already down at police headquarters -by this time."

"And you've got your slip from the sergeant?"

"I got my hand on it right now."

"It's a Lie—an Absolute Lie!" Cried the President of the North Side Women Voters' Club

At These Words the Calm Face of Mr. Melody Suddenly Changed and Grew White

"Come on over and get your forty," directed the chief of the Phantom Factory "Miss Casnovara'll give it to you at the door when you hand her the slip. I'll be busy when you get here."

Clapping down his receiver, he began at once to make good his statement. He placed his thumb upon a button, and a tall, dark, reedlike stenographer with jade earrings, an incandescent complexion and deep Oriental eyes appeared at the doorway

"Take an ad, Miss Spielberg," directed Mr. Melody

Miss Spielberg was already seated, with her notebook at attention, when he started his dictation

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

Lost a dog. Genuine toy Mongolian Woo Wah. Answers [illegible]. No questions asked. Five thousand dollars reward for return to

MRS. J. SNEYDAM SPIELINGHART,
103 Godoway Park

"You're to get that to the morning papers only. Understand?"

Miss Spielberg fixed her large dark eyes upon him in silent answer.

"Good display. Not just plain Lost and Found. Three days. And pay cash for it — by messenger. Understand?"

Miss Spielberg again answered with her fine eyes

"And when you go out tell Miss Casnovara to get me police headquarters on the wire."

Miss Spielberg nodded sharply in reply, efficient beyond the need of speech. Her jaws did not move until she was practically out of the door. Tall, well dressed and refined, she never chewed her gum when any men were around. At her going Mr. Melody briskly pressed a second push button.

"Listen," he said as his assistant, Mr Nott, came in "Is it all ready — the dope about the dog?"

A nod was his answer.

"All right. Get ready to slip it over to the boys for the morning papers."

"It's pulled, huh?" asked Mr. Nott.

As he inquired this the telephone rang.

"It's all right then?" Mr. Melody was asking, after a long period of attention.

The answer over the wire, it seemed, was affirmative. Closing the receiver, Mr. Melody now turned to his assistant.

"The dog is there," he said: "at police headquarters. Release the dope."

Another issue with a wallop had been loosed from the Phantom Factory of Mayor True a great plain moral issue for all the people, suited to grasp and hold the minds and hearts of all the restless teeming millions of Chibosh for the new democracy through the medium of the printed word.

III

IT WAS Wednesday morning in Chibosh. The last editions of the morning journals had roared and rattled from the press several hours before. In the fashionable North Side, far away from the Phantom Factory of Mayor True, three women sat together in a lofty and rococo boudoir, each studying carefully the front page of

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ON THE ROAD TO ELSEWHERE

The Overland Tourist With His Household Goods. At the Left—A Party About to Enter Camp Grounds in the Mountains

By Albert W. Atwood

ONE of the oldest customs of the human race is that of migration. From earliest times tribes, nations and even races have wandered from place to place, and in the fabric of history and civilization there is always the strain of nomadic peoples, breaking in upon and altering the fixed and settled pattern of existence.

The thirteen colonies which formed the American republic were the result of European emigration, and from these original colonies there went out toward the West those roving pioneers who opened up the greatest of empires known to history. They went in ox-cart and covered wagon, with wives and children and household effects. Now they are followed by the latest of all these strange and colorful migrations, the modern automobile tourist, the newest of the grubstake riders, the counterpart of the covered wagon, an ever-mounting stream of peoples, all on their way to somewhere else; but mostly, like their predecessors of the covered wagon, headed westward.

It is too early as yet to say whether those who constitute this new and rubber-tired migration on their way across country contain within themselves the same hardihood of spirit, the same pioneering quality that characterized the builders of the West. One is a little inclined to be dubious on that point. Times have changed. Those who traveled by covered wagon were often massacred by redskins. Today the only difficulty encountered with the aborigines is by railroads, tourist agencies and hotel concessionaires in securing enough Indians to satisfy tourist curiosity.

San Francisco Peaks are Visible in Northern Arizona for Nearly a Hundred Miles

A Rubber-Tired Migration

BUT one must not ridicule or even belittle this newer migration. No doubt at the very moment last fall when the towns of Central and Western Kansas were celebrating the centennial of the Santa Fé Trail, or when on the eve of Independence Day of this year President Harding was speaking at a celebration commemorating the eightieth anniversary of the arrival of the first immigrant wagon in the primitive forests of Oregon, thousands of automobile tourists were complaining of or even cursing the presence of dust or mud or the lack of concrete surface on Western roads.

It is true, perhaps, that there has been a precipitous drop from the sublime to the ridiculous in pioneering. There may be tragedy in punctures and empty gas tanks, but it cannot compare with the thrill of encountering herds of wild buffalo and even wilder savages. After all, the buzz of a reluctant starter on a cold morning is not quite the same as the whiz of an arrow or a bullet.

Nevertheless, I repeat that this newest trek in history, this latest chapter in the greatest of all pilgrimages, proving as it does that the nomadic habits of the race have changed but little, must not be minimized. It is a new phase of the westward-sweeping army, a seemingly endless procession, and there can be no such mass movement of population across country without raising a long train of questions and consequences of importance—civic, economic, sociological. They may be dismissed in the lightest vein of farce comedy or treated seriously as one of the great outstanding social problems of the day.

In the eyes of the rising generation there is nothing so very modern about the automobile; but even to those of high-school and college age it is a comparatively new sensation to cross the continent by auto. The writer does not know, and for the purposes of this article does not care, in exactly what year the first car crossed the Rockies. For a good many years now professional automobile racers, various employes of the motor industry and motor fans have driven cars in all manner of queer places for stunt or advertising purposes.

Roughly speaking, overland traffic did not start until about ten years ago. At that time barely 200 cars a year crossed what was then, and is now, one of the two chief arteries of transcontinental travel. A year or two later an automobile club in California began to post signs on the road from Kansas City westward. About the same time transcontinental highway associations began to send out propaganda. In 1922 approximately 20,000 cars crossed the road that 200 had followed ten years earlier.

Anything like extensive travel across the great intermountain area is an exceedingly new phenomenon, of only the last four or five years. It had its great impetus about 1919. Certainly this migratory movement has reached proportions that challenge attention only since the close of the war, and is perhaps in a sense one of the effects or results of the war, or at least coincident in point of time with the many other changes that have come.

But it is the cumulative effect of an increasing ownership of automobiles, of the propaganda to see America first, of improved highways, of the advertising of various sections of the country, and of many other forces, all combining to drive people across country. To own an automobile is apparently every man's ambition. Having acquired one, he wants to travel, usually as far as he can go. Consequently he saves his money and takes as long a vacation and drives as far as possible. If he lives in the East or Middle West, the greatest distance available would seem to be across the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast. Moreover, the idea of a trip clear across country has about it more of a suggestion of adventure, of the flavor of romance, than going east, north or south.

The Main Arteries of Travel

THE tide of population has always been westward, and unconsciously, at least, the West seems almost to have a racial pull. Perhaps there is as much to see and do in the three other directions, but they do not have the same romantic urge. The movement may show a mere sheeplike lack of originality or good sense. Who can tell?

Anyone who has looked at a map of the United States knows that a very large part of its area and a very small part of the total population are contained in the higher-plain and mountain region. It is a sparsely settled territory of mountains, deserts, Indian reservations, and a few large wooded areas, given over to grazing rather than to agriculture. It is a country of scenic wonders and undeveloped resources, but in its present state of development it can support only a few through lines, whether railroad or highway, and in fact there are very few.

The lower and more southerly portions are excessively hot in summer, in places at any rate, and the higher and more northerly portions are equally frigid in winter, impassable, or nearly so, for several months of the year. From the very nature of the case travel is concentrated along a few channels rather than spread out broadly. At any given season it must pour over the very few trails that are available and open, and many of the roads for long stretches are still little more than trails in the literal sense of the word.

In consequence these trails or arteries of travel are of great national importance. They are like thin, narrow lines of communication in wartime. For many hundreds of miles across states like New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada there is nothing to the north and south of the few main highroads except apparently endless desert spaces, populated in places, so it would seem, only by prairie dogs and jack rabbits; in other portions there are not even these inhabitants.

Unfair as such implications are to these resourceful commonwealths, which cannot crowd their far-flung riches upon the few east-and-west highways, such is at least the appearance of things, and such it must continue to be until the empty spaces are filled. Thus, the full, high tide of migration sweeps on and on, sticking for the most part to the highroad, concentrated along and within these few thin lines of communication, these narrow passes, as it were, across the more rugged and mountainous regions.

For eight months the writer lived within a mile or so of one of the chief of the winter highways, and more recently has lived within a few hundred yards of another route, over which goes a large part of the motor travel the year around. It so happens that this latter place of abode, this town, is in the midst of a great forest, at an elevation of nearly one and a half miles above sea level. To the south is an almost trackless wilderness, into whose rocky fastnesses there are few sportsmen hardy enough to follow the increasing crop of bear, and where few but government hunters trap the lions and wolves.

To the north rise several of the highest peaks in this part of the Rockies, where snow lingers even in July, but not far beyond which extend the seemingly illimitable spaces of the Painted Desert. To the east one goes only a score of miles or so to reach that more or less nondescript desert that covers much of Arizona and New Mexico, while the more downright Mohave Desert of California lies not far to the west.

Certainly at the point where the writer has been observing the passing multitude there is no danger of minimizing its importance. If there were added to the entire Kingdom of Holland all of Alsace and Lorraine, for the possession of which so many Germans and Frenchmen lost their lives, and all of it taken away from this particular country, there would still be plenty of room for a city as big as London. Yet the total population numbers barely 10,000.

In such a place one cannot fail to note and observe the westward movement of peoples. It is not scattered here over a thousand highways or lost in the general population, as it would be in Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York or California. It passes before one's door, does this procession of migratory men with their women and children, and none can overlook its dimensions or its meaning.

A Canary Bird and a Dog Go With This Party on Their Cross-Country Pilgrimage

Questions About the Questers

TO UNDERSTAND this restless migration one should trace it to its source and travel through with these people to their final settling place, if any. But that, of course, is a physical impossibility; and perhaps, after all, if one is engaged in studying his fellow man upon the road, it is better to observe him midway and actually on the road itself than at starting point or destination.

When one goes to the post office for the morning mail the tourists are swarming there. They fill the stores, the streets, the garages, the hotels and camp grounds, and always they are moving along the trail. It is a strange sight, this, the whole world apparently, all in khaki, on its way, moving, always moving.

Who are these multitudes that are on the road? What sort of men and women are they and why did they leave home? Where did they come from and where are they going? Are they restless, discontented, dissatisfied and unhappy, or just the reverse? Where and how will they find happiness? Are they on the road to bettering themselves or to a nomadic gypsy life? Are they in a fair way of becoming better producers, citizens, voters, taxpayers, home owners, or not?

Not that these are necessarily the most important questions to be answered, or that anyone can answer them satisfactorily. But they are among the first of a hundred questions that leap into the mind of anyone who watches this curious, this seemingly unaccountable movement. All these people who are on their way are question marks personified.

Superficially, of course, it is possible to treat the whole subject humorously, to make light comedy of the tourist. Certainly many of the transcontinental automobile travelers present a forlorn, bedraggled and disheveled appearance, as regards not only themselves and their cars but their baggage as well. Marked exceptions do not change the rule.

It is difficult to keep clean on a railroad trip of from two to four days; it is certainly not easy to remain immaculate on an automobile trip of from two to four weeks at the least, in which dust, rain, mud and floods are usually encountered. This is especially applicable to about 90 per cent of the travelers, who do not go to hotels but camp in the open or at public camp grounds.

Many such travelers have never camped out before; they do not know how to take care of themselves, their baggage or their cars. One is amazed to see car after car with mattresses and other bedding wholly uncovered and exposed to all the elements.

Many tourists start out with the idea of keeping as neat as possible, but give it up as a bad job. Some are in utter despair at their appearance, almost fearing to enter stores by the roadside. There are those who dress up at night, no matter how many layers of dust or mud have accumulated during the day. There are those who spend all day Sunday at camp grounds or hotels cleaning up.

On the other hand, many of the travelers not only quickly accustom themselves to getting and remaining dirty but actually appear to enjoy remaining that way, although in their own homes they would not tolerate such a condition. Indeed, there are some who actually seem to make themselves up as tough and dirty for the trip as possible. Their idea of a good time and a vacation is to be hard-looking. There are numbers who certainly never clean up until they reach their destination; or, as the saying goes, they start from New York with a clean shirt and a five-dollar bill, and do not change either until they reach Los Angeles—if then.

Appearance is as various as human beings themselves, and it is a subject on which perhaps no two men or women agree. I asked seven separate officials of one of the leading automobile clubs in the West if they thought the general dingy appearance of the tourist unavoidable. Two of these men without doubt come into direct personal contact with as many tourists as anyone in the country. Four of the answers were either categorically or in detail to the effect that the dingy appearance is unavoidable. The three others took a directly contrary view.

Said one of those who can see no other way out, "Beau Brummell himself would have looked on the hog after a trip from coast to coast in an automobile, until he had been shaved, shined and shampooed. Though the journey is not necessarily very arduous except in spots, it is not conducive to making fashion plates of men and women for the time being."

The World and His Wife in Khaki

BUT the three authorities who took the opposite view were equally emphatic. One remarked that a dingy appearance is not unavoidable, but is unlikely to be avoided.

"There is no way that I know of," said another, "to force people to wash their hands, faces or clothing."

"No," replied the third; "a dingy appearance is usually a reflection of the state of mind of the traveler. Some motorists, I have learned, believe that they have to dress the part for a long journey; but this is no more necessary than it is to let the car go without oil."

Speaking in a broad general way, the appearance of this westward pilgrimage is one of drab uniformity. The world that passes by along the trail has gone into khaki—men, women and children. Khaki perhaps is more commonly worn in the West than in the East, and numbers of the natives wear the same dull dun uniform. But even in the remote towns of New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada many and often most of the business men wear business or store clothes, and afford some relief to the dreary, dingy monotony of khaki, which, indeed, is more affected by the newcomer from the East than by the more seasoned resident.

There is practically no relief in the appearance of the tourists, who go by as drearily clad as so many soldiers. The goggles, gauntlets and linen dusters affected by the early motorists have given place to a cheap and gloomy habiliment which may be serviceable and economical, perhaps indispensable, but threatens to kill all grace and beauty. Thus the war has another crime to answer for.

Far be it from the writer to speak by the book on the subject of fashions; but he may be permitted to remark that any grace or beauty which has not been killed or mortally injured by the apparently universal adoption of khaki has had the finishing touch put upon it by the epidemic of feminine trousers.

After all, the towns on the highway have some æsthetic rights, and the lady of fifty, as broad as she is long, who combines a boudoir cap or large robin's-egg-blue picture hat, silk stockings and high-heeled pumps with the drabbest and most formless of khaki trousers, demolishes all at once every known canon of line, form and symmetry. She is the perfect example of both the graceless and the unsuitable in life.

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Monday is Wash Day for Motor Tourists on the Santa Fé Trail

BLAH BROADCASTING

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Jim's Carrying a Big Black Box

BACK in the days when I was jay-walking through Mike McGuffey's reading books I remembers oncet bumping into a wise wheeze pulled by one of them history high domes to the effects that any boobit could easy duck the harpoons heaved at him by a enemy, but what it took to side-step the stuff your friends wanted to do for you they just wasn't none of. The old boy breezes under blankets to the head of the class for that smart crack, but he should 'a' added that they is even lesser than none of what it takes to get out from under when the frau's friends starts to taking a interest in you. Kid Helpless is your name, sir.

The Magruders I has told you about; Jim, the supersamp, who's three laps ahead of everything when it comes to the things he knows better'n E plus, and Lizzie, that stalemate of hisn, who yesses him on, and who thinks—I just can't help flattering the frills—that wage slave of hern says a hundred aces worth at the leastest every time he springs his trap, which is too often, no matter how often. Her and Jim is a perfect couple on accounts of both of 'em agreeing with him in everything. As far as I knows, they has only had one quarrel, the which was the time he admitted to me that they was a bare possibility that he might have been mistaken about something or other, maybe, and she starts a argument insisting that he couldn't be.

I wouldn't care nothing about the yes-we-ain't-never-wrong habits of them Magruder minuses if it wasn't for the way them red-ink entries acts when they comes crashing our hut. Every time they calls they puts on like they was slumming down by the railroad tracks. I'm a diamond on the rough and don't make no bonuses about it, but it riles me raw when a cuckoo gets the idea like Jim's got that I'm a poor benighted hoodoo and it's up to him to learn me the refineries of the uppish classes and the smart set-ups.

Besides the which, this bobo's helped hisself to the hunch that I can't read nothing in the papers outside of the comical, if any, stripe, and if it wasn't for him telling me, I'd never have known nothing about the war or prohibition or King Two-Tank or any of them other turns which has been going on in the big tent. Mostly I has to listen quiet to Magruder's line of hop, because his Liz and my Kate is old side-cluckers and I couldn't start nothing with Jim the which I wouldn't have to finish with the wife, and they ain't no sense starting nothing which you ain't got no more chances of winning than a duck is got of laying eggplants. Oncet in a while, though, I sets myself up to a rash act and turns the dog loose on that tramp.

As for examples the other night. I'd had a wicked day and was getting myself all fixed for the early hay when the phone blings and in comes the misses with the poison that Jim and Liz is on the way over. I don't say hardly nothing excepting everything mean I got on my mind and some I thunk up special, finishing the celebration with three wishes—one that the Magruders should be run over by a buzz cart on the road to our shanty; two that they should fall down a open manhole; and them failing, that they should trip on our steps and break mosta their legs.

"Ain't you the hospital one, though," sneers the lady of my sorrows.

"I can be as hospital as the next one," I snaps back, "when the folks that is coming is welcome; but them fat-headed friends of yourn is just about as welcome tonight as a rattlesnake in a baby's crib. Now ——"

"Now that you is all through," cuts in the misses, "I don't mind telling you that Lizzie says she's got a big surprise for us."

"Maybe for you," I come back, "but not for me. That flipper ain't got nothing for me excepting a sinking feeling. They is only one person in the world I got less use for and that's the wren Jim Magruder took on for better than worse."

"I don't know nothing we got in the house," remarks the wife, "that we need lesser of than your opinions."

Well, for about ten minutes we amuses ourselfs passing the cactus back and forth and then the jests arrive. Jim's carrying a big black box.

"What's that?" I asks. "Your vanity case?"

"This," says Magruder, "is something that will bring the world to your door and ——"

"Hooch?" I interrupts.

"Take it a look." And he opens up the layout. It's one of them radio sets. "I ran into a dump today," explains Jim, "that was selling out and they just had two of them things left. So I grabbed one for you. Only fifty fishes."

"Too many by a coupla shoalfuls," I remarks. "They ain't nothing worth that if you ain't got no use for it."

"Who that counts says we ain't?" cuts in the wife. "I'm crazy for a set."

"You can be just as without one," I answers. "They ain't no bedtime hop or hog-market solos coming into this house excepting over my dead body."

"Well," says the misses, "that's practically the way they will come to you. You gotta use a headpiece, you know."

"What for?" I asks, sarcastic. "Didn't I hook up with a loud speaker when I married you?"

"You gotta have one of them radios," cuts in Magruder, "if you wants to be jerry to what's going on in music and ——"

"Sure!" I interrupts. "I guess they ain't enough suckers now that gets up in the middle of the night to hear a bunch of tin-panners in Kansas City or a barroom tenor in Atlanta cut loose with Yes, We Ain't Got No Bananas or some of them other uproar classics. If I'm gonna stay up late I'd rather watch discards than listen to discords."

"Ever listen in?" inquires Jim.

"Oncet," I tells him, "over at Slim Gilligan's roost. Some cuckoo in Pittsburgh was retailing a kid story, something about a bear climbing into a bedroom and eating up a coupla babies. That bimbo wasn't doing nothing excepting broadcasting nightmares. When he gets to the exciting part of the bunk they is a lotta buzzing and the next thing I knows I'm giving a listen to a guy pulling a spiel about how many youngsters a young married coupla flies will turn out unless they is swatted on their honeymoon. Even that lad don't get no chance to finish his act, some bozo busting in with the baseball scores in the Three-Eyed Leagues, which is got just as much interest for me as the price of spring onions in Southeastern Peru."

"The statics must 'a' been on the hummer," says Magruder.

"What's them?" I seeks to know.

"I couldn't explain," he answers, "on accounts of the fact that you ain't got enough scientifical knowledge to get a holt on what I should be telling you, and it would be like throwing pearls at the swans and ——"

"That," I cuts in, "is a hell of a long way to say you don't know, ain't it?"

"Jim don't know?" gasps Lizzie with horrors.

"You heard me," says I. "They ain't nothing wrong with the statics in this room. Come on, Jim, tell the little boys and girls what a static is."

"Let him alone, you," cracks the wife, dealing herselfs a hand. "What good would it do you to find out, anyways? You wouldn't know what to do with 'em."

"I sure would," I comes back. "I'd take 'em to the place where I bought the outfit and get a bunch that wasn't on the hummer."

"Yeh," remarks Magruder, "and while you was there I guess you'd buy yourselfs a new set of wave lengths, huh?"

"Why not?" I inquires. "Expenses ain't hardly nothing to me when they is something scientifical to be did."

"Like," suggests the frau, "paying four or five dollars to draw to an inside straight or a bob-haired flush. The only science you know anything about is poker, and I ain't seen you staggering home with no loads of bacon lately, neither."

"That," says I with a grin, "is because the statics ain't been so good the last coupla sittings."

"How," asks the misses, giving the subject a change of air, "is we going to get this thing rigged up, now that we has decided that we got to have it?"

This domestical "we" is just the same as that editorial "we" you hears so much about. The wife uses it when she announces house policies.

"Jim knows ——" begins Lizzie.

"He ought to," I butts in. "It's a part of everything."

"—— a man," goes on the Magruder wrench, "who is a expert in this line. He's coming out to our place tomorrow. Shall I send him over here?"

"At your perils, Pauline," says I, stern. "I wouldn't let nobody monkey with our set excepting Jim. I ain't gonna have no ordinary bobo goom the works. Whatever's worth being done for is worth doing swell's my motto."

"Maybe," yelps Jim, "you got a idea that I can't set up one of them dinguses."

"I'm Just Putting a Few Finishing Touches on the Kitsch Tubes—Them Things Which Gives You a Stronger Muskokas in the Ether"

"What's That?" I Asks. "Your Vanity Case?"

"He's got a wonderful mind for them things," contributes Lizzie.

"Which?" I asks.

"Electricity," she answers. "You should 'a' seen what he done when our battery run down when we started coming over here. Most folks would 'a' called a garage, but all Jim done was to turn a handle in front and off we went."

"I see," says I. "Did he crank on the lights too?"

"We didn't need 'em," Liz comes back. "They is a beautiful moon out."

We talks some more radio, and I edges Magruder skillful into such a nine hole about how good he is at rigging 'em up that he's just got to promise to come over the next afternoon and do the job.

"Why," asks his wife, "don't you fix ours too?"

"Well," he answers, "the feller I'm sending out ain't had no work for a long time and I figures I'd kinda like to help him out."

"Jim's so good-hearted," murmurs Liz.

That to me is the merry guffaw—the idea of that bimbo going in for charities. If that bird owned a coupla oceans, he wouldn't throw a handful of water in his mother's face if she fell in a faint.

"Why," I asks, "don't you give that guy the jack the job calls for and do the work yourself if you is looking for a superior article?"

"He didn't ask for money," comes back Magruder. "He asked for work."

Just then the bell butts in and I goes to the door. They is a copper on the porch.

"Hello," says I. "The house pinched?"

"Not yet," he answers, "but it will be if that hunk of tin outside don't get a tail light slapped on it pretty sudden. Yours?"

"I could get you broke for that," I comes back, indignant. "Jim," I hollers back, and him and the two women come a hot-footing. "Crank some lights on that bus for this John Law."

"Can't," mumbles Magruder. "The battery's down."

"Do like you done before," suggests Lizzie.

"Yeh," I jeers. "I wanna see."

"Come on, come on," barks the bull. "Get busy or I'll call an ash wagon and have the oil can hauled away."

"Better drive it to the garage around the corner," I says finally. "Of course, fixing batteries on the hoof ain't nothing but a child play for you; but the trapper that runs the joint I'm telling you about ain't had nobody to work for a long time, and I figures you'd kinda like to help him out. Besides, you better save up what you knows about electricity for tomorrow."

"What was the idea," asks the frau when we is in the privacies of our own battle ground, "of getting Jim to fix up that radio set? Is you sure he can do it?"

"I'm sure," says I, "he can't."

II

THE next day at lunch time I ambles around to a shop run by Bill Cates. This baby is one of them birds that changes businesses every time some new fad pops up. When I first knows him he was shoeing horses; then the bike stuff got good and he shooed away the horses and fell for that. After the which he tried some other grifts, including the running of a garage. Without knowing, I figures he must be doing a radio act by now, and sure and enough he is. His windows is all cluttered up with the accessories of the crime.

"How's tricks?" I asks.

"Not so good, Dink. Wanna buy this place?"

"I'm a cash customer, kid," I answers, "and I didn't come over here to be insulted. Whatta you wanna get out for? I thought the come-ons was flopping hard for this truck."

"It ain't so bad," comes back Bill; "but the big dough's to be made in the aëroplane business, and I figures on getting into it. What I don't like about this radio gag is that you have to answer nine million questions every time a cuckoo buys a dime's worth. I just got done with a bimbo who wanted a whole course in engineering with three feet of wire. You know him, don't you—Jim Magruder?"

"Oh," says I, "he's been here, has he?"

"He butchered a hour for me," answers Cates.

He Goes on to Announce That They Will be a Violin Solo, and So They Is

"It seems like the lad's trying to hook up a set without knowing no more about the works than I does about training kangaroos to sing. When I was talking to him about antennæ that baby thought I was discussing my female relations. I doubt whether he knows the difference between a crystal detector and a variocoupler."

"No!" I gasps. "Don't tell me that they is such ignorance in the world! Do you think he'll be able to set up the layout with the lessons you give him?"

"I guess so," answers Bill, "if he's even got as many brains as a sheep in a blizzard. I suppose you've gone dippy on this radio bunk, too, and wants me to show you how to fix one up."

"To the contraries," I replies, "I wants you to tip me off on how to put one of them on the frits—the one Magruder's setting up, as a matter of the facts. Ain't they some way to pull out a little screw or something that bird wouldn't notice that'd naturally put the whole layout off watch?"

"For why?" Cates wants to know.

I explains; and before I gets done, Bill agrees to help me crab the set. He's kinda sore at Jim anyways, for killing so much time at the shop.

"It ain't professional," says Bill, showing me how to shush the radio; "but I should give a worry, seeing as I is going to give this business the razoo. The chances is that the thing won't work anyways, the way that guy Magruder sets it up."

"I must be sure," says I. "You got any of them statics in stock here?"

"Any of them whiches?" he comes back.

"Statics," I repeats. "Them things which balls up the hop coming through the air. Don't you keep 'em?"

"I thought," says Cates, slow, giving me a funny look, "that that friend of yourn didn't know nothing about radio, but you gets the rubber fishhooks for ——"

"Sign off, bo," I cuts in. "All I knows about the stuff is that I don't like it."

"I Takes a Look at Jim and Lizzie and the Wife. Their Trans is All Open and Their Lamps Bulging Out"

I starts outta the shop when who should bust into it but Gabby McKay, an old side-show ballyhoo baby I used to gang around with in the days when I was helping elevate the circus by pushing poles up under the big top.

"Well, if it ain't Dink O'Day!" he yelps. "What you doing outta jail, Dink?"

"Out on patrol, kid," I answers. "How long you been preying on this burg?"

"Just a coupla weeks," he tells me.

"Doing what?" I inquires next.

"I'm a broadcaster, boy," he answers. "I'm the bobo that does the announcing over at BLAH station down the street. Ain't you wrapped your ears around none of my lines yet?"

"Not yet I ain't," says I. "How do you like the job?"

"Not it," he comes back, "or the town. If I had a stake I'd be on my way the day before yesterday."

"It looks," I remarks, "that everybody I knows is in this radio business and trying to get out."

"You would, too," barks McKay, "if you had to stand around all night introducing lady sopranos that can't sopran; stuffed shirts with nothing to say and calling for a hour to say it in, and wise-crackers from the six-a-day walloping the air with funny jokes that ain't nearly so funny as they ain't jokes. Them lads sure does punish the ether ——"

"Hop-heads, eh?" I interrupts. "Do they use that stuff now instead of snow or a shot in the arm?"

"Huh?" says Gabby, looking surprised. "Oh, I ain't talking about that kinda ether. I'm speaking of that thing in the air on the which them radio waves slide and ——"

"You sure is a glutton for wasting time," cuts in Cates, who's been listening in. "They ain't enough books in the library to hold a tenth of what O'Day don't know about this here radio."

"Maybe not," I admits; "but I, anyways, had sense enough to get outta the business before I got in."

I makes a date to have chow with McKay the next day, grabs some lunch at one of them be-your-own-bus-boy dumps and beats it back to the office. I don't think no more of radios until I gets home that evening, when the frau greets me with the joyous news that Jim has been and went, leaving the layout all set for the evening's entertainment.

"Lovely," says I. "Sure it'll work?"

"Sure?" she comes back. "Ain't I just got done listening to the cutest talk on how to take peach stains outta sealskin coats?"

"Fine," I remarks; "but peaches ain't in season when you wears sealskin coats, is they? How you gonna get ——"

"How should I know?" chirrups the missus. "Anyways, information is information, no matter what it's about; and besides, what the lady said would maybe do some good to them wives whose husbands does buy them sealskin coats."

"Maybe," says I; "but I don't know none that is so flush that they can buy them kinda coats, and also peaches, when it's cold enough to wear 'em. While we is on the subjects, though, what has the neighbors brung in for supper tonight?"

Like I wants, Kate huffs outta the room and I immediately gets busy making use of the radio-wrecking lessons that Cates learned me. It don't take no more'n a second to heave the monkey wrench into the works. I ain't no sooner finished than I hears the wife coming back. I quick jams on the headpiece.

"I don't hear nothing over this here thing," I tells her, "excepting a racket that sounds like a coupla bull pups having a fight on a tin roof."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing," I answers. "I just put these telephone dinguses on."

Kate monkeys around with a coupla the knobs and the businesses that looks like clocks, but they ain't no change from the buzz-saw obligater.

"Maybe," I suggests, helpful, "them statics is having a riot and we should wait until they gets under the influences of the ether. I think ——"

"Why?" she asks.

"Why what?" I queries.

"Think," she answers. "Nothing don't never come of it. Jim and Lizzie'll be right over after dinner and he'll fix it up in a minute"

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FAT TIM SHOOTS POLARIS

"Easiest Thing in the World to Set a Hundred Foundation Bolts an Inch or So Out of Line or Level. And Believe Me, I Will be Happening Past"

By R. G. KIRK

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE Side-Meat Triumvirate started to hold its sessions at Conemaugh Coke and Iron just after Angus Crumly blew into that plant from Tidewater Steel. "Birds of a feather ——" it is said, and evidently what applies to plumage applies also to bristles. At any rate, Mr. Crumly hadn't been master mechanic at Conemaugh Coke two weeks before he had gathered Messrs. Sleeman and Wimple unto his bosom.

The tub-of-lard trio always met in the frowzy warren of Mr. Wimple, the general-labor foreman. Naturally. If any of the underground stuff that was cooked up in those greasy conferences ever came to light, you could leave it to Messrs. Crumly and Sleeman that the nasty trail would lead back to the labor shanty and not to the earth of either of these two other overfed varmints. Of that slippery trio, the labor boss, Manly Wimple, was not by any means the cat's whiskers. He was the cat's-paw. In a world where the nitwit competition is something fierce, Mr. Manly Wimple headed the field half a lap in the race for the solid platinum dumb-bell.

Here you have them then: Crumly, brass-knuckler; Sleeman, two-facer; Wimple, bootlicker—an unholy alliance for sure; as oily a mess of lard-waisted weasels as any industry has ever got together. Here the three of them sit at a conference in which you, by your present attendance, are risking your fair reputation. The tallow trust is assembled, overleaking the grimily cushioned armchairs of the labor office, with the engineering department laid out on the anvil before them.

"Gave all my foundation gangs the grand bounce," Mr. Sleeman is saying, exhibiting only one face at the time - a hook-nosed, fat-jowled one that smiled a smile as free from venom as that of a Gila monster. "Chased off as fine a bunch of wop mortar slingers as any man ever got together, and put a lot of that new construction-labor boss' slab-footed Macedonians to mixing concrete. Tells the chief that I won't make foundations the way he says. Bet your neck I won't. Not going to risk a rep I've been twenty years building just because some college kid says half a barrel a yard is enough cement for building foundations.

"'Look here, Merced,' I says to this half-baked tape stretcher, 'you won't get any credit around this dump saving cement. Make your masonry safe. The company's payin' the cement bills, not you.'

"'The company's payin' the brain bills, too,' young Smart-Aleck comes back, 'and it expects us to mix some into the concrete. Think I'm nut enough to take a risk with masonry or anything else I put up? One-four-eight is good as old wheat for the footings under those piers. I know. Use it.'

"And so when I make the mix one-two-four, in spite of them crack-brained orders, he runs my Dagos offa his job, and the chief backs up him and his theories. Great, how these collegers stick together. Theories carry no hundred-ton cranes. You can't make masonry too strong. I was putting in piers twenty years before Merced showed up around here, and I'll be putting 'em in twenty years after I run him offa the plant!"

Here Angus Crumly snapped the end off a stogy.

"Wouldn't count on layin' masonry twenty more years, Simon," said he, and his multiple chins unwrinkled as he blew deliberate smoke clouds up into the dingy studding. "If I was chief engineer on this plant I'd want one or two practical men for assistants about me."

Mr. Crumly had brought ambitions with him from Tidewater. Mr. Crumly, three months on his new job, swift advancement gone to his head, was getting ready to shoot at a man's-size target, not knowing that a charge big enough to bring down the chief engineer at Conemaugh Coke would kick most gunners' heads off.

But Sleeman had been on the ground long enough to know the strength of that tower; and he knew, too, that the best way to topple any strong structure was to undermine its supports.

"Well," he observed, "if the chief depends on many rah-rah boy transit squinters like young Merced to put over this big construction program for him, it won't be long before someone else'll be pushing the call buttons on his roll top, and that's a pipe."

At this sharp sally bubbles of conversation started to pop to the surface of the third of the rendering kettles.

"That wouldn't make me mad enough to bite," offered Mr. Manly Wimple, industry's nearest approach to zero. "If Mr. Crumly was chief here I guess the labor department could count on a little fairer treatment. First thing Chief Tierney puts through when this new work starts is a cent an hour more for construction labor. Hell of a note! I can tell my hunks that a plant job is for life and improvement work only temporary till I'm black in the face, for all the good it does. All the hunks can see is that extra cent an hour—'leven cents a day—three extra bucks a month to sew in their sheep's vest lining. They're hollerin' for transfer to a man, and if I don't give it to 'em they lay down on me like dogs. Got my whole organization upside down."

To tell the truth, speaking of organizations, Mr. Wimple's department didn't have any more organization to it than a flicker's nest. Mr. Wimple couldn't have organized a quilting bee. But he didn't know it; and he kept on talking, as those do who do not know it generally do.

"As for young Merced," he went on, "I've had my sights pulled down on that baby ever since he persuaded the chief the new work would never get done so long as the mills had first call on the labor. That's what brought this new construction labor boss on the plant. Stole the responsibility of about three hundred new men off me, an' a nice fat raise to go with it. Just gimme a chance at Merced and I'll shoot a prop out from under Tierney in a holy minute—if Tierney calls a piece of cheese like that a prop."

Of the tallow-bellied triangle, our choice for the firing squad is Brother Wimple. Crumly was a fighter; and although his style was severely cramped on the days he left his brass knuckles up back of the clock, he could hit from any position. He barred no holds when he went after a man who had a job he wanted; but he went after the job the same way when he got it. He worked like sin, and he had, therefore, an excuse for living.

Simon Sleeman was Jack Falstaff without a sense of humor, the grossest and greasiest old Lothario that ever kept his bohunks on the hump throughout a steady night turn. But he could slap a lining into a blast furnace in record time, and his linings would stand the cataclysmic wear and tear of those man-made volcanoes longer than those of any other mason boss in the business. So work well done keeps his fat back from creeping at the prison yard wall's damp touch at daybreak.

But Wimple—sharpen the ax! Wimple's presence on any steel works or on earth was one of those awful phenomena which, like time and space, the human mind is too finite to grasp—a fawner, a sycophant, a talebearer, a cat's-paw, a hypocrite. Outside of that he wasn't so bad, except that he possessed a generous lack of brains and guts and an inability to get work out of men either through drive, respect or affection.

One might find excuse for either Crumly or Sleeman on any steel plant, though hardly for both. But that Manly Wimple could stay on any job but distributing tracts longer than it took the headsman to spit on his hands was a thing to tax human credulity; and for that redolent trinity to hold together for months on end, as they did at Conemaugh Coke, indicated that something grievous was the matter up at the top of that company—and something was. You may, like Long John Silver, lay to that. For there were the three of them working together at Conemaugh, digging their saps and mines toward a fine, upstanding tower's supports, like three fat maggots boring deliciously in filth; planning the overthrow of a man so

big that he never even let those white worms know that he was aware of their borings.

Comes young Don Merced, who wasn't so big as the chief those days, into the chief's sanctum. Things had come to the stage where the young construction superintendent could keep his mouth tight no longer.

"Boss," said the boy, "a couple big tallow vats on this plant are trying to get me. I'm not bringing you plant gossip, boss. I know. I've checked back. Talk is spreading that hurts, whether it's true or not. How do you want me to fight that stuff?"

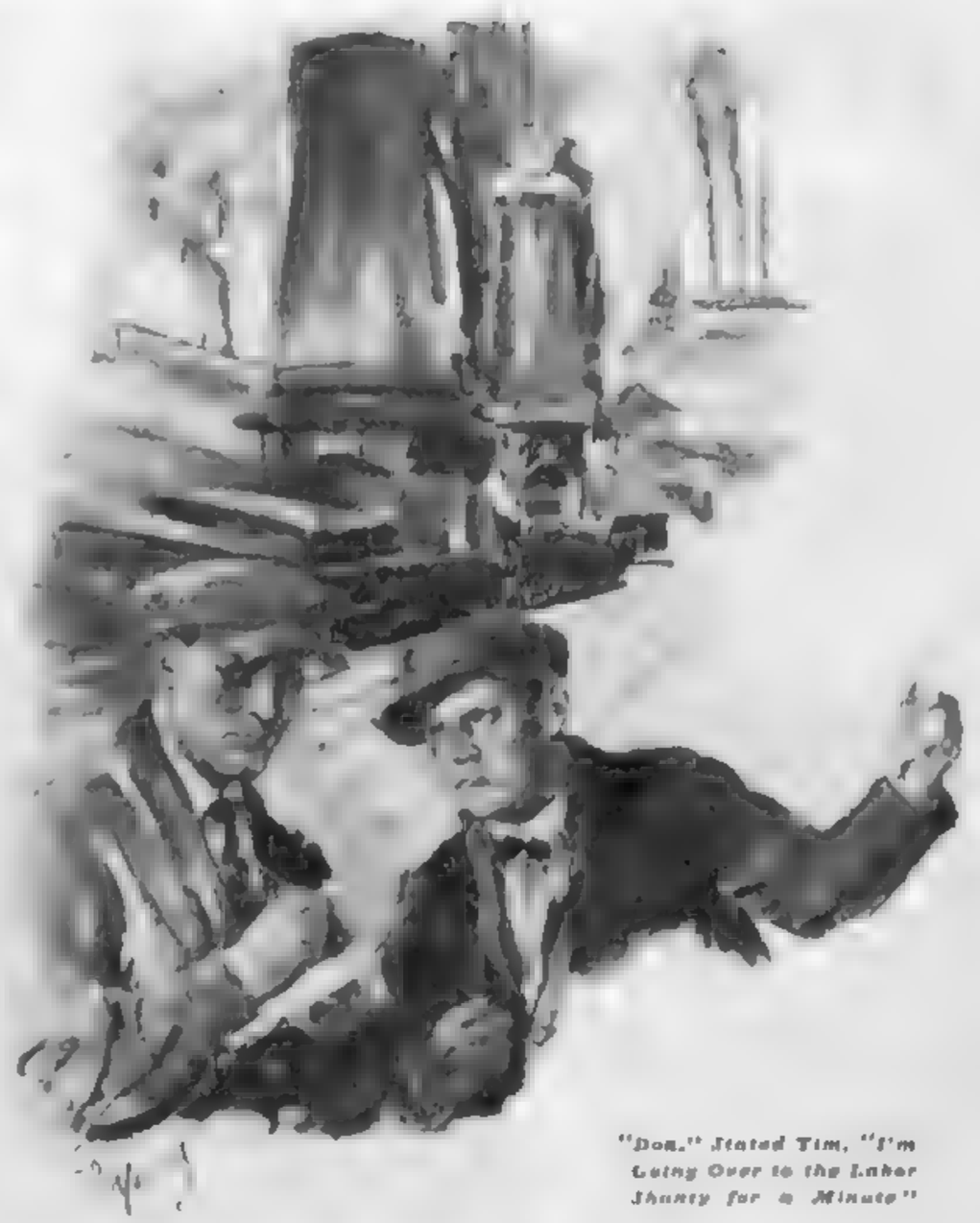
"You saw wood!" said the boss.

"Sure," answered Merced; "I'm sawing. I couldn't fight back with their weapons, even if I thought they'd be effective. But you know the general super. He'll believe some of that stuff. He knows more about steel and less about men than any man in the game. Can't I just go over to Crumly and Sleeman and tell that pair to cut out their dirty knocking or I'll give both their fat frames a good old-fashioned knuckle drubbing?"

"Nup!" the chief said. "Though nothing would do my soul more good. They need it. I'd like to do it myself, for it's me they're after, Merced. But it's not being done. I'm just paying out plenty of rope to that outfit. They'll presently hang themselves. You hop out on the plant and split your kindlin', Merced. Leave this other thing to me."

And even while the chief was thus advising his young engineer the gibbet was being merrily fitted together. The blubber session was breaking up for the day; but it would have been most unusual had Mr. Sleeman left it without an uplifting thought for the members to ponder over until their next get-together.

"What I'm looking for," Mr. Sleeman insinuated, "is for one of them high-school engineer corps of Merced's to make one hell of a survey bull. Easiest thing in the world to set a hundred foundation bolts an inch or so out of line or level. And believe me, Manly"—with cunning judgment he turned his Gila-monster smile upon that peanut-souled individual—"believe me, when the gang gets on the first bad mess of bolts with concrete cutters and blow torches, I will be happening past with the general super in tow, and that's a pipe."

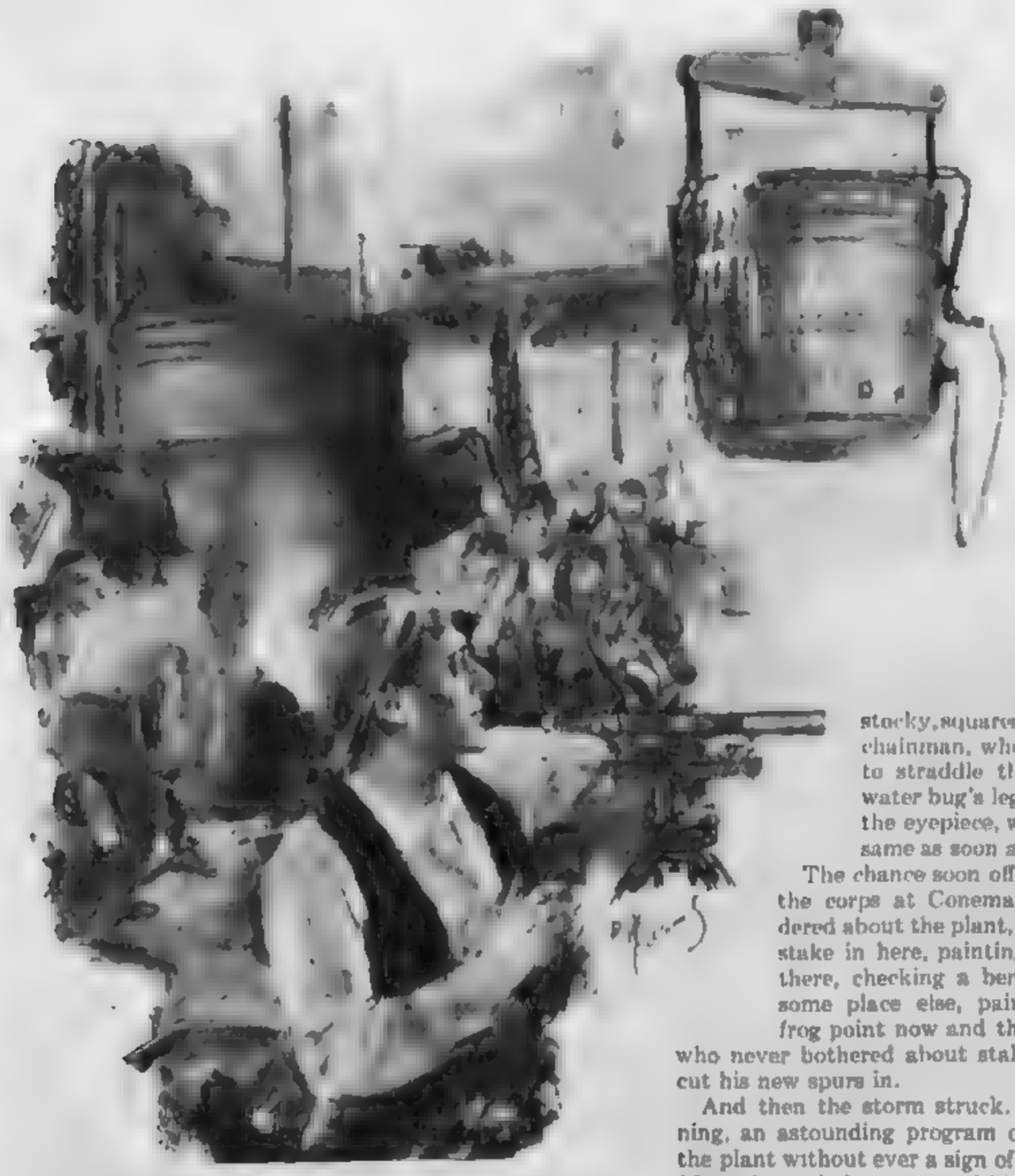


"Don," Stated Tim, "I'm Going Over to the Liner Shanty for a Minute"

Your steelworks survey man has a job peculiar. Largely it's a matter of vocabulary. No great technical difficulties of field operation confront him. That business is for the most part rectangular. Turn ninety degrees and chain to the famous red whisker of engineering practice. Schoolboys can be trained to do it. The joys of checking an open-azimuth survey four miles long with two recalcitrant converging meridians at the ends are not for the steelworks party. But a steel-plant yard conductor is never so happy as when he can trundle a battleship draft of ore cars across your line of sight, stop between your two chainmen, unhook and beat it. If he can run over a brand-new steel tape in the process his rupture is positively ghoulish. Here is where a command of the mother tongue counts for more than all the niceties of perfect technic with the tools of the surveyor's trade. No high-school course is adequate. Here arises the positive need for a mastery of English such as only a course under the football coach at Valley Tech or a similar engineering institute can supply.

So generally you will find a steelworks survey party made up of one technical college grad at the head, one high-school boy at the instrument, one at each end of the tape, and Ivan Puputzska. Ivan lugs the maul and an armload of stakes and the sack and a long wire strung with hex nuts to fit the next flock of anchor bolts to be set. Puputzska, we would have you know in passing, is the darling of the gods. Puputzska has been singled out by the survey boys as their favorite handy man, and any time of the day Puputzska may be requested to step out from between a wheelbarrow's shafts and join the *in-ladech*.

So was the survey party at Conemaugh Coke and Iron made up. Don Merced, late of Valley Tech, headed it off with pencil and field book, technical knowledge, and a vocabulary that would have shamed the skipper of an Arab dhow. Josh Daley, Ovenville High School, aught-steen, was the genius of the transit. Fat Tim Mulligan, levelman, doubled in brass. Chain, tape, rod or stake hammer Tim was the boy for them all. Tim was a fellow alumnus of Long Josh Daley, antedating Josh many a year both at Ovenville High and in Conemaugh Coke. But Fat Tim moved slowly, if at all; slowly in matters physical, mental, emotional and promotional. Regarding advancement in the surveyor's ranks, Tim seemed to have dropped his mud-hook at the levelman's anchorage some years back and never to have ventured out into more troubled waters since then. Long Josh had passed him. And stocky, squarest Brownie Burns, the chainman, who was so short he had to straddle the level tripod like a water bug's legs in order to get up to the eyepiece, was destined to do the same as soon as opportunity offered.



Hot Pots, Stepping Their Devil-Soup Over, Lumber Past Within Bowing Distance of You

The chance soon offered. For many years the corps at Conemaugh Coke had meandered about the plant, hammering a leisurely stake in here, painting a tranquil foresight there, checking a bench mark unhurriedly some place else, painstakingly spotting a frog point now and then for the track boss, who never bothered about stakes, anyhow, when he cut his new spurs in.

And then the storm struck. Like welcome lightning, an astounding program of construction fell on the plant without ever a sign of warning. Young Don Merced, partly by reason of his command of English as she is spoke by the score of nationalities in steel, and partly by reason of the fire that gleamed in his eye when the chief asked him how he'd like to take a whirl at ten million dollars' worth of plant improvements, got the job of superintendent of construction; and inside of a week his little corps of high-school boys exploded like a bomb, and each individual of it became the head of a new little corps, made good, or yielded place to a man from outside.

Little Brownie Burns made the grade, with his young boss carefully hand-picking his first month's jobs for him. Pride in his bearing, Brownie shouldered his transit and led his three-man party against right-angle turns and uncomplicated measurements with a vim and care that rapidly let him grow to fit larger tasks.

Fat Tim got his chance - and fell down like a ton of apple sauce. The first foundation he laid out had all the bolts on line and level to a gnat's whisker; but they happened to be the wrong bolts. They were two-inch bolts, and they wouldn't go through the inch and a half holes in the base of a big forge press when it got to the field. So men with a big electric reamer appeared on that job, and Tim disappeared off it, with a sigh as much of relief as of regret, resigning his place to a young technical grad named Aman and returning to the guidance and shelter of Long Josh's party.

Upon Long Josh descended the burden of the survey work for the new improvements, and mightily did he rise to the occasion. Hundreds by hundreds, foundations large and foundations small began to lift their flat heads up to the surface of the ground from their broad subbases many feet below, and thousands by thousands, literally, anchor bolts bristled up out of them—long bolts and short bolts, fat bolts and thin bolts, machine bolts and column bolts, roll-train and hotbed bolts, great bolts that anchored lofty stacks steady against the gale's terrific effort to push them over, still mightier ones that held great engines down while they slammed a ceaseless tornado of blast through mountains of ore and stone that melted down in the blast-furnace stacks each day. Like asparagus stalks, they shot up overnight, each one of them immovably buried in masonry that yesterday was fluid, but that now was rapidly turning to adamant. Here was need for deadly precision.

Steel will not stretch, steel will not squeeze. Steel you may not trim to fit with a cheese knife, nor snip to size with a pair of tinner's shears. By splendid eraser practice, many a traverse has been made to close in a notebook that never closed in the field. But when the final closure is not on a map, but in steel, it's got to be right.

Had you or I planted those acres of iron asparagus shoots in their inexorable concrete beds we would have shuddered to think of the endless carloads of machines and structural steel converging upon us, swooping down over dozens of railroads to test out the goodness of our work. But Long Josh Daley shuddered nary a shudder. He had checked everything. It was right.

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THE LAST TEN PER CENT

By WILL PAYNE

THE United States, in the last two years, has made remarkable recovery from extreme depression to a full tide of industrial prosperity. At the same time American exports have fallen far below what they were three years ago. Therefore a good many people have formed a cheerful impression that the country is practically independent of foreign trade, and can be very prosperous whether it sells goods abroad or not. But that is bad reckoning. Perhaps in a generation or two American economics could be so reorganized and readjusted from A to Z that the country would be prosperous within itself—which is very much like the proposition that if your house burns down without insurance you will probably, in the course of time, get another one practically as good.

At present, for this living generation, foreign trade is a vital factor without which the nation cannot be economically healthy. That agriculture is out of line with other industry is partly due to a foreign situation. Indeed, foreign relations and foreign trade are now decidedly more important to farmers than to any other grand division of the population. Not only do farms, for a good while, go on producing regardless of market, but the prices of some farm staples are more immediately dependent on the export prices. Manufacturers can, in a pinch, cut the export price without cutting the domestic price; but prices of agricultural staples are made in world markets and are all the same for foreign and domestic buyers. Thus the price at which Europe will take 15 per cent of the farm output is a prime factor in determining the price of the whole product.

New York's Waterfront Through the Cables of the Brooklyn Bridge. From This Port is Shipped a Great Bulk of Our National Product for Foreign Trade

Mr. Micawber's Economic Dictum

THE farms are tied to Europe. They have never really attempted to cooperate for the purpose of selling their surplus abroad. Coöperative effort is what the best students of the subject look to for genuine remedial measures. By means that are essentially coöperative, the Department of Commerce is doing all it knows to find foreign markets for our surplus factory products.

The surplus of factory products at present may be only 4 per cent; but a mere arithmetical statement of the proportion of American goods sold abroad does not give the true relative importance of foreign trade. Say that 10 per cent of the total American product—agricultural, mining and manufacturing—goes to foreign markets. As a pretty general proposition, it is the last 10 per cent which determines whether a business shall be conducted at a profit or at a loss. Whether labor is employed 100 per cent or only 90 per cent makes all the difference between well-being and ill-being. Mr. Micawber remarked long ago: "Income, five pounds, one shilling; outgo, five pounds; result, happiness. Income, five pounds; outgo, five pounds one shilling; result, misery." Those may not be exactly the figures which the immortal Wilkins used, but that is what he meant. It applies to foreign trade. If 10 per cent of our total product is exported, to cut off that per cent would be to reduce national prosperity by more than a tenth. For many an enterprise, to lose a tenth of its trade would be to turn profit into loss.

Dr. Julius Klein, chief of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, which is a division of the Department of Commerce, thinks that somewhere from 12 to 15 per cent of our total output of commodities is now sold abroad—giving this, of course, simply as an opinion, for an exact figure is out of the question. I have seen our foreign trade put as low as 1 per cent of our domestic trade; but that is a different proposition, for as long as an article keeps moving in domestic trade it keeps doubling up and the same value is counted several times over. Your shoe uppers are sold first as a live animal in the Kansas City stockyards, then as a raw hide, then as a tanned hide, then by a shoe manufacturer, then by a shoe wholesaler, then by a shoe retailer. In other articles the same value may have changed hands twenty times. On the other hand, foreign trade means imports as well as exports; so you may find foreign trade estimated all the way from 1 to 20 per cent of domestic trade, depending largely on the angle from which it is considered.

A Vital Factor

DOCTOR KLEIN is talking about the proportion of our total production of commodities that is sold outside of the country. Though there is no record of domestic sales to the final consumer, and no exact figure is possible, we shall not be very far wrong if we put that proportion at 10 per cent. But if foreign sales took only 5 per cent or only 2 per cent of our total product, they would still be a vital factor in national economic health.

For whatever the relation of foreign consumption to domestic consumption, our foreign trade at present is more than half imports, and the imports are as important to national well-being as the exports. Without rubber, tin, sole leather, tea, coffee, and with less than half the usual sugar supply, we should be in a dilemma. Those are only a few among hundreds of articles in common use for which we depend on foreign sources of supply. From the rubber heels on your shoes and the leather in their soles to the straw in your summer hat, you constantly consume foreign goods—that have to be paid for mainly in American goods.

In the memorable year 1920, being on a national spree, we imported over $1,250,000,000 worth of sugar, coffee and tea. Presumably we shall not do that again; but so long as we are prosperous, imports of foreign foodstuffs and raw materials for use in manufactures will run to the thousand millions. Our enormous stock of gold—far greater than

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Looking South Over Philadelphia's Shipping District Along the Delaware

British Conservatism in India

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

WHEN I was in India in 1917 I met one day at luncheon at Government House, in Bombay, Mr. Montagu, who was then Secretary of State for India, and His Excellency the Viceroy, Lord Chelmsford. Lord Willingdon, who is now governor of Madras Presidency, was at that time governor of Bombay, and when he greeted me where I stood in the large circle of guests gathered in the drawing-room, he smiled in a bantering kind of way and said:

"You are placed next to Mr. Montagu at luncheon, but you mustn't think it is because you are being specially honored. He asked to have you because he wants to talk with you about the Philippine Islands."

I was glad afterward that I had this privilege; but at the moment I was not pleased, and as for being specially honored—in that I was not interested. I had already enjoyed all the special honors that Government House had any imaginable excuse for bestowing upon me, so I was happily expecting on this occasion—which was an important one, you understand—to be seated between a couple of young aides who knew me well enough to be friendly and frivolous, and whose places at table when the party was large were up round a corner sufficiently far removed from the seats of dignity to be occupied by persons of no particular consequence. My idea was that I should curtsy to the viceroy to the best of my ability, shake hands with the Secretary of State in a manner becomingly meek and respectful, then proceed to enjoy myself in my own way with a certainty that I would receive no further notice. To be told, therefore, that I had before me the serious pleasure of participating in the conversation with which the great Mr. Montagu's luncheon hour was to be beguiled was rather a blow.

Rt. Hon. Edwin Samuel Montagu

And, incidentally, I was not any too well prepared just then to talk about the Philippines with confidence in my ability to offer detailed and up-to-date information, though on that subject I knew I could at least draw on a quite sufficient fund of glittering generalities. I had just returned to Bombay from a long trip up the rivers Tigris and Euphrates, and my mind was occupied with nothing else

The Reforms

I COULD have talked at any length about Mesopotamia and the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, but it had been months since I had given the Philippine Islands even a casual thought. Moreover, I knew little enough about the Indian situation, which Mr. Montagu had come out from England to investigate, though I knew it was serious enough, since it was serious enough to bring him out from England at such a time. He and Lord Chelmsford had just completed a thoroughly comprehensive tour of the country and were then engaged on the momentous task of reducing their observations to concrete form in a voluminous report to be submitted to Parliament, with recommendations for the authorization of those changes in the governmental structure in India now instituted and known as The Reforms.

With most entertaining mental comparisons I recalled in my thoughts old days in Manila, when now and again I had been among those present and deeply concerned during a visit to the Philippines of an American Secretary of War. The first time I saw the islands was in 1907, when I went out with Mr. and Mrs. Taft—the Chief Justice then being Secretary of War in President Roosevelt's cabinet for the great occasion of the inauguration of the first Philippine Assembly.

That was a good while ago, was it not? Seven from seventeen leaves ten. It was ten years before Mr. Montagu's visit of political inquiry in India. It was only seven years after the establishment of civil government in the islands subsequent to the Spanish-American War and the Philippine Insurrection. So, in view of that which we now have to contemplate, it surely may be regarded as natural that I should smile when I think how betimes we were in beginning to saddle the Filipinos with political self-dependence; how confident we were in beginning so soon to break our gay young colt of alien and politically undomesticated breed to the supposedly sobering harness of legislative responsibility.

Mohandas K. Gandhi

Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India, 1916

The Secretary of State for India in the British Government is an extraordinarily important person. I looked upon him and reflected with considerable interest on the differences that obtain between American and British institutions and points of view. I am never very long in a British community without beginning to think that we do not take ourselves seriously enough. Yet we muddle along much after the same fashion on which the British seem so greatly to pride themselves

Our Insular Policies

WE HAVE never had a Secretary of Insular Affairs, because our insular affairs have never been definitely and avowedly colonial, whatever they may have been in actual fact; and in our declarations of policy, at least, they have never been sufficiently important to gain recognition as anything but consequences of war to be cleared up and disposed of as promptly as such things can be done in the course of historical progress. We have consistently acknowledged our obligations have magnified and overemphasized them, as a matter of fact—while doing our best to discharge them as generously as possible under the circumstances, as circumstances developed. But since the War Department was the department of our Government which incurred these obligations—if I may so limit liabilities in which we are all concerned—the War Department has been left to deal with them; and hence it is that our Secretary of War, whoever he may be, is and always has been the highest living authority in the minds of our island peoples. There are two authorities above him, to be sure; but they deal not with the details of insular administration but only with the framing and authorizing of our insular policies. Those are the President and the Congress. When the President presents to Congress recommendations with regard to legislation in the realm of insular affairs a large body of interested citizens, both brown and white, stand back and wonder in somewhat palpitant trepidation what Congress will do. Our experience is that Congress usually does it, and that is why we are where we are.

No Secretary of War during the administrations of President Wilson ever visited the Philippines, nor did President Wilson avail himself of the information with regard to Philippine affairs with which discharged officials from former administrations were so fully equipped. He proceeded to reduce American control in the islands to a minimum and to invest the Filipinos not only with practically unlimited authority in every administrative branch of the insular government but with wholly unrestricted powers of legislation. In other words, he granted to the Philippine people virtual independence without reducing in any degree the

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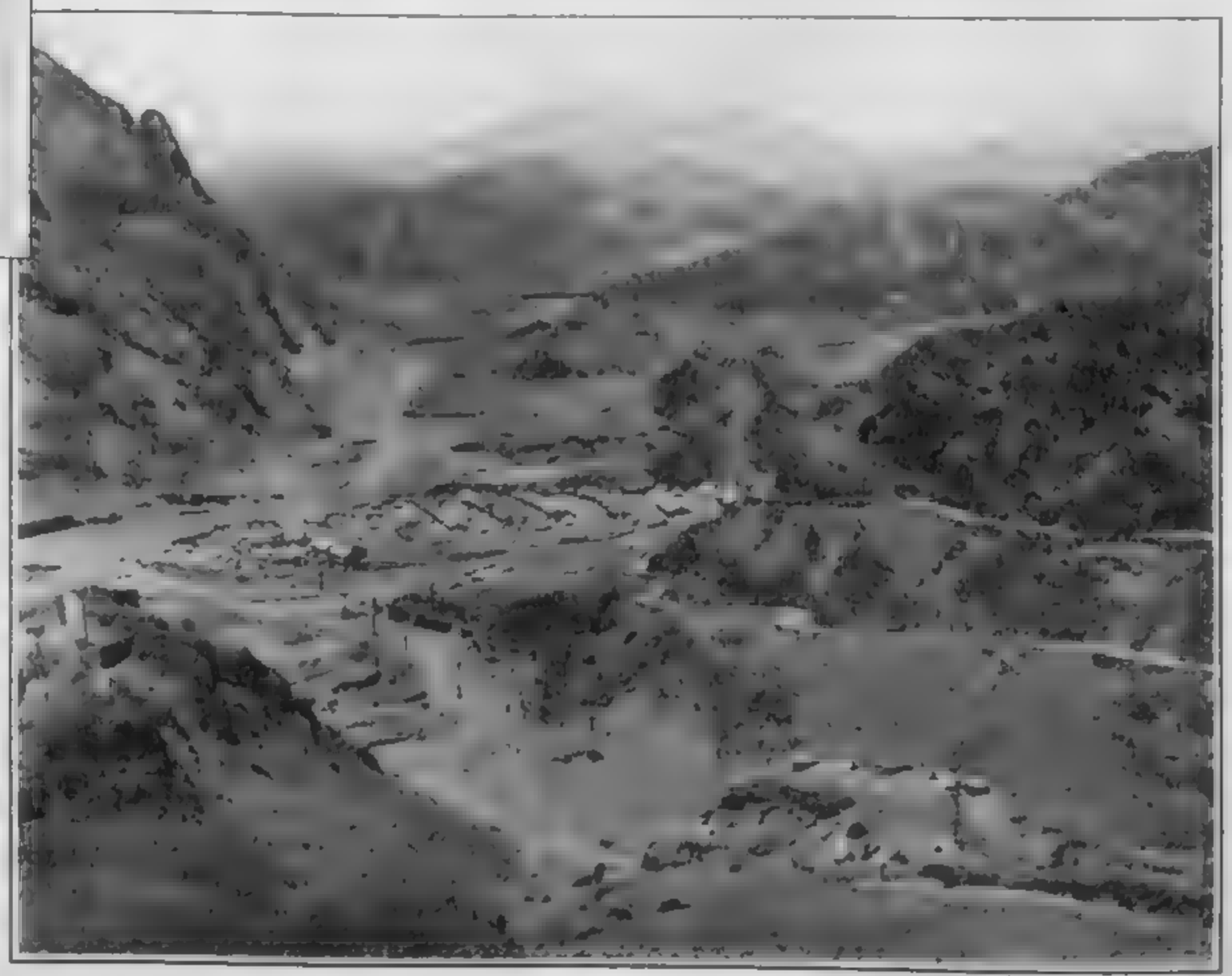


The Last British Army Outpost on the Afghan Border, Northwest Frontier of India—Not in "a Cricket Climate," as a British Officer Observed to Mrs. Egan

SECOND THIEF

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

QUACKENBUSH conducts special investigations for the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company of New York. He is a regular employe. The next time you buy real estate in New York and go to the Metropolitan to have your title examined and insured, walk down the broad marble stair that leads from the law department to the closing department, and glance under the stair. You will see a little den of an office as big as two by-twice, and, reclining immobile in this den behind a fuming corncob, you will see a little scrub of a man with a big head and big dull eyes. He will not move a limb or feature under your gaze, but will look out at you with the blandness of an owl ensconced in a tree. This little man under the stair is not an assistant janitor, and he is not the night watchman; he is Quackenbush, and an important man in the great Metropolitan, as important as any dozen of the handsome young men who sit behind handsome desks on the main floor and look at the public through tortoise-shelled glasses and say—when speaking of the Metropolitan—"I."

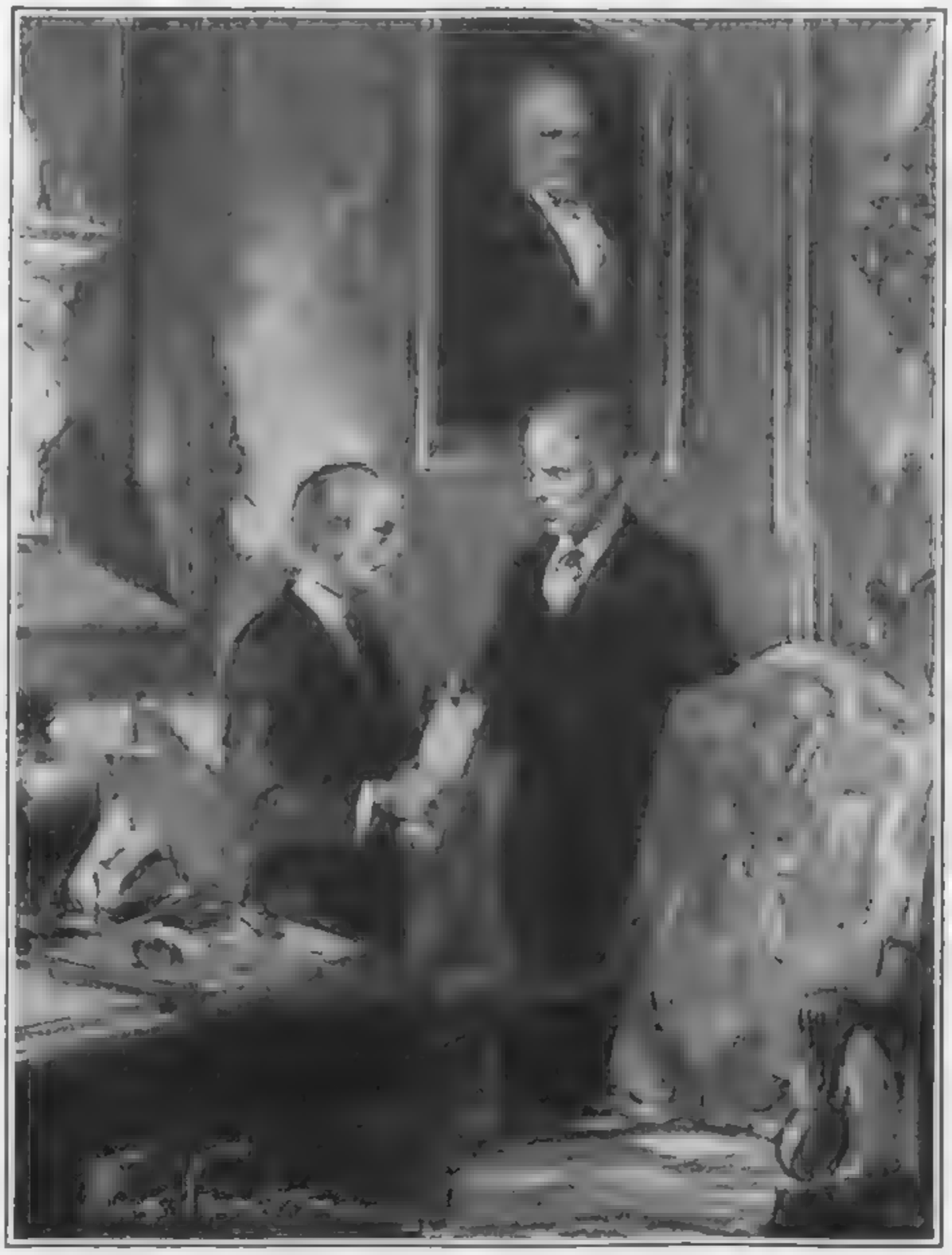
In the law department your record title is examined; the attorneys there certify that the chain of conveyances is unbroken and true in every link. You are notified in due course to visit the closing department, to receive there your deed, under the watchful eyes of an attorney who closes titles all day long. Quackenbush, interposed thus between the departments, looks into matters that are off the record. His unseen hand may stay the progress of your affair, and then you will receive only the company's bill, with the information that the Metropolitan declines to insure.

Perhaps Quackenbush—peeping into family Bibles, interviewing oldest inhabitants, gumshoeing about—has learned that a child was born to a certain man after he had made his will; the will may have been duly probated and the estate distributed; but if your title comes through that will it is defective. Perhaps a past owner of the property who wrote himself down as unmarried deserted a wife; Quackenbush will discover her and her indisputable right to dower. Perhaps one of the deeds in your chain of title was delivered after the grantor died; the record would be as straight as a string, but that deed would be void.

It is Quackenbush's business to doubt, to explore, to ponder with suspicion. He is therefore not a whole-souled and hearty chap; his eye does not beam and his laughter does not ring out infectiously. His complexion is subdued to the stuff he works in. He is constitutionally low-spirited. Perhaps his sense of physical insignificance contributes to depress him. He will never govern the Metropolitan from the president's chair; he is not tall enough, wide enough; his nose is snub where it should be the noblest Roman of them all. He will never even think he governs the Metropolitan, as does Mr. O'Hare of the street door, who is clad in blue and gold and who snaps his white-gloved fingers at fawning automobiles. He can never stand with port and presence in the public eye. Many even of the shiny-haired young men on the main floor have never heard of him, although they are wittingly the creators and sustainers of the Metropolitan; he loses prestige with his every step away from his den under the stairs.

Quackenbush's time is his own; from the nature of his work he cannot be held to hours. The old elevator captain—the unofficial timekeeper of the Metropolitan—notes with unwinking eye the shiny-haired young men who hurry by him in the late morning; but he reserves his blind spot for Quackenbush. In this regard Quackenbush is on a par with the heads of departments, motoring in at leisure from country places, coming late and avoiding the rush. The company's august board of counsel itself halts titles involving millions, and waits patiently upon Quackenbush and his report. When he is working, he is the most important man in the Metropolitan; when he is disengaged, he can be victimized by any inquisitive loafer.

"Quackenbush," I said aggressively, impinging on his silent study of the blank wall of his den, "you promised to tell me about that Vanorken affair."



"'Give it to Me,' He Said in a Repressed Tone, 'and Go Out Quietly'"

He stared at me, yawned and shrugged his shoulders; but took the corncob from his mouth and reached for the telephone.

"Give me the plant," he said. "The plant? Send down Abstracts 507,361 and 884,370."

The abstracts came—two thick sheaves of variously colored paper slips. He began to go through one, pushing the slips severally aside with the eraser of his pencil.

"Why are they differently colored?" I asked idly.

"The white slips are deeds, the blue ones are mortgages, the red are litigated actions, the yellow are wills—and so on. Each slip contains a synopsis of an instrument or proceeding which is on record in the county offices. The girls in the plant—ten and twelve dollars a week—sort these slips according to colors, and have possibly no notion of the meaning of what they are doing. But here in each abstract is the complete record history of a piece of New York real estate, ready for the eye of a lawyer, who is saved weeks of searching in the county offices."

"Ah, the factory system applied to the practice of law."

"Perhaps. But it took brains to devise the plant. The title-examining corporation is the natural result of the high cost of title examination by individual lawyers. I have sometimes thought that half the office workers in New York could be displaced by a like machinery, and would be if white-collar men weren't so cheap. It has occurred to me, too, Cavanaugh, particularly when reading your stories, that a merchantable grade of fiction could be produced by a plant."

"Oh, of course," I said generously, gliding away from any appearance of slurring the Metropolitan. Quackenbush is blindly loyal to his blessed corporation. "That use of colored slips is an excellent idea. A slip coated with tan could contain a few simple directions for a hero, the pink one would be the heroine, the red one would be the trick—what you call the litigated action. Why, look what perfectly marvelous strides the motion pictures have made in the direction of eliminating brain work! But, pardon me, Quackenbush; pardon me."

"This Abstract 507,361," said Quackenbush, seeing that he could not taunt me into a quarrel and thus rid himself of me, "contains the complete record history of a certain lot of land on Jerome Avenue, in the Bronx. This parcel of land, one city lot in area, belonged in the year 1913 to a man named Drummond. He died in that year, leaving a will in which he named this company as trustee. We accepted the trust; we advertise for that sort of business, and cannot refuse it even when it is not worth our while. He left four children. They quarreled over the disposition of this small property and we advised them to dispose of it at partition sale. Here, on this red slip, is the story of the partition action; you perceive that the four children named in the will were made parties. The sale was held in the spring of 1914, and the property went to Simeon Ellerbach."

"Ellerbach? I remember that name in connection with what you told me of ——"

"The Kerfbyle claim," said Quackenbush snappishly, to warn me not to interrupt his narrative. "Ellerbach bid the plot in for fifty-two hundred dollars, which was a stiff price; there was a rumor at the time that a station of the new Jerome Avenue subway extension would be put opposite this property. The rumor was exploded before Ellerbach took title, and he began immediately to put difficulties in the way. He alleged, among other things, that all the heirs at law of old Drummond had not been made parties to the partition. We consulted the four children, and were then informed for the first time that there was another child—one Letty Drummond."

All this seemed far removed from the Vanorken matter, but I had to resign myself to Quackenbush's way of telling his story. Quackenbush has the legal mind; not for him are the swooping elisions of the writer. He proceeds methodically from point to point, building up a case at whatsoever dissipation of romantic interest.

"The family had lost sight of this Letty Drummond about ten years before. When last heard of, she had been employed in a millinery shop on Avenue A. The family had presumed her dead, and had agreed to say nothing about her. But this company could not very well afford to insure the title while there was a chance that she would reappear and claim her portion. Her father, the testator, had, of course, a right to cut her off; but he had not named her in the will, and she might allege that he had forgotten her. You have heard doubtless of cutting a child off with a shilling; you have probably used the expression yourself, without understanding its meaning in law; you have supposed that cutting a child off with a shilling or a dollar was simply an exhibition of the testator's bad temper. Let me explain to you that a child is bequeathed a shilling or a dollar to establish the fact that the testator had the child in mind when making the will, and had not forgotten him. Ellerbach's right to raise collaterally the claim of Letty Drummond was questionable; but we insure when and where we please, and we do not assume obvious risks. We were convinced that Ellerbach's real reason for balking at taking title was that he had changed his mind as to the value of the property; but he had raised a genuine objection, and we decided to release him from his contract.

"And then Ellerbach himself supplied the missing information by telling us that he had learned that Letty Drummond had died in Center Village, Long Island, New York, in the summer of 1913. She had never been married. Therefore any estate belonging to her would have passed to her father, and, in his default, to her brothers and sisters. Superficially, it was highly generous of Mr. Ellerbach to come forward with this information, since it disposed of his objection to taking title; but we are, from sad experience, extremely cautious in our dealings with Mr. Ellerbach. I had nothing better to do at the time, and I was told to go down to Center Village and learn what I could about Letty Drummond.

"Center Village," mumbled Quackenbush, firing his corncob, "proved to be a settlement of half a dozen

shanties and a summer hotel on a sand bar beyond Southampton. The land about the settlement is a flat and glaring waste, populous with sand fleas and green-headed flies. The section is relieved from utter desolation only by the houses, and by the glitter and flash of the mountainous heap of tin cans behind the hotel. To this resort had come, in the summer of 1913, a Miss Eulalie Vanorken, with her maid, who was our Letty Drummond. Letty Drummond had signed the hotel register. I had examples of her handwriting, and the signature on the register was hers. The two women had dined at the hotel on the evening of their arrival. Letty Drummond had eaten largely of lobster salad, her appetite for this dish being aroused by the sound and fury of the broad Atlantic Ocean and by the promising contiguity of rocky Montauk, where the lobsters come from. She died during the following night of acute indigestion.

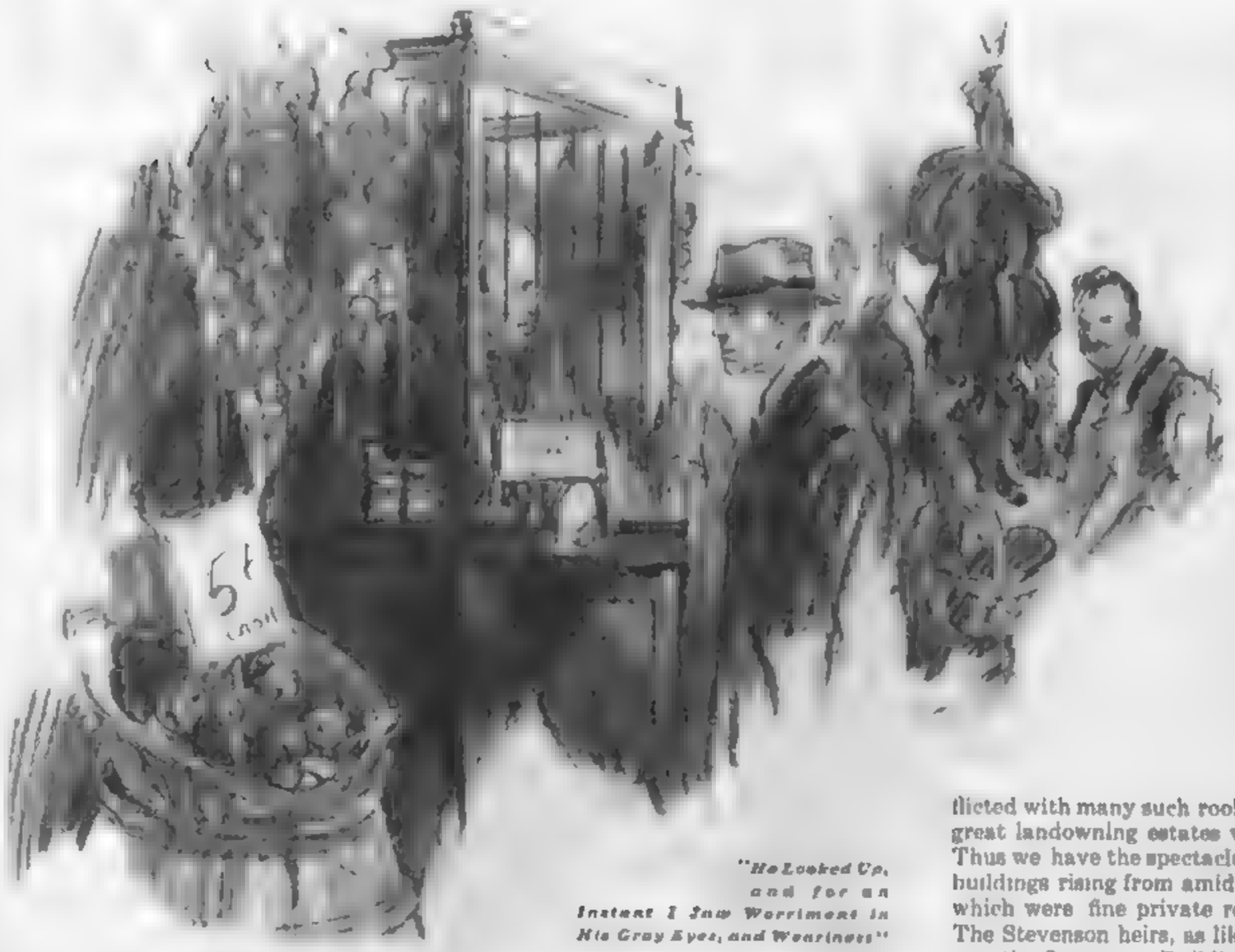
"The hotel proprietor remembered the circumstance. He admitted, under my questioning, that he had not sought to signalize the sad event by any demonstration at the time; it was not good advertising for his establishment. The affair had passed off quietly, and probably very few of the other guests were made aware of it. Miss Vanorken had checked out at once. She was a nervous lady and was very much upset. She made arrangements with an undertaker in Malvey's Landing—the village adjoining—and Letty Drummond was buried in the churchyard there. Letty Drummond had severed all connection with her family and former friends, and none of them was known to Miss Vanorken. I could not imagine how Ellerbach had learned of the woman's death. I knew that his faculty for unearthing information was extraordinary. But I was convinced that our Letty Drummond was dead, and I so reported to the company, which issued a policy to Ellerbach in due course. He took title and resold the property soon afterward, netting a small loss on the turn."

As he talked, in a low and level voice, Quackenbush had been turning the leaves of Abstract 507,361. Now he let the leaves fall, pushed the sheaf of slips aside, yawned and drew toward him Abstract 884,370.

"This abstract," he said, "sets forth the record title of another property formerly belonging to Simeon Ellerbach. You see from the date on it that the title was examined only six months ago. The property is a private house on a corner of Madison Avenue in the thirties, and is fairly worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Six months ago it belonged to Simeon Ellerbach; it was formerly the residence of Miss Eulalie Vanorken."

"Ah," I breathed, "there's the connection. That's how he learned of the death of this Letty Drummond through his knowledge of the affairs of the Vanorken family."

"Through his knowledge of the Vanorken affairs—precisely," nodded Quackenbush.



"He Looked Up, and for an Instant I Saw Worriment in His Gray Eyes, and Weariness"

"This title came to us for examination from the office of Jacob Brower, the real-estate operator. Brower was buying the property from Simeon Ellerbach. Brower does an immense business in buying and selling real estate. He employs a special attorney to examine and close titles, and gives us ordinarily no business beyond the hack work of making the searches. But this time he wanted a policy. He knows Mr. Ellerbach very well indeed, and has often done business with him. The danger signals here were flying in full view. When the law department had completed its work, the solicitor sent for me and handed me this abstract, and told me to go over it with a fine-tooth comb. Brower was asking for insurance in the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. We have written many policies for greater amounts—we insured the title to the Woolward Building for sixteen millions—but one hundred and twenty thousand dollars is still not an obligation to be sneezed at. I went to work."

Quackenbush lifted the bulk of the abstract, showing me one of the last few sheets.

"There," he said, "is the deed to Simeon Ellerbach. You see that it was executed in November, 1919, by Merry Edmunds, of New York City. And here is the deed to Edmunds, executed in March, 1919, by Pincus Hochheimer. Hochheimer in turn had taken the title, as you see, by deed from Benjamin Franklin Ross in the year 1917. And this Ross had bought from Eulalie Vanorken, spinster, in June, 1914. All these deeds are regular in form, and were recorded on or about the dates of execution. A private attorney, examining the title, would pass these deeds without question; this company, under other circumstances, would pass them almost as casually. They were all duly acknowledged before competent notaries. But I went to see Mr. Ellerbach.

"He has an office over on Exchange Place, in a tumbledown building belonging to the wealthy Stevenson estate. Lower New York here is afflicted with many such rookeries. They belong, mostly, to great landowning estates which neither sell nor improve. Thus we have the spectacle of thirty and forty story office buildings rising from amid a stubble of dingy little houses which were fine private residences before the Civil War. The Stevenson heirs, as like as not, do not know that they own the Stevenson Building; no one seems to be in charge of it; it might almost be one of those properties—of which there are many in New York—whose owners have so utterly vanished that there is no memory left of them to aid the corporation counsel when he comes to sell the tax liens accumulated through many years."

"That is interesting," I interposed. "And are there, indeed, in this city, houses and lands without owners?"

"There is no piece of real estate without an owner," said Quackenbush precisely. "One may acquire title to a piece of personalty—a watch, a horse—by taking possession of it when it is lost; but the ownership of realty never lapses. Title to it reverts to the state in default of other owners. Our law preserves that remnant of the old feudal tenure."

I regretted my interruption, which seemed likely to bring down upon me a dissertation upon the law of real property. Mr. Ellerbach, I feared, would shortly become Mr. A, whom Quackenbush would maneuver contentedly against Messrs. B and C through a drawn-out legal battle.

"And this, too, is very interesting," I said quickly. "You must explain to me all about the development of the law of real property some day. But you saw Mr. Ellerbach on this occasion? He is a lawyer, is he not?"

"Mr. Ellerbach is one of the best real-estate lawyers in this city," said Quackenbush. "He is no longer eligible to practice, having been disbarred for excellent cause by the Appellate Division. The board of counsel of this company has the highest respect for the legal attainments of Mr. Simeon Ellerbach. He was in his office on this occasion. From the reception he accorded me, I guessed that he was not at all pleased to see me.

"'Bless me!' he said, getting up quickly and hurrying to me. 'As I live, it is my dear friend Quackenbush! To what good fortune am I

(Continued on Page 120.)

"'I am Familiar With the Matter,' I Said. 'Is There Anything That I Can Tell You?'"

BABES AND SUCKLINGS

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

MR. ROBERT WALMSLEY PETERS, attired with even more than the care proper to a successful business man, crossed the rustic bridge that spanned the ravine and, with a youthfully elastic step, ascended the sloping path to the wooded upper ground. Here he stopped and looked along the narrow way that corkscrewed into the boscage; then he glanced at his watch and smiled indulgently at the impatience that had brought him to the trysting place a good fifteen minutes before the appointed time.

"Which really means a good half hour," he murmured. "A woman is always late. No idea of punctuality."

There was no impatience in his tone, however. He knew women; but, knowing them, he made allowances. He left the path and seated himself under a tree, first spreading his pocket handkerchief as a precaution against the dampness of the ground. He was not usually so particular; but he was wearing a new spring suit for the first time, and it was a suit that demanded respect, as it had, so far, commanded admiration; an eminently classy creation in pearl gray, with the coat cut rather short, in the English style; wherefore it behooved him to be careful where and how he sat.

Being seated and at leisure, he gave himself up to long, long thoughts. First, of business. He was a business man; practical, for all his party-colored necktie, keen as mustard on the job, swift and agile in pursuit of the nimble dollar. There had been a time, before the years had brought him wisdom, when he had dreamed of a life less prosaic, less sordid; of a career romantic, even heroic; a time when his fancy envisioned coral isles, tropic jungles, boundless prairies and even polar wastes as the scenes of his exploits, his weapon the deadly rifle or the pistol, no less lethal in his practiced hands. He would have scouted the idea of attaining success by means of a fountain pen and a short-form contract blank, plus a convincing manner and a persuasive tongue; yet these had been all that he had found necessary to overcome the objections of the astute and experienced Macrae that very morning. Something of a triumph, that! It meant ——

His meditations shifted. It was spring. The trees were almost in full leaf, nearly closing the vista of old Michigan's sunlit waters and the cloudless blue above the horizon line; but showing enough of it temporarily to distract even a hard-headed real-estate broker's mind. There came a whirring rush of wings behind him, and the next moment a song bird piped and trilled from a near-by bush. In the dead grass at his feet fresh green blades pushed joyously through the dull drab, and there was a scent in the soft air that must have meant crocuses or daffydowndillies or something. If he searched, perchance he might cull a posy or two—for her.

But something of the vernal languor oppressed him and he remained seated. It was good, once in a while, to get away from the feverish activity of business life, and the hardly less active round of social frivolity that usually occupied his leisure, and commune with Nature in her sweet solitude, own her influence and surrender to her law. For that matter, he had already surrendered. He had never been a misogynist, exactly; a misogamist, rather; a man who enjoyed the society of women, but regarded them solely as pretty playthings for his lighter moments. As for marriage, he had begged to be excused. A wise bird who had kept his eyes open on his way through life, he had seen too much of it. So in vain was the net spread, and he had stepped warily round gin and pitfall. Well for him that he had, for otherwise he might have missed the one woman; she whose coming he now awaited there in the spring sunshine.

He poked a finger into a patch of moist velvet moss; he noted absently the pale coil of a young fern and flakes of white blossom on a wild-cherry tree; and then, faintly above the trickle of the water in the ravine below, he heard a melodious call. The bird in the bush heard it, too, and took to swift flight as young Bobby Peters leaped to his feet, his heart leaping with him. She was coming—the one woman! He hastened to meet her.

She might have been Flora herself! One might have expected to see a trail of daffydowndillies and violets and daisies pied where her little brogans had trod. Pink as the dawn in the silken garment that she wore, glorious as the sunrise, with the gold of her hair. A little darling!

"Don't be squashy, Bobby," she begged as he took her hands and tried to draw her to him. "You don't know who might see you."

Bobby blushed a little at the accusation and looked hurt, seeing which Miss Catherine Leach repented and, raising herself on tiptoe, reached for his crimson ears and drew his head down and kissed him. It was a delicious but curt caress; rather unsatisfactory on the whole, but only by reason of its maddeningly short duration.

"There!" said she.

"Gee!" exclaimed Bobby.

"Cut out the rapture and listen! There's a time and a place for everything. That's no place for your arm—now. Well, then ——"

She calmly returned the pin to the collar of her blouse and gave him her hand, and so they walked, side by side, to the tree that Bobby had just left. He stooped and picked up his handkerchief.

"Somebody might come along here," he remarked.

"I'm glad you're beginning to realize that," said she.

They sought a more secluded spot, and there Bobby again spread his kerchief and wished that he had thought to bring two.

"Sit down," he said. "I've got something very important to tell you, Cathy."

One Might Have Expected to See a Trail of Daffydowndillies and Violets and Daisies Pied Where Her Little Brogans Had Trod

"What, again? That's what you told me when you proposed to me. How long ago that seems! Nearly six months! Are you going to unpropose now? Break it very, very gently if you are."

"Quit your kidding! You know darn well I'll never change my mind about you. If you—— Cathy, are you still certain—honest?"

She pressed his hand reassuringly.

"Positutely, absotively sure and certain, Bobs dear. Now tell me what is this very important thing that you're so darn serious about." She looked at him with mock anxiety, but her blue eyes danced with laughter. "Nothing bad?"

"Something perfectly jake. It just shows what a woman can do to a man. I mean buck him up. I mean you. It's just as I've told you all along. You sort of—inspire me. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Uh-huh," she answered affirmatively, and snuggled closer.

"You put pep into a man. This morning —— I didn't sleep much last night."

"I didn't either. When I did fall asleep I just dreamed and dreamed."

"Who—what did you dream about, Cathy?"

"Crab-apple jelly. It wouldn't jell, because it wasn't made out of crab apples; it was made out of the black keys of my piano, and the tuner said that I would regret it bitterly some day because the crank case needed draining every thousand miles. I'm going to have that psychoanalyzed."

"I didn't dream at all; but I thought—guess who I was thinking of."

"How many guesses?"

"Three."

"Clarice Bowman."

"That makes one."

"Pauline Hart."

"The goat's tied. Two."

"Then I can't think. May Golding, maybe."

"Listen, kid! I told you all about May, didn't I? Well! But you know who I was thinking of, all right. And I was thinking about this business of us never getting a chance to be alone together, or hardly ever for more than a few minutes at a time—somebody always butting in—and keeping our engagement to ourselves. Just waiting, waiting! And what for? Well, we don't have to wait, that's all. That's what I was thinking about. And there's no sense or reason in a long engagement, at that, and I'm going to serve notice on the folks that there isn't. Suppose they make us wait another year!"

"There doesn't seem to be much sense in waiting forever," replied Catherine thoughtfully. "Still, we are young, and we haven't got any money, and ——"

She stopped, because Bobby was smiling in a very mysterious, peculiar sort of way—a smile that was confident, masterful, amused and superior. He spoke serenely, oracularly.

"Cathy, there was a time when John D. Rockefeller didn't have any money, and when he was young. I'm twenty-one, anyway—over—and you're eighteen—or in your eighteenth year. How old do we have to be—a hundred?"

"But ——"

"You haven't given me a chance to tell you yet. I started to tell you the way I felt this morning. Pep! I'll say so! I don't mean to say that I've ever been exactly a dead one. I mean I'm fairly onto my job, and I've always had a hunch that none of the other men had anything on me. Still, I've not been so good as I am. I've known all along that Riley wasn't paying me anything near what I was worth. A hundred a month is a joke, of course. Still, I felt I was able to take a joke as long as I wasn't boarding myself or buying my own clothes. Dad wanted me to get experience in business, and I was getting it; so if he was satisfied, why should I take Riley by the collar to shake more shekels out of him? Too easy! All wrong, all wrong!" He wagged his head solemnly. "All wrong!" he repeated. "I realized that months ago—ever since we got engaged. 'Pep is what you want,' I told Bobby Peters. 'Get busy! And if you think you've been working pretty hard

already, get twice as busy.' Well, Bobby saw the point. Honest, Cathy, I've been hustling. But, y'see, I'd been too easy. As to the work, I didn't get any of the big stuff. Rentals, and now and then showing a place, and office work. If I started anything myself they'd pull me off it just as I was getting it to going good and turn it over to Brodie or Sanson or Wilkes—and they got commissions! Lovely!"

"Rotten!" said Catherine indignantly. This was not entirely new to her, but her sympathy was always unfailing. "But what about this morning, Bobs?"

"Listen! I got to thinking about it in the night, and this morning I said to myself, 'Bobby, you ought to be fed up with this sort of thing. You've got pep, and you've got an incentive. You've got one of the sweetest—you've got the very sweetest girl, the ——'

"Well, I went to Riley this morning as soon as I got downtown and I said to him, 'Listen, Riley, I want you to turn that Dimsdale proposition over to me. I want to go to Macrae and show him; and what's more, I want to close the deal myself. Further, I want a commission on it when I close it. I was the man who got the first line on Macrae. I was the first man to see him, and if you hadn't taken it out of my hands I'd have landed him a week ago. The point is that anything I start I want to finish.' That's what I told him—or—er—words to that effect. I looked him straight in the eye as I spoke, and he saw that I meant it.

"'All right, Mr. Peters,' he says, 'if you think you can swing it you can go ahead.'"

"How perfectly splendacious!" cried Catherine, with shining eyes. "Isn't that wonderful! Honest and truly, cross your heart, was it the thought of me that helped you, Bobby? And I know you will swing it. I feel sure of it."

She gazed at him admiringly. Bobby grinned. The supreme moment of his triumph had arrived.

"You're a wiz, little sweetheart," he said. "I've done swung it. Riley had beat it home when I got back to the office, but I was in time to put Macrae's check in the safe And now, Cathy, I'm going to tackle your father."

Mr. Geoffrey Leach, bending from his easy-chair, pushed the humidor over to his unexpected visitor.

"Try one of these," he invited cordially. "You're probably a judge of cigars. I think a cigar ought to be pretty good at thirty dollars a hundred."

Bobby Peters made a gingerly selection. Mr. Leach, with a restrained smile, observed that the young man's fingers seemed to be a trifle shaky as they fumbled at the gold-and-crimson band. Almost ceremoniously, Mr. Leach struck a match and offered it. Again Bobby seemed to be in difficulty.

"Perhaps if you bit the end off it would draw better," his host suggested. "I always find that helps."

Bobby laughed uneasily and his white teeth clamped cleanly down on the cigar end. Another match did the business. Mr. Leach took a cigar himself, lit it and leaned back in his chair

"Fine day, Bobby," he remarked genially.

"Finest kind," Bobby agreed. "Yes, sir."

There was a slight lull in the conversation, during which Mr. Leach slowly emitted a mouthful of smoke in three thick installments and Bobby smoothed out the slight crease that his hat had left on the polished surface of his well-bandolined hair.

"You're looking fine, Mr. Leach," Bobby resumed politely.

"Thanks. If I felt any better I'd have to do something about it."

"Is—is Mrs. Leach well?"

"She's sitting up and taking nourishment and notice. I'll tell her that you inquired. How do you think she's looking?"

"Fi-fine. I saw her at the dance last night."

"So did I. At least, I saw her before she started with Catherine. Did you happen to see Catherine there by any chance?"

Bobby reddened slightly as he haltingly replied in the affirmative

"This is a fine cigar, Mr. Leach," he added. "Expensive, but you certainly didn't get stung on the price."

"No," agreed Mr. Leach; "I don't think I did. For a domestic cigar at seven cents, by the box—which is what I paid—it isn't so bad." He chuckled. "I've fooled lots of men who were accustomed to good tobacco, on that cigar. It's the ignorant, two-for-a-quarter-at-the-most dubs who criticize it as a general thing."

Bobby looked at the mild-eyed, thin-faced, scholarly looking old shrimp and wondered if he were being kidded. He had to fight the feeling that he was. He regretted bringing up the cigar subject now. He had missed a good opening when Catherine was mentioned.

"Mighty good of you to drop in on me and cheer me up," said Mr. Leach gratefully. "I like young society and I get little of it. You lads are generally too occupied with your youthful sports and pastimes to waste much of your time on the aged. Naturally, of course! Here, in sheer desperation and loneliness, I was about to take a little snooze and you breeze in to save me. I appreciate it, Bobby."

"Don't mention it," Bobby begged him weakly.

"Oh, how are all your folks, by the way?"

"Fine, thank you, sir," Bobby replied.

Mr. Leach dexterously shifted his cigar to a corner of his mouth with a twist of his mobile lips. It gave him an oddly jaunty appearance.

"Then I guess we've got the ground pretty well cleared," he said. "Now what's troubling your mind, Bobby? Let it come. You'll feel all the better when you get rid of it."

Bobby could have kicked himself for reddening again and allowing his tongue to thicken as it did. He knew dog-gone well what he had to say, and he knew how to say it neatly, concisely, convincingly and persuasively He had, in fact, already done so, and had entered the room with that straightforward, businesslike and manly little speech all set and only awaiting release to pour forth fluently into Mr. Leach's receptive ear. Preparedness was Bobby's middle name.

"I—I ——" he began, and then stopped to relieve the constriction of his throat by swallowing a couple of imaginary eggs. (Continued on Page 77)

"And There's No Sense or Reason in a Long Engagement, and I'm Going to Serve Notice on the Folks That There Isn't"

MR. AND MRS. KIMBLE

By DANA GATLIN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

IN THE files of the metropolitan papers published at the time, at a date not so very long ago, you might find notices to this effect:

Miss Felicity Bradford, daughter of the Rev. Matthew Bradford, of Jericho Center, Massachusetts, was married yesterday to Mr. Victor Kimble, son of Mr. John W. Kimble, of New York and Scarboro. The bride is a member of one of New England's old families. Mr. Kimble was to have been graduated this year from Harvard. His father is spending the spring and summer abroad.

And then, in the files of scarcely four years later:

Among the seagoers sailing for Europe yesterday on board the Aquitania was Victor Kimble, the well-known amateur golfer, who has entered for the forthcoming international tournaments in Great Britain. Just before he sailed a decree of divorce was granted Mr. Kimble's wife, who was formerly Miss Felicity Bradford.

The story of Mr. and Mrs. Kimble was ended. In such a few beggarly words can be summed up all the dreams that two may dream. The hopes, the radiant promise—and the fiasco!

That story began when Victor was a senior in college. He was a rich man's son, and she was a minister's daughter, living in an adjacent little suburb. The meeting, and what came rushing after, was a romance as romantic as fiction, a lilting lyric of life's glad spring.

She lived in a parsonage and her name was Felicity Bradford, but from the first he nicknamed her Flash. She suggested those young saplings sung by many poets, slim and vibrant and fearless. Her hands were quick moving, and her feet, even when she walked, seemed resisting an impulse to run. Her hair was darkish, but such a plaything of lights and shadows that maybe it was black or maybe brown. As for her eyes, they were either blue or gray—you forgot to notice specifically while she was present and talking. You forgot to notice, too, whether she was beautiful, and planned to observe more critically next time, and then forgot again. Probably it didn't make much difference. The gladness of merely being alive was in her step, and she was wondering what life—and love—might be.

And One Night the Two Disappeared From the Dancing Floor for a Noticeable Period

And the boy, Victor? Well, to the girl he seemed the Prince in the fairy tale. He was handsome as a young god, and bonny, and caressed by fortune. He was heroic in the modern fashion. He drove a car, sailed a boat, danced like a Maurice and played a golf game that was already bringing him into the big tournaments—a promising youngster, they called him.

He hadn't spent much time wondering what was to be written on those waiting blank pages which must record his life; but when he met Flash he thought he suddenly read every possible answer.

There came a day when these two, in his swift car, raced the wind through the sunlit avenues of spring. For a while they talked trifling chatter, after the fashion of the lighthearted young. Then long pauses began to ensue. His arm, barely brushing hers, sent something pulsing through her like a strong magnetic current. She sat very still, thrilling, but half afraid. Then all of a sudden he stopped the motor and turned toward her and put one hand over her hand. She didn't meet his eyes—didn't dare; she sought to pull her hand away, but was powerless.

"Flash," he said, "look at me!"

But she, usually so fearless, averted her face. Then, with a low, exultant laugh, he bent close and kissed her. The sweetness, the tumult, the glory, in young love's first kiss!

Then, "You're trembling," he whispered. "Why do you tremble, sweetheart? You're not afraid, are you?"

She shook her head, although, just then, she was more than half afraid.

"Don't be afraid," he went on. "See, I'm trembling, too—but I'm not afraid!" Again he gave that low, excited laugh. "I'm trembling because I love you. I guess that's the way it strikes people. You're the only girl in the world—absolutely the only girl!" Then, triumphantly, demandingly: "Tell me that's why you tremble, too—because you love me!"

Flash only trembled the more; she was in a shimmering daze. Only two things stood out—Victor and this miracle. That he, so bonny and dear and rich, should choose her from all the girls in the world!

"Tell me!" he insisted.

"I love you," she whispered.

For a while they must murmur the whys and hows and wherefores of their love: "When did you first know?" and "Do you remember that time?" and all the silly, tremendous items that are world-old but to lovers ever and amazingly new. And the sun smiled down, and the breeze caressed them indulgently, and the trees nodded together with understanding whispers, and a near-by clump of forsythia glowed its glad sympathy, the flaming gold flag of spring. Then, gradually, the two came back to more practical aspects.

"I must cable my father," the boy said.

"Maybe he won't be pleased," she suggested tentatively. "He'll probably think you should pick out some richer girl."

"Bosh! He won't give a hang for that! You're the sweetest thing in the world and the old man'll see I'm in luck. He can't help adoring you. Anyway, in the end he always gives me what I want. But maybe—just at first ——"

A frown clouded Victor's handsome blue eyes, and a mutinous expression spoiled his usually good-natured mouth.

"Probably he'll kick up a rumpus at first," the youth admitted. "That's the old man's way. Probably he'll say I'm too young, or some bosh like that. The old man's got sort of nutty lately on what he calls looking at life seriously." Victor gave a little laugh, half rueful. "To hear him talk, you'd think if I don't turn solemn I'm headed straight to the devil."

The girl didn't answer. Her face had sobered also.

"Do you think I'm headed to the devil?" he asked banteringly, but with that sulky look still round his mouth.

Her fingers in his clasp found his and tightened

"I think you're perfect. I wouldn't have you changed the least bit. But there is one thing, Vicky ——"

She hesitated, and he asked a bit anxiously, "What is the one thing, dear?"

"Well, it's my father. You know that he—well, he thinks that you're a little wild. It may seem odd to you, but"—and she forced an apologetic little laugh—"but, do you know, I doubt if he'd really be willing to ——"

She came to a troubled halt. The youth gazed away at the sunlit distance. Her fingers tightened on his again and his clasp tightened in response.

Finally he said, "That's bad. It makes me feel sort of ashamed. But honestly, Flash, I'm not such a devil, dear. I'm not really bad, dear."

"I know you're not!" Then she burst out vehemently: "It's because father's old-fashioned. He thinks because you're a rich man's son—why, he even holds that against you! He's narrow; religion has cramped him. Not that I hold anything against religion; but I don't think it's a crime to have a good time or to love having it."

Mutiny now was in the girl's eyes, too; she rushed on:

"Vicky, it's hard in a way to be such a good man's daughter. Life is all choked up with isms—with must nots. Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to take all the must nots in the world and throw them out the window."

Young Victor nodded.

"I know how you feel. Old people think they must live your life for you, and get set, fogy ideas, and that's all wrong."

The two youngsters silently contemplated the specter of this elderly wrong-headedness with censorious eyes. Then, on a swift note of contrition, the girl amended:

"Not that I haven't been happy at home, and I do love and appreciate my father. Maybe he's so strict because I haven't a mother."

Victor kissed her, and then, somewhat huskily: "Don't worry, sweetheart; I'll go tackle your old man tonight."

But she shivered a little.

"I'm afraid, Vicky. You haven't heard him. He says you're totally irresponsible, and things like that; and he's smelled liquor on your breath."

"I don't get drunk," Victor said crisply. And then, as a dragged-out afterthought and not quite so crisply: "Not too drunk."

"Oh, I know you don't!" And then: "Oh, these isms!" And then, her voice lowering to a lament: "Vicky, why is it? Youth is so short, age so long. Life's something to be snatched at before it goes—life and love."

Her voice trailed out. The youth beside her straightened. She could feel the muscles of his arm grow tense. He turned and looked at her. His gaze was at once very solemn, very bright and very excited.

"Flash," he asked, "do you love me?"

"Must I tell you again?"

"And you have faith in me?"

"Oh, you know!" reproachfully.

"Then listen!" He leaned close. "We're both of age. We know our own minds. I know you're the one girl in a million for me—in a million million. And you say you love me. Now listen. I know where they get marriage licenses. We'll drive straight there and get the knot tied—right away. That's what we'll do, sweetheart!"

She gazed into his ardent eyes, so close. Her breath caught in her throat—it hurt. And because her breathing hurt, and because her heart was pounding so it hurt, she sought a relief in levity.

"Good gracious, you've got it all arranged! Since when have you taken possession of me?"

"Since a little while ago," Victor replied; "when you let me kiss you."

That bright blue gaze, so close and excited and solemn, still held her. She felt herself weakening, felt the delicious thrill of weakening. But she tried to think, made herself demur.

"Oh, Vicky, my father—your father ——"

"Can't you trust yourself to me, dear?" Then, in a voice whose vibrations stirred something akin to pain in her heart: "I will be good to you, dear. I'll try so hard, in every way, to be good to you."

A little laugh caught in something like a sob in her throat as she answered, "Dear old Douglas—and I'll be tender and true."

"Oh, Flash!"

And then there were no more words for a long space, and the sun smiled down, and the breeze caressed them indulgently, and the trees nodded together with understanding whispers, and the forsythia sympathetically flaunted its glad flag of spring. Presently the boy held the girl off to look at her.

"Lord, I'm lucky!" he breathed. Then, with shining eyes: "You and me—wow! Won't we have fun together?"

The glow in her own eyes answered him. To have love and to have fun—this was to be happy.

And then the two drove off through the throbbing avenues of spring in quest of the marriage license. And so they were married. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kumble was begun. And then not four years until that little newspaper item was telling that the story was done.

It would seem that being in love and having fun do not, somehow, constitute being happy. For we have seen how this pair were in love, and those ensuing few years were certainly crammed with fun.

After that hasty marriage there had been something of a rumpus. But Flash's father forgave them, though this didn't matter so stupendously as time went on, for the young couple came into little contact with the parsonage. And Victor's father curtailed his European holiday to hurry home to meet his unexpected daughter and to increase young Victor's allowance.

"Don't be afraid of the old man," Flash had been forewarned. "He seems sort of snappish, but that's just the old man's way. Hits the ceiling now and then, but doesn't really mean anything—and he always comes through."

The old man was not very tall in stature, and not very impressive at first appearance—perhaps one reason why he so idolized his stalwart, handsome son. But his manner impressed Flash rather formidably till she grew used to it. He squared his shoulders and walked in a precise military fashion, like a general; and he faced you dominantly, sometimes belligerently, when he talked. His eyes were very keen, and he indulged in satire and had a disconcerting way of answering your own remarks with a "Humph!"

Flash did not think she would like him, but she began to like him surprisingly soon; and one thing that distressed her from the start was a feeling that the old man secretly didn't like her, was mainly taking her on tolerance. Yet on the whole he was amiable toward her, even indulgent after his blunt fashion.

The old man, after reading his son a lecture on his new estate and its responsibilities, secured him a job in an insurance office—at a nominal salary, but there was the increased allowance—and then helped install the young couple for the summer.

Victor chose Long Island, where the golfing and general conditions were advantageous. Their cottage was rented furnished, for what at first struck Flash as an exorbitant price; but soon she got used to things costing a good deal—women can learn quickly; and the furnishings didn't suit her taste, and at the start she cogitated how she would make things more homelike; but she never seemed to find the time.

The days and the nights, too, that first summer, were crowded. Victor gravitated into a gay set; that was but natural. Nor did young Mrs. Kimble's bright attractions go unremarked. She was welcomed with open arms and she flung herself blissfully into the embrace; and she learned to drink cocktails without a sense of guilt.

In the beginning she worried somewhat about the amount Victor drank. But he never got ugly or vulgar, was only gayer and if anything more charming than ever, and he laughed at her little fears.

"I can handle the stuff all right," he would assure her. "Don't you bother your little head." And gradually she ceased to bother.

Continued on Page 167

"Don't Start Talking Like a Husband! You Heard Him—He's the Professional Here"

MY CRYSTAL BALL

By ELISABETH MARBURY

MY LIFE for many years seemed a constant journey between New York, Paris and London. Each incident of it was international, so it is impossible to reduce my experiences and impressions to any sequence or dates. I never kept a diary and never had a notebook. It is all haphazard in my mind, it is a living cinema, unraveling the story, introducing the actors, and presenting the close-ups! After all, it matters little. It is the personalities and the incidents which are of importance, especially as my chief desire is to convey to my readers my sense of obligation to those wonderful men and women whose paths I was destined to cross. A sponge in a pail soaks up the water. To listen, often soaks up brains. To meet those who have something to give out is a privilege. It is only the dumbbells who, believing that their own thinks are of such vast importance, often miss those of far greater value. Instead of listening to others they are too absorbed in the melody of their own voices and too deeply impressed by the importance of their own aims and interests. As we grow older one of our greatest dangers is that we may drift into garrulity, mistaking it for conversation.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM HUNTER
Portrait of Miss Marbury's Mother as a Child

My first office was in West Twenty-fourth Street, in New York. I began with a small room and with the assistance of a young girl who at sixteen had just finished her course in stenography and typewriting. My obligation was to pay a rental of fifteen dollars a month and her salary of ten a week. I was bowed down by the sense of this responsibility. Commissions might come in slowly, then where would I be?

But fortune was on my side, so that I began the second month with the addition of a large room and the increase of thirty-five dollars for rental.

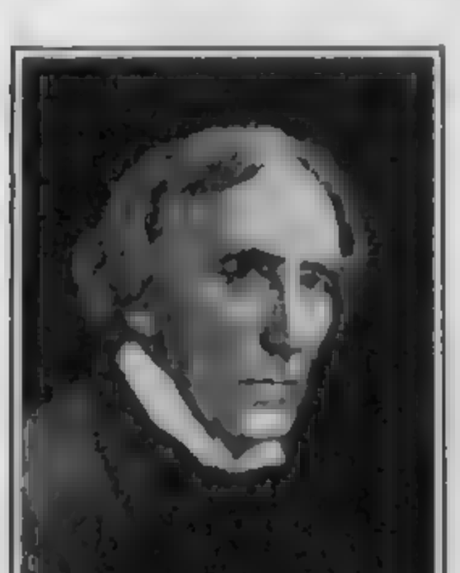
For a long while I remained in this locality and until the Empire Theater was built, whither I removed, occupying for many years a suite of handsome offices directly over Charles Frohman's on the second floor and Al. Hayman's on the third

My business had increased in leaps and bounds, for not only was I established in this city but I had opened offices in London and in Paris, with subsidiary connections in Berlin, Milan and Madrid. The dream of Monte Cristo seemed to be coming true, for the treasures of the world were drifting my way as one foreign playwright after another became my client.

A Chronicle of Ups and Downs

HOWEVER, I determined not to neglect our American authors, who were increasing and multiplying. The first of importance who placed his work unreservedly in my hands and who was loyal to me up to the time of his death was Clyde Fitch.

How well I recall his initial visit! He had only been graduated from Amherst a short while when he wrote Beau Brummel. Unluckily, both for himself and for me, he had sold this play outright to Richard Mansfield for the paltry sum of fifteen hundred dollars. It was from the despair caused by the realization of this stupidity that he sought me for future guidance so that never again would he be so foolish. I might add that this was the first and the last time that Clyde Fitch sold a play for an outright sum. However, every time that we found Mansfield playing to a crowded house we consoled ourselves with the thought of Fitch's sudden entrance into prominence; nor were we ever deceived as to the value of the publicity due to Mansfield's superb performance and stupendous success.



Sir Henry Irving

To chronicle the long line of Clyde's ups and downs in authorship would require a volume. He was one of the most industrious men I have ever known, indefatigable in his efforts and undismayed by his rebuffs. He was slowly yet surely ascending the road, although there were moments when he felt that, after all, his father might be right when urging upon him a business career

Captain Fitch was always intolerant of his son's waste of time, as he regarded it. A graduate of West Point, an officer in the Civil War, he spoke a different language, and it was not until Clyde had reached the climax of success that his father gave in publicly, although I always believed that long before he confessed it there glowed in his heart a deep and sincere pride in the literary accomplishments of his one and only child. On the other hand, if Captain Fitch seemed to fail in sympathy for his son's chosen profession, his mother made it up to her boy a hundredfold. She idolized him. He could do no wrong in her eyes, and the one passport to her affection and to her favor was an absolute admiration of Clyde and an unfaltering belief in his genius.

I have always thought that the chief reason why Fitch won out was because he never deceived himself as to the first night's real verdict. No matter how much friendly applause might resound in the theater, no matter how many times he was forced to come before the curtain, he knew to a certainty whether his play had really scored or not.

He and Charles Frohman were alike in this as well as in some other respects, and when Frohman finally ceased to refer to him as "your pink-tea author," he capitulated entirely and not only gave Fitch opportunities to adapt foreign material but purchased and produced many of his original plays.

Frohman's judgment was occasionally at fault; for instance, when he refused Nathan Hale and The Climbers. But on the whole his appreciation of Fitch as a dramatist was very sincere. The unhappy ending of Nathan Hale influenced Frohman's adverse decision, and the first act of The Climbers, introducing a family in deep mourning after returning from a funeral, seemed to him a scene wholly impossible for our stage.

Let me state as a matter of data that in both these instances the reaction of the audience was favorable.

Not only were Fitch and Frohman in accord over things theatrical but they shared many personal tastes. Their love of sweets was abnormal. They could never eat enough to satisfy their appetites, but in public they did not dare to gratify themselves wholly, for fear of ridicule.

When in the same city they often made it a practice to sneak off and dine together, ostensibly for the purpose of discussing business; but one night I unearthed them in Frohman's apartment at Sherry's, where I found them surrounded by five desserts—rice pudding, ice cream, a layer cake, apple pie and a caramel custard. I shall never forget their expressions of guilty enjoyment.

Fitch adored beauty of landscape and beauty of architecture. His sense of arrangement in his home produced a delightful atmosphere. He and Elsie de Wolfe were drawn together in a close and lasting friendship through their love of decoration. They often tramped about in search of objects of art, although Fitch's taste was always the more rococo and florid, and he lacked the just reserve which Miss de Wolfe had early acquired through the distinction of her knowledge and through the cultivation of her mind.

Clyde Fitch was born with what the French describe as a gift of the theater. His dramatic sense was keen. He was rarely mistaken as to the result of his effects. His characterizations of women were, as a rule, more convincing than those of men, for there is no use in blinking the fact that his own nature was a composite one and that possibly he inherited more qualities from his gentle Southern mother than he did from his warlike Connecticut father.

This commingling of the masculine and feminine is very common in artists. Their supersensitiveness, their response to color, their vibrant reactions, their emotional impulses invariably spring from a dual organization; so that I have always maintained that the world owes much of its beauty to this combination of feminine sensitiveness and of virile accomplishment. Each attribute supplements the other, and art has often become the richer for this duality. The mind of a man with the heart of a woman makes an ideal exotic that should not be despised, and how frequently they go hand in hand where artists are concerned!

After all, sympathy is merely imagination in operation, and who gives greater evidence of imagination than the dramatist who brings character to life, and who supplies to his public an impression of actuality produced through his fiction? The men and women of his creation must be as real to his audience as they are to him. It is he, the writer, who breathes into them the breath of life. He must feel with them. Their laughter and their tears have sprung from him. His is the harp which hangs beyond the casement, receptive of sobbing winds and warmed by caressing sunshine.

Clyde Fitch's Last Days

IT IS the writer who, like the highly sensitized plate, receives and distributes impressions while he is at the same time an unerring chronicler of truth. A dual nature, a dual understanding, a dual personality often unite in a wedlock which gives birth to genius.

PHOTO. FROM M. E. HEWITT STUDIO, NEW YORK CITY
Clyde Fitch, Who Wrote Beau Brummel Shortly After Having Been Graduated From College

Clyde Fitch died abroad in the year 1909. I was there myself at the time, but by a strange fatality was not with him during his last brief illness; whereas I had frequently taken long journeys to cheer him during his convalescences, for at various times while traveling he had fought attacks of excruciating pain. His physicians in America had repeatedly urged the removal of his appendix, but Fitch, like many others, had a horror of the surgeon's knife. Besides, he had found eminent specialists in Europe who insisted that they could successfully treat his case so that gradually he would be immune from these recurrent conditions.

The summer of his death he had taken a cure in Italy and afterward had toured in his big car through the Dolomites and into Eastern France.

He enjoyed motoring almost more than anyone I have ever known, so that a trip abroad without his car would have robbed him of most of its enjoyment. He had been having a delightful time, as his frequent post cards to me indicated. I was in a little village in Savoy when suddenly I received a wire from Châlons, sent by a friend who had been traveling with Fitch. The news was brief but poignant, merely relating the fact that Clyde was there at the Hôtel de la Haute Mère de Dieu, where he was to undergo an immediate operation for appendicitis. I replied, offering to go to him at once, although this involved a twenty-four-hour journey, even with good connections. The answer came saying that Fitch preferred me to wait for a few days until he was recovering and better able to enjoy my companionship.

That was on Tuesday. On Saturday morning, September fourth, in answer to my constant inquiries, another telegram assured me that the operation had been most successful and that Fitch was out of all danger. Three hours later I received the message that he had died of blood poisoning.

Arnold Daly in Regeneration

I need not dwell upon the shock, for all those who had known and admired him felt its echo as the news was flashed to America.

Afterwards I learned the circumstances which had influenced the unfortunate choice of intrusting this operation to the skill of a French small-town surgeon. By driving rapidly, the distance between Châlons and Paris could have been covered in three hours, but by the time the little party reached the former place, Fitch was suffering acute pain and insisted upon stopping. This, of course, was a fatal mistake.

That night he refused to summon a physician, but directed his valet to apply a hot-water bag and to give him plenty of brandy. No remedies could have been worse. If only ice packs had been used instead, the inflammation might have been controlled. When the doctor did arrive it was too late to do anything but perform the operation.

Sisters of the Order of Saint Joseph were sent from the local hospital to act as nurses. Unhappily their services were required for only a short time as blood poisoning was the sequence of the operation.

Adjoining the hospital was a little mortuary chapel. This we had lined completely with flowers. In the center Clyde's body was placed and, according to Catholic custom, flickering candles lighted the remains.

The sisters sat one at either side of the body reciting with gentle voices the prayers for the dead. I could not but feel that this atmosphere of beauty and of peace would have been Fitch's own selection. In looking back, as I trace that long stretch of white road in France running from Verdun to Varennes and Châlons, I realize that it has become famous through its traditions of recurrent tragedy. Over it once rolled the royal traveling carriage of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette as they fled with their children from the terrors of the Revolution. Tramping over it in 1914 marched the French Army, which later at Verdun held out for months, giving their allies the steadfast assurance that the enemy should not pass.

It would almost seem that this highway in France was a highway of death, a monument of historical disaster as well as a row of milestones marking Clyde Fitch's last journey. He was in the midst of drama even when he died.

A New Suit for Arnold Daly

WHILE I occupied my small offices in West Twenty-fourth Street there happened an incident worthy of telling because its hero has since become a luminary of our stage

I had in my employ a shock-haired boy whom I sent on an errand to Charles Frohman's office, which was then at 1127 Broadway.

Suddenly a hurry call came for me. I was asked to go at once to the latter place. On arrival I found the whole staff in a state of turmoil, for there in the middle of the room as star actor was an excited Irishwoman holding her sobbing son by the hand, while to one side stood my messenger, sullen and unrepentant.

It seemed that the lads had had an altercation which ended in the plunging of a pocket-knife into the arm of the tearful victim by the brigand who was in my employ. During the intervals of voluble recrimination and of angry protest the onlookers could not discover that any great harm had been done. A slit coat sleeve and lacerated feelings seemed to sum up the damages.

Court was threatened by the outraged mother, the law on the miscreant was invoked, reason was out of order and argument was in vain. However, Charles Frohman came to the rescue and asked the woman whether brand-new clothes for her offspring would not prove an acceptable settlement. After a while, when peace was restored, she consented, so that I had the honor of buying a gray suit for her child, consisting of knickers and a Norfolk jacket. Above all, I had the pleasure of seeing it worn, for the injured boy was Arnold Daly

We became the best of friends after this episode, and in the subsequent years of his glory as a dramatic star I looked back with pride to the fact that I had enjoyed the privilege of giving him that suit of clothes.

Before dismissing this period of my life I wish to say a few words as to my first impression of William Gillette, the famous actor and author. When he appeared in Secret Service his restrained performance and his colloquial method were hailed as a revelation of realism.

However, I felt then about Gillette as I have often felt since, that nothing is so impressive as to produce a melodrama with a few barnstorming old-time Thespians as the background, placing in evidence a chosen star or staress who lowers his or her voice as the others shout, who moves slowly when the others run, who seems deliberate when the others rant; altogether it is an excellent and studied system of contrasts which invariably elevates the leading artist to the highest rank. Not that I wish to rob its inventors of any glory, for such a sterling actor as William Gillette did much to improve our standard and, possessing a brilliant intellect, his contribution to the stage was of infinite value.

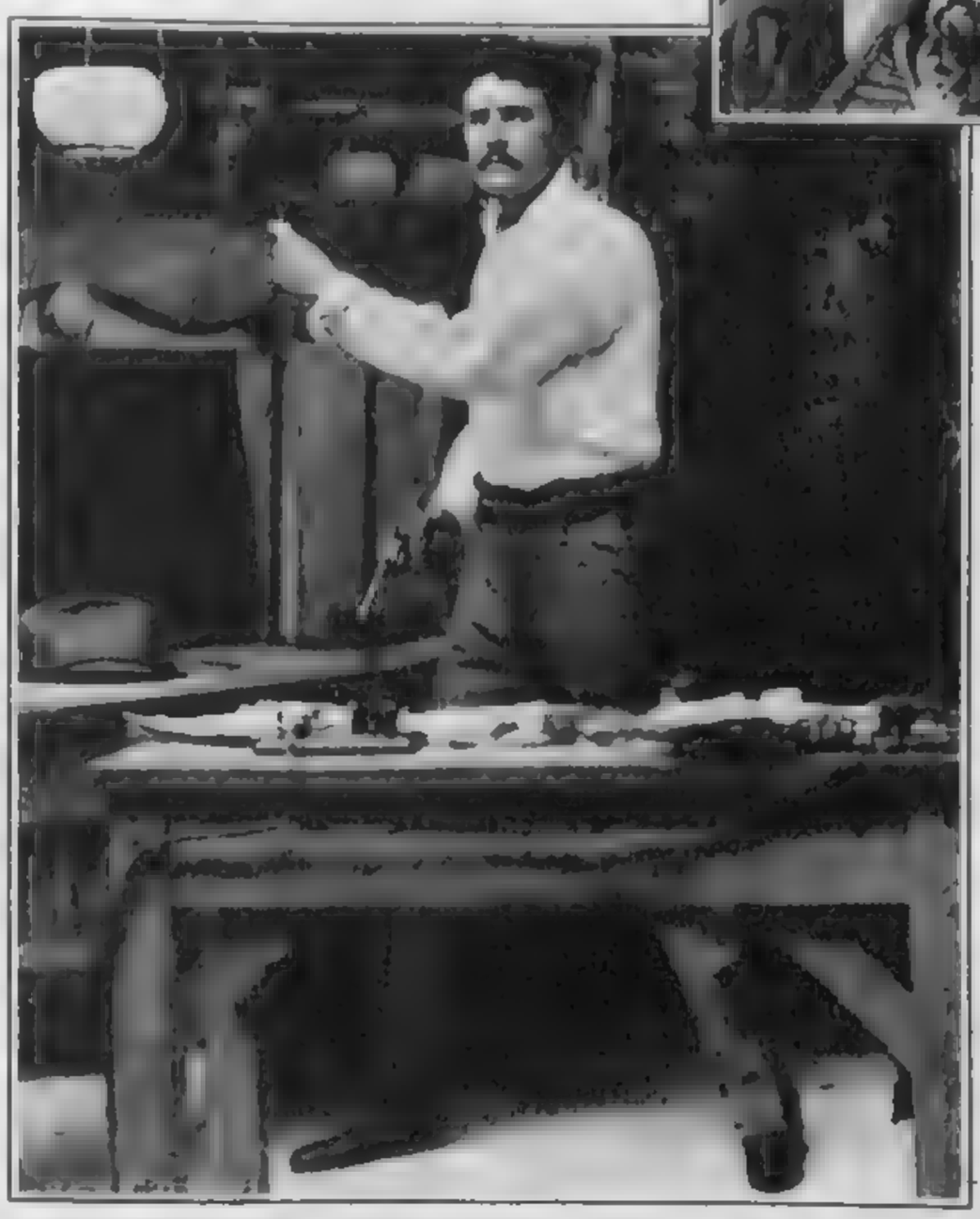
I desire to chronicle the fact that nevertheless the snobbishness of the theater was not unknown even at that time. I doubt, by the way, whether there is any such flagrant snobbishness in the world as this. We have it today accentuated to a degree. A play to succeed now need not be a play at all. If it contains a sufficient number of scenes without dramatic form and devoid of comprehension it is safe to predict that, provided it is imported from abroad and written by an author with a coughing, sneezing, unpronounceable name, it will be hailed as a masterpiece and coin money for its producers.

The less the gullible public understands what the play is about the greater will be its enthusiasm. The so-called little theater has not been an unmitigated blessing, after all. To spend an evening on a hard bench, looking at cubist decorations between the acts, need not necessarily mean that a great contribution has been made to the modern stage.

Oscar Wilde, for Whom Miss Marbury Sold The Ballad of Reading Gaol

Possibly in the commercial theater where one can sit and be comfortable, where expert actors and not ambitious amateurs create the rôles, where the lighting of the stage is based upon tried invention, where the costumes are not made of near-silk or of painted cotton, we may still be able to enjoy plays that are well and honestly written, that are the direct descendants of a legitimate ancestry, and that do not depend for their success upon highbrowed pretense or upon fashionable patronage; or, I might add, upon critics whose erudition is gleaned from a cursory study of the contemporaneous theater and who pose to be pioneers in the discovery and unraveling of problems which often remind one of malformations preserved in glass jars.

At the period when I first established an office in London the English stage was far ahead of our own as regards plays, acting and productions. No one then could have foreseen the rapidity with which we overtook its standards and then progressed beyond them as we have done.



William Gillette in One of His Most Successful Works as a Playwright, "Secret Service." Above—Edmond Rostand, French Academician

Melodrammer

WE WERE in the period of development. Our group of authors included only some dozen names of dramatists of any prominence. Our productions were carelessly assembled, our costuming inaccurate, our actors indifferent to diction, our voices untrained and uncultivated; in fact, it was only such men as the Frohmans who in those days stood ready to spend lavishly and to strive at least to reach the English high level.

Henry Irving—then not knighted—had revolutionized the London stage. He was hailed as the greatest artistic producer of his generation. George Alexander, at the St. James's Theater, made frequent trips to Paris, with the result that in modern comedies especially, which he usually preferred, the settings were as a rule beautiful and accurate. Charles Wyndham, John Hare, the Kendals, the Bancrofts and, later, Beerbohm Tree, all vied with one another in their contributions to art in the theater.

The Drury Lane was the home of melodrama, and I had the good fortune of being the representative in this country of many of its most conspicuous successes. There was one general form in the building of these plays which was usually followed. A swift contrast between high life and the slums was proverbial. A brilliant ballroom peopled with aristocracy in magnificent garb, and a sudden shifting to a cellar under the river. Trapdoors were in constant demand. No ship ever safely reached its destination. The hero and heroine had to be seen tossing about upon an angry sea, clinging to an uncertain raft, with faces upturned to the spotlight; then another shifting of scene and the audience would be transported to a Derby race, the life of the favorite horse threatened by poison as he stood in his stall; the honest and fearless jockey given a knock-out at the critical moment just before the saddling bell was rung, and the heroine saving the day as she was flung upon the horse. The thrill of the performance was provided either by a burning building, a series of explosions, a balloon destroyed or a whole fleet sunk.

(Continued on Page 145)

RÔLES

By ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

VI

"WHAT will you wear-r, Miss Gwynne?" asked Delia with the air of martyred resignation she had assumed ever since they had come to New York, two weeks ago.

"New blue serge and the black hat with the moiré ribbon," replied Gwynne briskly, coming out of the bath fresh and rosy, trailing a rosy negligee after her. She sat down before the small table already laid with breakfast and poured out coffee.

"Any letters?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Delia, still with her early-Christian-martyred manner. "There's a letter from Mr. Sheldon," she added reproachfully.

"Oh! Well, that can wait."

"Mr. and Mrs. Archibald called yesterday, ma'am," remarked Delia severely.

"Indeed?"

Gwynne ate toast.

"I told them you were out, Miss Gwynne, as you'd ordered," Delia said, sighing.

"Quite right."

"They said they'd try to reach you again today."

"If they do tell 'em I'm out again. I didn't come to New York for old-home week, with all the Midlanders on here for a trip."

Gwynne made a pretty face at herself and Delia in the nearest mirror.

"Laugh, old crosspatch!" she ordered. "What's eating you?"

Delia retained her dignity. She had been Gwynne's nurse, and she often longed now for the authority of the early years in the nursery; though even that supremacy had been extraordinarily brief.

"I can't help worryin', Miss Gwynne, about—what's lost," she ventured.

Gwynne's face clouded ominously.

"Haven't I told you to shut up about that?" she cried.

Delia looked like one who suffers for a worthy cause.

"I'm sorry, Miss Gwynne," she murmured, sighing. "But I can't help worryin'. It's in me nature."

"Well, all right. But keep it in your own nature—and don't sigh."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Delia gustily.

"Didn't I tell you not to sigh? Groan for a change. Howl—or something. You make a draft on my back."

Next to Aunt Fannie, Gwynne loved Delia; and in her childhood she had discovered that Delia adored her most when she was pertly naughty.

"It is simply beyond me to understand how a thing like that could ever-r have got lost," Delia muttered, going toward the bedroom.

"If you can't obey my orders, Delia," said Gwynne with great dignity, "I shall pension you and get a French maid."

It was a long-standing threat.

"I was talkin' to meself," Delia explained hastily.

"Well, don't do it again."

"I'm not even to think my own thoughts, then, Miss Gwynne?"

"Only on your afternoon out."

"Yes, ma'am. But it was peculiar," she added *sotto voce*.

"Delia!"

"Ma'am?"

"I shall tell you the truth."

"Thank you, Miss Gwynne."

"Don't thank me; I'm punishing you. I gave that cloak away."

"Gave your beautiful cloak away, Miss Gwynne?" Delia gasped.

"I knew you wouldn't like it. That's why I told you. Now will you shut up?"

"Oh, Miss Gwynne! Oh, Miss Gwynne! You haven't done anything so naughty since the time you put the baby alligator in your grandmamma's bathtub," wailed Delia.

"Didn't I Tell You Not to Sigh? Groan for a Change. Howl—or Something. You Make a Draft on My Back"

"I wish you'd remember, Delia, that anecdotes of my childhood aren't interesting to anybody but yourself."

"Oh, Miss Gwynne, if you only had some little ones of your own ——"

"Pen-sion, pen-sion, pen-sion!" sang Gwynne warningly. "Sentimental old thing! Hand me the newspaper."

"I suppose it's no use me lookin' in the Lost and Found any longer, Miss Gwynne, if you've given it away."

"You might look under Help Wanted—Female."

"No, Miss Gwynne, I'll never desert you."

"My God! Don't I know it?"

"Please don't say God, Miss Gwynne. It's not nice."

"No, but it's fashionable."

Gwynne rattled the paper to drown Delia's shocked response, and Delia went into the bedroom to lay out her bad child's pretty clothes.

When Gwynne was dressed she relented a little at the sight of her old nurse's downcast face, and said kindly, "After all, Delia, I've plenty of other wraps; and I'm sure you'd have loved the poor little thing I gave the cloak to if you'd seen her. She was half starved, and the sort that needs a lot of mothering. Don't you wish you had her instead of me?"

"What was her name, Miss Gwynne?" asked Delia craftily.

"Goodness—mid-Victorian expression out of respect for you, Delia—I don't know! She fainted, and I took her to a doctor and fed her up while she was too weak to resist, and after she'd gone to sleep I left the coat on top of her. Tell anyone who calls that I've gone to Oshkosh."

Gwynne pulled on her gloves, waved to Delia and went out.

"Hadn't I better know where you're really goin', Miss Gwynne?" Delia besought anxiously, trotting after her charge to the door.

"No, you'd better not," Gwynne replied meaningly as she rang for the elevator.

Delia sighed as heartily as she wished to, and after she had picked up everything her mistress had scattered, and had sent down the breakfast dishes, she faced an empty day. There was positively not a ribbon to be run or a snap to be sewed in all Miss Gwynne's extensive wardrobe. Nothing to do all day but sit and tremble over the dreadful things that might be happening to that willful, reckless child, who would not be back until time for dinner.

"Heaven send her safe to me then!" moaned Delia.

The agonies she had borne with that child! Her own mother, if she had lived, couldn't have suffered more. Never would Delia forget the day when Miss Gwynne was learning to ride, a mere baby, and they brought her in with her arm broken. She held onto Delia while the doctor set it—Aunt Fannie was in Cuba. The tears would come now to Delia's eyes when she remembered that child's courage. Only nine, and not a cry out of her. She just shut her little white teeth tight and left the marks of her nails in Delia's palm. God bless her.

"Shut up, Delia, I'm not a baby!" the bad little thing used always to be saying. "Don't mother me!"

Queer how she never wanted to be petted. Perhaps it was because her mother had died when she was only a baby. She hit an old gentleman, once, who tried to kiss her. Though, for the matter of that, it served him right for taking liberties.

Oh, the awful times when Miss Gwynne would imagine she was in love with the wrong young gentlemen! It never lasted more than a week or two, but the family always took it too seriously. And all the dreadful scenes!

Then how fine everybody thought it was when she married Mr. Oliver, and he loving her like a faithful dog ever since she was little; and only fifteen years older—not too much for a man. And Delia herself had asked, before the wedding—she couldn't have helped it, though not her place, she knew:

"And—and you're happy, Miss Gwynne, now, choosin' Mr. Oliver?"

"Oh, it might as well be Mr. Oliver as anyone. Everybody marries, I suppose."

And Delia had thought that was Miss Gwynne's way of saying she loved him. Though she had felt like warning Mr. Oliver, time and again, "Don't give in to her so easy. Don't you know she never wants what she can get?"

Well, there was no use trying to settle other people's lives for them, even if one could find a respectful way of doing it. Delia sat down heavily and picked up the newspaper. Mr. Oliver was nice; Delia liked him. She wished Miss Gwynne would be fond of him too. But she would gladly chop a thousand Mr. Olivers into mincemeat if it would give her baby any happiness.

Delia turned over the pages of the newspaper listlessly. No parties at all worth reading about when Miss Gwynne hadn't been to them. Then, from force of habit because for the last two weeks her eyes had scanned those columns diligently, she turned to the Lost and Found section. And there, when she wasn't looking for it and almost immediately under her nose, were the significant words:

Found—Owner of valuable fur coat left with me by mistake call and identify.

EVA GRAHAME, Thurston Theater.

VII

WELL did Delia know that there would be no use in showing Miss Gwynne the advertisement. Miss Gwynne would never reclaim a gift. But Delia fortunately was not so squeamish. She still had the nurse's feeling of utter responsibility for her charge's belongings; and though she quite well knew that no one could blame her either for

Miss Gwynne's carelessness or her generosity, still she had felt guilty ever since the loss of the cloak. To go and identify it—if this were indeed Miss Gwynne's property—to bring it home safe, and triumphantly inform Miss Gwynne that the girl had been too honest to keep it would be a very simple, easy matter. So in half an hour Delia was confidently on her way in a taxicab to an utterly unknown land. Her acquaintance with theaters was confined to the movies, and her knowledge of actors to the amateurs in the Quest-of-Beauty-Club performances, where she had dressed—or protestingly undressed—Miss Gwynne.

Delia sat up very straight in the taxicab, a tiny figure, immaculately neat, almost as well groomed as her mistress; gray-haired, and with cheeks like a tomato that has shriveled slightly in the sun. Delia's idea of dressing up was to drape herself in mourning. Though her only deceased relative had passed away many years before, Delia still wore, on great occasions, a long, heavy, crape-bordered veil, which completely enveloped her head in its decent black bonnet and flowed down over her small face and shoulders. This was a great occasion. Delia was as excited as a child who has gone out without permission.

When the cab stopped in front of the Thurston Theater, Delia paid the chauffeur, adding 10 per cent of the fare as a tip, and walked with strenuously assumed poise through the center door into the foyer, where she paused for a moment to get her bearings. Then, seeing the box office, she went up to it and asked in her most dignified manner for Miss Eva Grahame.

"Backstage, if she's here at all," the blasé young man replied, and turned back to his telephoning, which Delia had interrupted.

She stood for a moment listening to his conversation, which ran along quite idiotically in this vein, to the accompaniment of drumming finger nails: "Yeah. Joe? Joe! Yeah, it's me, Joe. Say, Joe, how about that X. Y. Z.? 'Leven an' a half—yeah—margin—A. B. C. Forty-two—yeah. But say—say, Joe ——"

"Please, sur-r," Delia interrupted again firmly—"if you please, sur-r, where's backstage?"

Delia's r's always buzzed when she was nervous.

The young man turned half around from the telephone and thrust an annoyed face toward Delia.

"Stage door!" he snapped. "Joe? Joe! Yeah, it's me, Joe. Say, Joe ——"

"Please, sur-r"—Delia clung to the brass railing with her birdlike hands—"please, sur-r, where's the stage door?"

He frowned, jerked his head backward without looking at her, and articulated only: "Alley!"

Delia, quite disheartened, paced undecidedly up and down the lobby, while his voice went on to the refrain of "Joe? Joe! Say, Joe ——"

The baize doors into the auditorium were open and two cleaning women were creeping through the dusky aisles, picking up dropped programs and other débris of the night before, folding up the seats with dull bangs that echoed like feeble firecrackers. At the farther end the black velvet mouth of the stage yawned, with one unshaded light on a standard making a round spot of brightness in the gloom. A man whose figure was only a shadow dragged the light from the end to the center of the stage and sat down under it. Suddenly he turned around and yelled at the cleaning women, and they stopped banging the seats, and melted away more indistinctly into the shadows that hung down like curtains from all four corners of the place—so huge, so hollow and mysterious in its empty semi-darkness; and for a moment there was no sound except the telegraphic click-clicking of steam in a radiator and the voice that droned to Joe.

The unfamiliarity of this scene, and even the peculiar musty-sweetish smell of the place, unnerved Delia. But the cleaning women, at least, were creatures of her own world—though of an inferior quality—and she approached the nearest one, but cautiously, since the woman had been yelled at.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," Delia said formally, when she was close to the cleaning-woman shadow. "But could you tell me now where I'd be findin' Miss Eva Grahame?"

The shadow raised its Czecho-Slovakian face and stared at Delia and shook its head. She repeated her question patiently, and it replied, with a really charming smile, that it no spik Inglis.

Delia wandered out into the lobby again, after having bumped her knees against many not-closed-up seats; and out into the street, where she stared despairingly at the façade of the impregnable building that held her baby's property. There is nothing so stripped of illusion as a theater in daylight, but to Delia this was a regular ogre's stronghold, full of beings who didn't act natural. In any decent place she'd ever seen there was a servants' entrance, and a butler or someone to tell you where to go. Wait a bit! That industrious young telephoner had said something about an alley.

Delia went to look for an alley, and, after having twice wandered all the way around the block, found a cemented passageway between two buildings which might be called an alley if one were not too particular about words. Fortunately, the iron gate was standing open, so Delia went down the passageway—together with quite a brisk and cutting wind—and at its end came to a wooden door. There was no bell, so she knocked repeatedly, and at last a little old, cross, withered man bounced out at her to know what in the divil she wanted, and what in the divil she meant, givin' him the scare of his life that way. He thought it was a ghost, and her standin' there with her face hidden.

"I Actually Feel as if They Hated Me Out There," She Gasped to the Desmond Girl

"I want Miss Eva Grahame," replied Delia stoutly.

"Oh, you do, do you? And what do you want with her?"

"That's me own business."

"Oh, it is, is it? Well, what are you comin' here this time of day for?"

"Isn't this as good a time of day as any other?"

"It is not, and that you'd know if you knew anything at all about the theayter."

"I know nothin' at all about the theayter, thank God."

"Or of the lives of actresses, either."

"An' what should I know of actresses when I've always worked for ladies?" cried Delia, who was an arrant snob.

The old man banged the door in her face, opening it the minute after to say severely, "Go away now, you ignorant old woman. Actresses don't be comin' to the theayter till after nightfall, unless there's a matinée—an' how could it be, this bein' Friday?"

"I know it's Friday as well as you," retorted Delia before the door closed again. "And I hope you observe it as well as me, though I doubt it," she added to the empty alley.

And then, though she was trembling from the cold and unwonted excitement, Delia trudged determinedly back into the theater.

The lobby was empty and the baize doors were closed. A mumbling came from behind them. Delia pushed one cautiously and applied her eye to the crack. The cleaning women were gone. The auditorium was dark and empty; but there were shadows moving about on the stage now and talking. Delia slipped noiselessly through the door and sat down on an aisle seat, to wait and think a bit what was best to be done; and as she gratefully rested her old bones a few lights were snapped overhead on the stage, illuminating it with a faint bluish tint that made the faces of the people turn chalky.

The man who had yelled still sat under the unshaded light, holding a book in his hand. His chair was tipped back dangerously over the rim of the stage. Delia expected him to fall into the first row of seats any minute. He waved his arms at the chalky-faced shadows and they advanced or retreated, muttering rapidly in unreal voices.

Delia had looked on at rehearsals in the Quest-of-Beauty Club, but they had been entirely different affairs. Held in some one's drawing-room or ballroom, with nice lights and easy-chairs, and cocktails handed around at frequent intervals; everyone talking and laughing and smoking and forgetting their lines and flirting. This gloomy business alarmed Delia. The director seemed extraordinarily savage, and the company superhumanly depressed. And, indeed, this was exactly the case, had Delia only known it.

Poor Clarinda had been going very badly, and there were rehearsals every morning to find out what was the trouble. The playwright was standing ready to cut and change, for something was wrong, very wrong with the show; and it was his first accepted play; and this was the beginning of the dreaded and decisive second week. Many a good play has been saved from oblivion by the expensive expedient of keeping it on for a month or more until the public catches on. But the producer of Poor Clarinda was new in the field; and he had already put nearly all his money into costumes and scenery and the ten days of road performances before the New York opening. He couldn't hold on much longer unless some real money began to flow into the box office. So they—producer, director, author, stage manager and company—were all in a fine state of nerves that morning.

Delia, watching the quite meaningless running about and muttering on the stage, decided it was a very foolish sort of play—one she

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MY BOOK AND HEART

Lundy Had Been Called to Preach the Gospel, Visit the Sick and the Widow and Orphan in Their Affliction, Comfort the Saints, Seek and Save Lost Men

III

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT IS not my purpose to be tediously accurate or disgracefully truthful in this moving picture of my days and deeds. I reserve the right to put my best foot foremost and to avoid excessive modesty, which in a case like this is more likely to be false than the honest pride we all feel in our nobler attributes. I shall take the liberty of dwelling upon these. If I am obliged to admit the abrasion of a virtue I shall do so with a clever ointment of words and pass swiftly on to some other virtue in a better sense of preservation.

My plan is to make this record a good thing, like a kind old book that you may have forgotten for a long time. Then some day when the weather is bad you come upon it quite by accident, and you sit down before the fire and turn the yellow leaves. There will be things in it to laugh over, not because they are witty but absurdly natural, like something you did or said yourself a long time ago; now and then a little reminder of the way you used to feel or hope that brings a moisture to the eye, not distressing, merely the kind sweetness of tears. There will be scenes in it like your own memories, sorrows that are sisters to your griefs; the troubles and trials we all share together behind the closed doors of our own hearts, but no great difference now between some harsh experience and the gentler joys. For the past softens everything. It sheds a brightness as if the years cleared away the shadows, eased the pain we used to know when these days were filled with the anguish of a great struggle.

. . . . . .

In the circuit-rider stories I am aware of having shown forth frequently in the celestial radiance cast by the circuit-rider's halo. So many of the scenes were laid before the Lord and bound up in the Word. But you cannot have all the scenes of your normal life glistening with the sublime effulgence of the beatitudes; and I am a normal person, at times tenaciously human.

Lundy had one advantage: He had been called to preach the Gospel, visit the sick and the widow and orphan in their affliction, comfort the saints, seek and save lost men, baptize infants, bury the dead, and to be diligent in taking his church collections, which is much more of a job than you can imagine if you have never dealt with the financial side of a Christian congregation. But never yet have I known a man to be called to domestic service in his own house.

This is the call a woman gets when she marries him. There is practically no romance of spiritual emotion connected with it. You do not hear the divine voice, you never have the glorious privilege of wrestling in prayer to make sure you are called. You know it and see it as a plain everyday duty from which you will not be relieved until death parts you from that man.

I had no vocational training for this business. I belonged to that class of magnificent paupers in the South who kept a retinue of servants. When I married I had never put my own room in order, nor cooked the simplest meal, nor so much as ironed a handkerchief, although I had been brought up in a beautifully clean house, where the cooking and serving of food was a fine art.

This was not mother's fault, but mine. I was not too stupid to learn, but too smart. Some instinct must have warned me that a woman accomplished in the domestic arts is frequently enslaved by them. For I distinctly remember when mother had her periodic house-cleaning rigors I used to seize a book and fly to the uttermost parts of the avenue until the frenzy passed. Then I returned, calm and blessed, to the smooth white bosom of her dear house.

Thus years passed after I was a married woman before my impersonal chastity strengthened to the proper feminine animus toward dust in unseen places. Maybe one reason was that we were so much in the dust of the road those days, traveling our circuits. When you have married a pilgrim journeying toward the kingdom of heaven you never feel settled in your broom-sweeping mind. You have no abiding place; at the end of the year you will pack up and move to another parsonage that has just been vacated by another pilgrim and his wife who have left it pretty much as you would leave your camping place of the night before. Nobody cleans up his camp when he is going out of it.

I do not know what Lundy thought of my defections along this line. My suspicion is that he was not aware of them. He was always a studious man, and after he became involved with his Lord he was strangely indifferent to his earthly condition. Maybe I took advantage of this fact. I make no defense of my negligence; only this retort: My experience is that women with argus-eyed minds for detecting dusty corners and untidy places are not the most generous or attractive women I have known. They are too competitive in that thing which is only next to godliness. They remind me of a word pronounced by an illiterate person with the accent on the wrong syllable, which takes all the distinction away from that word. They have all the trivial virtues and none of the great ones. And there is one of them on every parsonage committee in every Methodist church in this country!

The cleanest woman I ever knew, however, had no such disciplinary rights over me. She was a highly intellectual person. She was the wife of a man who taught higher mathematics in a university. They came to us from Ohio, but I always felt that she must have been born in New England. She had an apartment of five rooms, but there were six working days in every week. She house-cleaned one room every day, moved everything out of it and scrubbed its very ears. On the sixth day she studied the history and architecture of Westminster Abbey. I do not say that it is actually immoral to spend one's life this way, but I do feel that the soap-and-water expression she used to put on in my house was unchristian. She was incapable of seeing my good points, which I have. Her husband was only a mathematician to begin with. I doubt if such a man requires the same kind of personal attention and affection to keep his heart up. I do not suppose she ever had to take the Gospel in her own weak hands and restore him when he had lost the witness of the spirit. A mathematician can do very well without divine guidance, but a preacher cannot. Neither can he sit down with a text on calculus and work his way back to God.

My culinary accomplishment as a girl consisted of a certain pudding that I made very well. When there were guests at the table I was extravagantly praised for it. Fame, as I have known it, is as nothing compared with the intimate and personal distinction which I enjoyed as the author of that pudding

Sometimes it has occurred to me that I might have done well to stick closer to my pudding-making talent. It might have broadened and developed. I have observed that a woman may boast of the cake she bakes and no one resents her pride. On the contrary, men praise her, and women plagarize the cake if they can. But give yourself the same airs about a book you have written and see what happens! If we must solve the problems of life by the psychoanalytical process here is one for you that is more important than it appears to the naked eye: Why do men praise a woman for her cookies—I never knew one to despise a woman on account of her cakes—and shun her if she writes a poem? Maybe the divine fire that produces verse does something to her personally, liquidates her dearer-to-man charms. But if you ask me, I am frank to say my belief is that men prefer the pretty culinary type of woman for the same reason that the Lord in ancient days looked with favor upon those who made choice sacrifices upon His altars. Now He requires a more intelligent form of worship. But it seems easier for the Lord to change the methods of His will toward us than it is for men to revise their instincts toward women. I am not complaining. What I mean is that there may be something everlasting and providential in these instincts. If so, we may as well give up our ghosts as citizens and public-spirited brush brooms, because we cannot defeat Nature no matter how much sense we think we have.

If I was not a neat housekeeper in those early years I have attained the virtue in these latter years. And Lundy in heaven can never say that I disturbed his spiritual atmosphere when he would be preparing a sermon by cleaning up his desk or closing his commentaries at the very place where he had been reading. And what I cooked was cheerfully cooked, even if it was burned. I never really learned the art of preparing food, although to this day I have my kitchen flurries, atavistic periods, when I must cook long enough to be defeated before I can fall back and rest on my other laurels.

Sometimes I was even successful in these adventures, but rarely in a legitimate way. I remember one of these occasions. We were stationed at the place called Celestial Bells in A Circuit Rider's Wife. We had a neighbor there, a generous Christian woman, who was better than three wise men at bearing gifts, especially food. If she saw our presiding elder swinging his coat tails through the front gate I was almost sure to get a bowl of salad or ice cream for dessert before the great man was settled on the porch Now she has broadened out. She is one of the foremost women in this state, distinguished for civic virtues; but I never see her picture on the society page above the information about what she is doing now without remembering the little kind things she used to do over the back fence of the parsonage yard.

One day she gave me a basket of vegetables that contained a huge yellow yam. I decided to convert it into a sliced-sweet-potato pie. This is a Southern dish and cannot be made to taste like the real thing anywhere else.

Lundy was out for the forenoon, attending a church conference; but he was not feeling well spiritually. I expected him to come in depressed. It was necessary to do something unusual and cheerful, even if it should be at the expense of the sterner moral order. I believe this motive alone inspired me to make that pie. The recipe copied here will give you the point: You slice the potato and steam it until tender. You make a pastry crust, rolled very thin, line a deep pan with it and place in the oven to brown. Then you place the sliced potato in it with a latticework of toasted strips of the pastry between the layers, being careful to add sugar and spice as you go, also much fine butter. You cover the whole with pastry, crimp the edges and make a mysterious hole in the center about the size of your forefinger -I always use my forefinger

So far so good. Anyone watching you will think the hole is to let the steam escape. But the thing will have no snap or distinction if you set it in to bake with merely this open valve. It will contain only a virtuous mass of glutinous potato and pastry flavored with spice. But if you pour into the orifice I have mentioned not less than four spilling wineglasses of apple brandy you have something inspiring and too delicious to condemn

This is the pie I made that day. Do not ask me how I obtained the brandy! Those were not bootlegging days. Preachers did not make an excuse of keeping the stuff even in case of sickness, and I never knew one to expect to be bitten by a snake. Personally, I do not shrink from telling

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I Felt Suddenly Able and Wise, the Grand Sensation of a Courage Beyond the Reach of Every Fear as I Stood Talking Down to Lundy in His Dust of Despair

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1923

Talent Needed

IF TRUTH is to be found in the old saying that misery loves company, there must be a modicum of consolation in the large number and wide variety of people who complain of high taxes. For it is no meager gathering that bears the burden of Federal, state, county, city and road and school-district expenditure. Certainly by this time it should be generally recognized that the rich and those comfortably situated are not the only heavy taxpayers.

There are taxes everywhere—in every railroad ticket, in a gallon of gasoline, in a pound of sugar, in a yard of calico; not only one but sometimes dozens of them. The railroad, the service station, the grocery store—these and thousands of dealers cannot pass on all their taxes, but they pass on enough to distribute several billion dollars a year over the population in general.

The man who complains of high taxes must make two admissions or acknowledgments. He is forced to admit first, if he is a good sport, that wars have to be paid for; and in the second place that whatever the wastes and leaks in government, it is doing more for the citizen than formerly. Certainly the increase in Federal taxation is very largely due to the war, and the debt is one which cannot be evaded. Sooner or later the taxpayer has to meet the bill. As far as can be seen, the country faces either a heavy income tax or a heavy sales tax, or perhaps some of both, for a considerable period to come.

Yet the Federal debt is being reduced with gratifying progress, and gradually the Federal burden of taxation will be pared down, unless legislators can think of entirely new ways of spending money. State and local taxes, however, mount year by year. To some extent this, too, is due to the war. There are state bond issues for deferred compensation or soldiers' bonuses, the interest on which must be met by increased tax levies. The necessary expenses of state and local government were inflated like everything else during the world upheaval, and, like other expenses, come down slowly.

But there is another big item, not due to the war, in state and local taxes. Improved hard-surfaced highways cost money, real money. Nor is there a hamlet so benighted that a high school of pretentious proportions is not required, the building of schools having spread like wildfire throughout the country. Then, too, there are great state universities to be supported, scores of them, several with attendance running above ten thousand. Indeed, there are states in which three or four large educational institutions each desire and request state aid.

Nor does there seem to be any town or city with a water or sewerage system quite large enough to supply its needs. There are playgrounds and libraries, civic centers, parks, boulevards, municipal docks and swimming beaches, stadiums and recreational centers, not to mention improved police and fire departments. There is a steady expansion and, it is only fair to say, in most cases an improvement in what the state and local governments do for the citizens. Even the cities in some cases maintain universities, evidently on the theory that privately endowed and state-supported facilities are not enough.

Now it should follow from all this service given the citizens by state and municipality that these citizens are better equipped than formerly to pay taxes. If a concrete highway is built between two cities and hundreds of salesmen find it convenient to ride back and forth in automobiles, it is to be assumed that the volume of sales is increasing. Consequently the firms which employ the salesmen must be able to pay larger taxes.

Such, at least, is a fair interpretation of the theory of increased government activity. It is true, of course, that state and local governments, as well as the Federal departments, perform many services which cannot afford any immediate return. Parks and playgrounds only indirectly increase a man's taxpaying ability. But obviously the taxability of citizens must in the main increase as taxes themselves go up, or else the nation will gradually eat up its own vitals. It is suicidal to expand government functions and tax levies unless there is clearly in view an equal, a parallel expansion in property values. Indeed, the devising of new taxes, or the added levy of old ones, without a corresponding expansion in property values, is nothing short of childish.

Government function cannot in every case have in mind an increase of property values. There are other considerations. But unless the main, the dominating policy in the expansion of government activities looks toward an enlarged production of wealth, the state is simply following the example of the dog that lived by eating pieces off its own tail.

It takes more than mere strength of character, it requires a real talent for discernment to draw the line between what is merely desirable in the way of new public services and what the people can afford in the long run to pay for. We all know that wealth, and consequently the ability to pay taxes, has increased. We can all think of a thousand and one improvements which any town, city or state might make. But unfortunately for the future of the country there are very few men who can calmly and accurately arrive at any ratio, as it were, between the two. In other words, public ignorance on just how far the increase in tax burdens is warranted by ability to pay them is blacker than a black cat on the darkest night.

The ratio between the tax burden, the value of services which we get in return for taxes paid, and our ability as a nation to pay them, might be less difficult to arrive at if it were not for the plague of tax-exempt securities. If all incomes could be got at and taxed equally, a much lower rate than the present one would produce a much larger revenue. It is true that tax exemption enables states and local political subdivisions to borrow more cheaply than without it, although probably the Federal Government loses more in income tax than the local governments gain by a lower interest rate. That, however, is not the really important consideration.

Tax exemption on state and municipal bond issues would not work out so badly if limited to the necessities of earlier-day borrowing. When states and cities had small debts, few functions and no ambition to extend them, and when there was no Federal income tax to be distorted and twisted by the exemption privilege, the situation was wholly different. Today, however, the tax-exempt security is a vehicle for states and cities, and the Federal Government as well, to launch upon vast, pretentious undertakings which if continued will undermine the very sources of wealth upon which all well-being depends.

A great new network of highways, a new system of transportation almost equaling those of the steam and electric railroads, themselves but hardly completed, may be necessary. The modern educational system, with all its fast-extending ramifications, may be necessary. But these and other similar enterprises are borne upon the tax-exempt feature. So, too, with the farm-loan system. Desirable and necessary as they all appear to be, the fact remains that the loss in taxes from the exempt feature must be made up by other enterprises, by other industries.

The states and cities, and Federal Government, too, engage in ever new and more costly activities, to pay for which, securities are issued in increasing amounts. Consequently taxes must be steadily raised to meet the interest. But the securities thus issued are tax exempt, with the result that other activities must pay ever more and more. Absurd and fantastic spectacle! If carried far enough it means that the state will in time eat up all the wealth which supports it, and rest upon nothing at all.

But even this is not the end of it. There are people, a few of them in number, but vociferous in voice, who would like to have the railroads, the coal mines, the utilities and other basic industries taken over as government functions. This would mean scores of billions of still more tax-exempt securities. It would mean further exemption from taxation for the wealthy and further burdens for those unable to escape.

No, the burden of taxation will not be made more bearable by reducing still further the amount of property available for tax purposes while at the same time increasing taxation itself. If stories are to be added to a building it is poor policy to keep removing stones from the foundation. Even if by Constitutional amendment or suitable legislation the privilege of tax exemption be removed from future issues of Federal, state and municipal securities, the further taking over by government of industries would continue to whittle down the foundation. If we are to continue to build improved roads, universities and high schools, we need more industries, not fewer, to pay taxes. Simpler arithmetic than this there cannot be.

The politician who argues that the Government should take over another industry, thus removing one more source of revenue, is not only a mere destructionist; he is unable to add and subtract—that is, unless he is working just as hard to build up new industries. The country seems singularly lacking in men with talent to analyze these problems and point out the real meaning of present tendencies and supposed panaceas. There is an army of lawyers, accountants and even engineers who advise corporations and wealthy individuals on tax problems, but for the benefit of the corporations and individuals and not for the people as a whole. Where, indeed, is there any group, any profession which approaches this greatest and gravest of all national problems from the national point of view?

We should expect a clear-cut analysis in the state legislatures and in Congress. But apparently taxation arouses the interest of many of our legislators only as a vehicle to punish or reward various geographical sections, groups and industries. If these elected servants of the people have made any really enlightening studies of what current tax tendencies mean to the nation in the future, they must have kept these researches pretty much to themselves.

We are a happy-go-lucky people. We trust to luck that enough new industries will be developed to bear the burden of a mounting tax rate; that fairer taxes will be found. We are puzzled by the deluge of tax-exempt securities, but are doing nothing about it. We trust that somehow the country will muddle through. Most of us hope that bureaucratic paternalism will be checked, for we feel that that way lies the disintegration of national vigor. But few of us attempt to set clearly the limits to such paternalism.

If there are real talent and statesmanship among our people, here is the opportunity for their exercise. Taxation has a dry sound. It does not arouse the enthusiasm and imagination of youth like law, medicine, banking, engineering or business administration. But to understand its tendencies and grapple with its problems is a challenge which must be met. For it is the issue of the present day, just as war was the issue a few years ago, and youth has commonly had a way of meeting the challenge of its time.

DWINDLING DISASTERS

THE MYTH OF EUROPE'S MARCH TO RUIN

By Robert Crozier Long

HARD heads in Europe—there are still some left—are beginning to repudiate the myth of the impending ruin. Stark, staring ruin has stood long on the program, and truth might be allowed to show its nose. All the more so, say the hard-headed, because truth's features are much more attractive, the truth being that Europe is not being ruined at all. It is recovering from its war and from its tumults as quickly as any patient man expected.

Were there less of the depressing ruin talk it would recover still more quickly. Eloquent with ruin rhetoric, true, are still many respectable authorities, including 5000 intense economic experts, all rich in principles and prophecies if poor in nerves, who precipitately trumpeted disaster a good five years ago, and have not yet begun to wonder why disaster delays. No man dares confute these authorities.

But eloquent with facts is another considerable class—the farmers, manufacturers, traders, shipping men and men of practical finance, who, if general ruin was coming, ought to have been individually ruined long ago; yet who, in their egoistic but on the whole restorative, creative ways, refuse to be individually ruined, and have so collectively prevented the general ruin. Up till now the expert economists have held the world's ear because the world loves mournful music. But the business idiots, as one of the most authoritative economists called them, have of late been making counter demonstrations, and the great ruin thesis looks moldy and sore.

Prophecy is a troublesome opponent. It beats history hollow before history puts it to a test. No one can disprove a meteorologist who predicts snow in June, 1923. But history is usually stronger than prophecy five years afterwards.

The prophecy of Europe's progress to ruin, first uttered in the lively days of the Armistice, and since then daily repeated, has now been fairly tested by history, and prophecy has lost. Of all the grim vaticinations of 1918–19, not one has been fulfilled.

Europe survives. There has been no progressive deterioration of agriculture or industry. Production has not decreased but has increased, and in many branches and in some whole countries it is bigger than before the war. Bankruptcies have dwindled, except in a few rich neutral countries which even the economic experts did not class as ruined. Foreign-trade balances are improving, which means that beggar and borrower nations are becoming self-supporting.

The finances and currencies of some countries are worse, but of quite as many countries they are emphatically better. The prime terror, Bolshevism, which was to sweep west from Moscow to Lisbon, and which did, indeed, get as far as Budapest and Munich, has retreated rapidly.

Europe is not yet well off, but it is better off than it believes. The business idiots, who alone realize that, have not yet convinced the economic experts, because the business idiots have been too busy working to find time for persuading. Business and political economy never meet on a common ground. Their domains are different, and each fights badly in the other's domain. Most business men are shaky economists, who, though they can produce wealth, cannot analyze and expound it, and an economist who could run a candy store is hard to find.

History is full of examples. Twenty-five years ago one of Europe's greatest business men was the Pole, Jean de Bloch. In practical affairs no one surpassed him. He founded banks, built half of West Russia's railroads, ran a dozen manufacturing concerns, and left behind him 30,000,000 rubles. Late in life he blossomed out as an economist, and wrote seven volumes to demonstrate that Europe could not finance a great war for longer than three months. The war would cease for lack of funds. Two thousand pages of figures proved this theory. Everyone acclaimed Bloch; youthful Nicholas II summoned him to St. Petersburg; and the first Hague Conference to prevent war was the result. Fifteen years later Europe for four years financed a war far greater than the war in Bloch's mind.

Luckily Bloch was dead, so no one laughed at him. The man who later became Wilhelm II's pet political economist

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FIFTY-FIFTY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

K. O. Cook of Keokuk

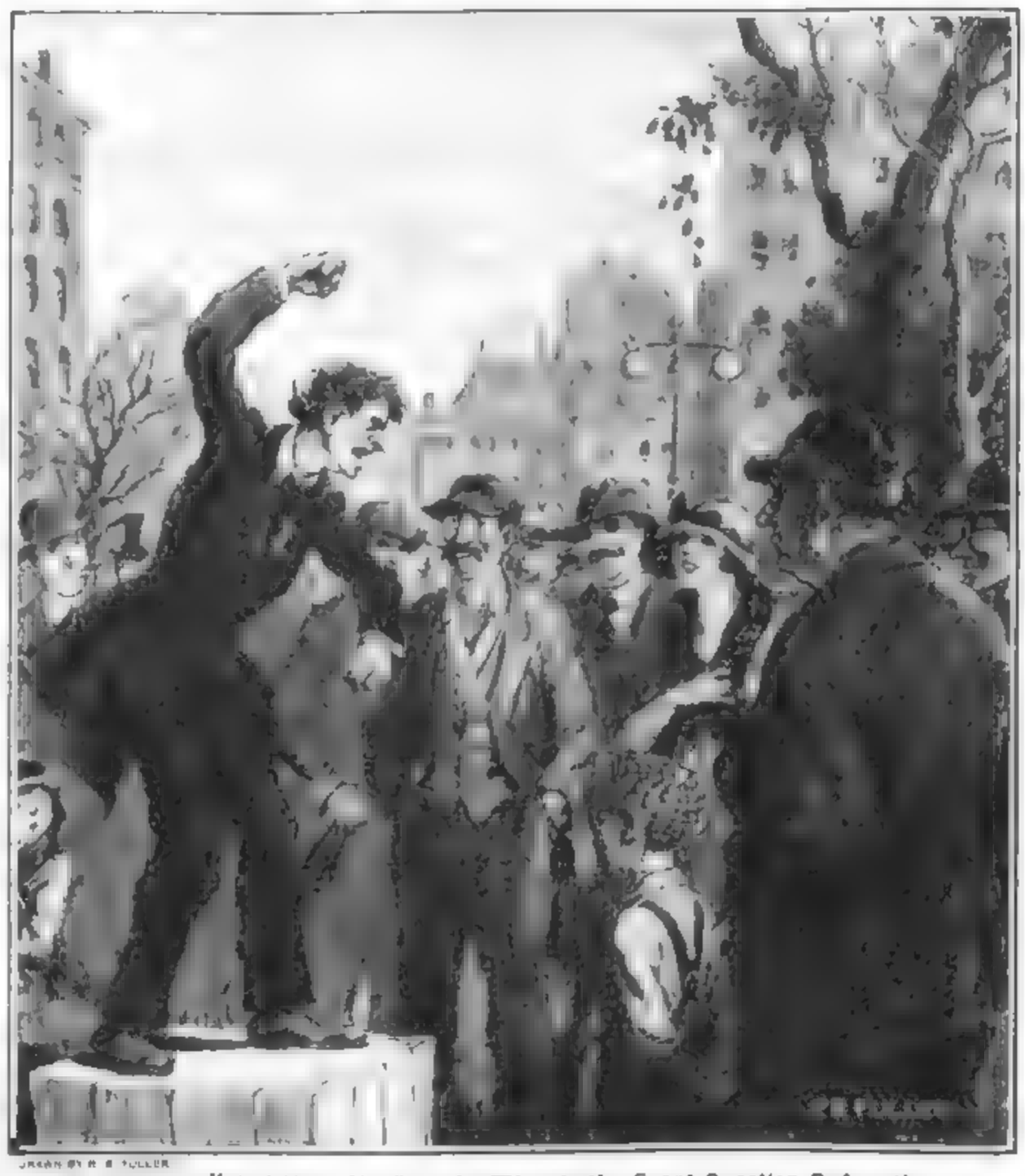
K. O. COOK of Keokuk
Had a bit of business luck;
Bought a passage on a ship,
Round the world he took a trip;
At the world Cook took a look;
The world took one at K. O. Cook.

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
Was completely wonderstruck
When he saw a London cabby,
When he saw Westminster Abbey;
In the Abbey, laid to sleep,
Mortal tombs immortals keep;
He saw among those holy spots
The tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots;
He saw how rare Ben Jonson turns his
Melancholy eyes to Burns's,
And many a tomb of marble, such as is
Occupied by dukes and duchesses;
His eyes were large and round as saucers
When he came to Geoffrey Chaucer's;
Carven there were all the names
Which the grateful world acclaims;
Therefore, when he found some bad stone
Just above the name of Gladstone,
In his hand a nail he took
And carved the name of K. O. Cook.

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
When in Egypt ran amuck
Carving on the pyramids
His name and his wife's and kids';
Many a humble Arab thinks
K. O. Cook has bought the sphinx;
Learned scholars who examine
The royal bed of Tut-ankh-amen
By this fact are thunderstruck:
The bed was made in Keokuk!

K. O. Cook of Keokuk
Purchased quite a lot of truck;
Notably a marble tomb
Bigger than his dining room,
Which upon a hill he stuck
Overlooking Keokuk,
That Keokuk in awe might look
At the tomb of K. O. Cook,
While Cook would lie above the ruck
Looking down on Keokuk.

The hand of Death has come to pluck
K. O. Cook of Keokuk;
He lies upon his marble bier.
On the tomb these words appear:
"J. B. Thompson," "Joe Stecchelli,"
"Toledo Skinny," "Mac and Nelly,"
"Picnicked here with grandmamma;
Emma Hay of Omaha." —*Morris Bishop.*



Speaker—"And Now, My Friends, What is the Great Question Before the American People Today?" Voice—"What's the Score?"

Taking the "Hist" Out of History

If Our Textbooks Contain British Propaganda, Why Not Avoid All Danger of Their Being Understood by Having Them Written in the British Language?

THE BATTLE OF TRENTON

THE most extraordinary thing about the Battle of Trenton, which occurred on Christmas Day, 1776, was that the bally old Hessian Johnnies were actually having a clinking good time there when they were surprised by Washington. The going on the Delaware had been a bit nasty, owing to ice and one thing and another, and Ewing's troops funked the crossing. Indeed, if General Washington hadn't got hold of some topping little boats there would have been no show. The Hessians, who very likely hadn't realized they were actually in the States, were completely bowled over when the Yankees toddled in. Frightfully done in, they retreated in confusion, abandoning their boxes and ammunition. This battle—a major toss for the British—was a jolly good thing for the Amurricans, for the show came off just as Congress and the people were getting a bit peckish. "Well played, Washington!" "Ripping!" and "Capital!" were heard on all sides.

VALLEY FORGE

The winter of 1778 found the Amurrican Army absolutely G. I. and the Congress stony. There was no central heating in the barracks, woollies and stout boots were practically unprocurable, and quite naturally the starving men were decidedly fed up. Washington went about the camp encouraging them. "Cheerio, lads!" he would say. And the noble fellows, as he rode past, would respond bravely, "Righto, General!" and "Good Egg!"

It was words like these that tried men's souls.

THE TREASON OF BENEDICT ARNOLD

Benedict Arnold, fed up with seeing Congress giving cushy jobs to rotters, betrayed West Point to the enemy. A chit from Colonel Jameson notified him of André's capture, and learning that Washington was barging in on his headquarters, he determined to jolly well hop it at once. Washington, with whom he had always been most awfully pally, was frightfully shocked. He could not restrain his tears as he turned to his A. D. C., Alexander Hamilton, and said sadly, "I say, you know, really, it's not cricket!"

Katharine Dayton.

The Great American Museum

The Testimonial Dinner

ONE night I attended a dinner
To Kensington Hemingway Wright;
The courses promoted my inner
Respect for this affable wight;
I gazed at the man with affection
(The Biscuit Tortoni went far
To rose-color all my reflection)
And joined, when we reached café noir,
In tones that were meant to be mellow,
The catch, "He's a jolly good fellow."

The toastmaster called on a speaker
Who smilingly beamed at his cup,
A kick-less half, hic-less half beaker,
And thus, between coughs, he warmed up:
"My bosom is bursting with feeling
For one who has done such a lot;
His record is great and appealing;
It somehow reminds me of what
(A good one I heard in Decatur)
The traveling man said to the waiter ——"

Applause and appropriate laughter
Rewarded the humorist's wit
(It's funny how glad we feel after
Postprandial orators sit);
The toastmaster called on another
Who, hemming and hawing, began:
"I love good old Ken like a brother;
As Shakspere remarked, 'He's a man';
No doubt you've heard tell—it's a hummer—
How once, when an impudent drummer ——"

And now, without any compunction,
A banqueteer, hardened as steel,
I sit like the rest at a function
Enjoying the jokes and the meal;
I laugh at the moss-covered old ones,
Impartially taking my cues,
I wink at the gloss-covered bald ones,
And sing with the noisiest crews.
The course is the thing and the story;
The guest? He's all right. We should worry.

—Elias Lieberman.

A Magnetic Personality

TH' MOST useful quality we know of in this vale o' tears is personal magnetism, that indefinable somethin' that enables us t' appeal t' others with success, t' git by without ability, wealth or lodge buttons. Personal magnetism, like th' onion, or whiskers, an' lots o' other things, may be cultivated an' developed. We don't have t' be born with it as is pop'larly supposed. Look about you an' note your successful acquaintances. Pick some feller that's jest doin' fine without contributin' anything t' th' wealth or culture o' th' nation. Pick some pop'lar an' successful nonproducer an' study his style o' pitchin', his hearty handshake an' graceful manner, his sympathetic smile an' agreeable bearin'. He may not be wearin' any emblematic jewelry, an' he may have a soggy stockraiser's mustache, an' a damp hand, but jest th' same you're unconsciously drawn t' him, an' whether he's runnin' fer

(Continued on Page 188)

—but taste *these* beans!

You'll say they're the best you've ever eaten because they're so rich and so delicious in flavor. A real meal—lunch, dinner or supper!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Slow-cooked Digestible

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

MAJOR BRUCE, G. S. O. (Intelligence), Headquarters Staff of the strategically important Far Eastern base of Menangpore, was suddenly jerked out of the blissful Nirvana of his afternoon siesta to resumption of his temporarily forgotten identity. The telephone bell was ringing. He slid off his couch, in shirt and breeches, and went to the instrument.

"Hallo! Yes?" He listened. "Oh, hallo, Rolfe! . . . What? General wants to see me? . . . Righto! I'll be along."

A minute or two later, girt once more in the official harness of Sam Browne over white tunic, his pith helmet large over his deep-tanned efficient-looking features, he emerged from the shutter-darkened cool of his bungalow into the blinding glare of a four P. M. sun. He turned along the white road, inadequately shaded between its rows of stiff-fronded palms, which led, beyond the bungalows of the married officers, to Garrison Headquarters. A couple of native soldiers, solemnly stupid with a hose pipe, were getting gloriously wet as they changed the thick dust into mud that dried again behind them before they had moved on a dozen steps. He frowned. But it was not at the two soldiers that he frowned. Beyond them, at the gate of one of the more distant palm-embosked bungalows, a ricksha stood in readiness, was at that moment being entered by a lady clad in white from open parasol to shoe tip. For an instant his pace slackened like that of a man instinctively impelled to turn back on his tracks, then he reaffirmed its briskness.

"Sir—I Can't Do It!" The General Turned on Him That Gaze Which He Knew How to Make Suddenly Terrible

He and the ricksha now in movement drew near to each other, and although he gazed determinedly in another direction, he had—he knew not how—a glimpse of her face above the bobbing head of the runner. Another moment, and she was abreast of him, the runner immobile at her prettily authoritative order.

"Frank!"

There was no help for it. Common courtesy exacted that he should stop, salute, school his voice to a polite ordinariness, conjure up some sort of smile.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Fanshaw." His eyes rested unwillingly on her face, its fresh young beauty yet unwilted by this tropic furnace. He felt, awkwardly, that he ought to say something more. "Isn't it too early for you to be out?" He kicked himself for the instinctive assumption of authority in his tone. "Better an hour later, you know," he added in extenuation.

"I'm going to tea with the Padre's wife," she said, smiling at him, "and it's shade all the way. But I didn't stop you to explain that I'm not as mad as I look. I've already done that to Dick this afternoon. Frank"—her voice went serious—"come here! I want to talk to you."

He took a step nearer the ricksha.

"Well?"

"I've been waiting for a chance of a word alone with you for three months—ever since we came out—and you seem to be the one person that I never meet except in a crowd."

"Yes?" he said with a false innocence. He had seen to it, with a grim thoroughness, that they never should meet except in a crowd. "I've been pretty busy, you know."

Her eyes—such dear, honest eyes they were!—caught his for a moment, looked into them.

"Frank!" she said. "I want—I've wanted all these three months—to—to ask you to forgive me. I treated you badly, very badly, I know." She hesitated, in the embarrassment of this avowal.

"That's all right," he muttered looking away from her. "The best man won, I suppose."

She flushed a little, stopped herself—he could guess as his glance came back to her—from saying, on a naïve impulse, how much she and Dick were in love with each other. He did not need her to tell him. He had observed it from his distance on the edge of the crowd, with eyes that could translate, self-torturingly acute, every touch and gesture that passed between her and her husband.

She broke the awkwardness of the pause.

"We had no idea, Dick and I, when we married," she said, "that he would be sent to this station. He expected India."

"It's not your fault," he said through his teeth. "It's just one of those little tricks that Fate plays upon people."

Her eyes went sympathetic.

"Perhaps Fate knows best," she said "Frank, we've been pals ever since I was in short frocks; won't you be friends still?"

"Of course," he managed uncomfortably. "Of course."

"You won't bear a grudge? You'll still be the best pal I ever had? Shake hands on it?"

Their eyes met, looked into each other's, as she stretched out her hand to him. For one moment, as though he measured the gravity of what she asked of him, he looked into the candid beauty of her face, and then he reached up his hand to hers.

"I shake," he said simply.

"And Dick?" she asked. "You'll be friends with him—real friends?"

He nodded.

"If he wants me to."

"No. Whether he wants you to or not. For my sake. I can't be happy if I feel that my one bit of home out here is hostile to him. You promise?"

She was exercising her old authority over him, the old authority of her charm that two years ago —— He succumbed.

"All right," he said. "I promise. For your sake."

The sudden radiance of her face was—almost—full compensation. "Thank you, Frank. That's all I want. You never broke your word in your life. You've made me so happy."

"I'm glad," he said. "And now"—he smiled—"you've kept the general waiting!"

"Explain to him that you've done your day's kind action, and he'll forgive you. He's the dearest old soul, really. But I release you. You've promised—and you'll come and see us—not in a crowd?"

"I've promised," he said.

He saluted and the coolie sped off. For one moment he stood looking after her parasol above the back of the ricksha, and then he resumed his way. He took a deep chestful of the baking air with incomplete relief, found himself quivering oddly. That first meeting tête-à-tête, which he had so long dreaded, was over.

He went along the road, with his surroundings faded out of reality. He was back in the dusk of an English summer evening, he and she together within the clump of willows that drooped slim fingers to the trout stream up which they had fished all day. He was trembling with the audacity of that utterance which all day he had been trying to phrase to himself with sufficient delicacy of approach, so freshly innocent of even suspecting it she seemed in her boylike comradeship—that utterance which at last had burst from him, surprising him by its spontaneity, its almost brutal directness:

"Nina—I'm sorry if I offend you—but I love you!"

And she had looked at him, and said nothing—until after he had kissed her, caught tight in his arms. And then she had whispered.

Two years ago! He had left her behind, pledged to be his wife, a miracle of newly perceived, almost awesome womanhood, intoxicating in her happy beauty, in her incredible reciprocation of his love, that he could scarcely identify with the little girl he had seen grow up in interval to interval of leave from foreign service. He had come back to Menangpore to count off the days, to live through the three years—or it might be only two, if she came out to him—which he must endure until their marriage, endure with every fiber of his body craving for her, with his whole mind soaked in the thought of her.

They wrote, of course, by every mail—until that mail, eight months ago, which had brought the letter which had stunned him, so that since he had never felt himself really and fully alive. She had made a mistake; it had been that he had always been such a dear good old pal; she had thought fondness was —— She had knocked out that line without finishing it. Anyway, it was Major Fanshaw, home on leave from India, whom she was marrying, almost at once. He had seen account of the ceremony in The Times a little later. And then, for a supreme and savage irony, the humorously minded gods who whisper in the ears of the clerks of the A. G.'s Department at the War Office had sent Major Richard Fanshaw to join the Headquarters Staff, Menangpore. The same gods, nudging one another, had vetoed Major Francis Bruce's immediate application for a transfer.

Quite apart from this humiliating supersession, he did not greatly like Dick Fanshaw; in fact, no one in the garrison greatly liked him. He had not the knack of sociability. He was a thin-faced, reserved sort of man, absorbed in his own thoughts, alleged to be studious, efficient at his job but quite useless on the polo field. It was a mystery beyond Bruce's comprehension how he and Nina had ever become intimate enough for even a proposal

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Soldiers Who Starved Amidst Plenty

Although the land for which they fought abounded in supplies, gaunt hunger amounting at times almost to famine, dogged the weary marches of the soldiers of the Revolution and brooded about their long encampments, for seven heavy years.

There was enough beef, pork, mutton in the Colonies to meet all their needs, but no established way of getting it to them; no system, no organization, no centralized depots; only scattered, uncontrolled and unrelated sources.

Farmers brought their cattle to villages and towns when they wanted to. Herdsmen drove the animals off to the nearest front, where they were dressed on the spot and consumed at once.

Little local butchers dribbled pork, ham, and bacon into camp, intermittently, with no regard to regular, steady needs. When the army stayed long in one place, it drained the district. Civilians had to go without.

The bitter winter at Valley Forge showed how the soldiers often went hungry, in the midst of comparative plenty in the land. History notes a great occasion when a fat steer was driven into camp, providing a feast for Washington and his men.

* * *

With most of the meat consumed hundreds of miles from where it is raised there would be many bitter winters, many Valley Forges throughout the country, every year, in times of peace as well as of war, if the people still had to depend for their food supply and distribution upon the inefficient distributing methods of Revolutionary times.

As a matter of fact, the organization of industries into larger units, scaled up to fit the growing job, has been a big factor in the expansion and development of the nation.

Swift & Company has grown from one small establishment to an institution with 23 packing plants, located near live stock producing centers, and numerous branch houses and car routes, which form a network of distribution from ocean to ocean.

This equipment, made possible by the co-operation of labor and capital of nearly 100,000 men and women who understand their work and believe in it, brings meat at all times, summer and winter, from centers of production to points of consumption; from live stock raisers everywhere to retail dealers in practically every city, town, and village in the United States.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

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Acknowledgment

Swift & Company is indebted to Mr Rudolf A. Clemen for permission to use historical data from his book, "The American Live Stock and Meat Industry."

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(Continued from Page 34)

of marriage. Yet there was the fact—he had seen it with his own eyes—they were desperately, absorbedly in love with each other.

Bah! He put the thing out of his mind. He'd promised Nina to be friendly with Fanshaw, and he'd do his best to be decent to him. If Fanshaw ever wanted a pal, he'd be handy—for Nina's sake.

He had arrived at the veranda of the white-painted garrison headquarters, and turned, on the steps, for a glance at the view from this hilltop, to get another picture in his mind before attending to whatever business it was the general had for him.

Far below him, beyond the palms that framed the view, the deep blue sea stretched away to a heat-misted horizon. In the middle distance a warship, tiny like a toy, was heading for the harbor. Close in, over the edge of the hill and abruptly diminished by the vertical distance, the stone arms of the new dockyard, untidy with cranes and scaffolding, were white upon the blue water. Native workmen swarmed over it like busy ants. He wondered how many spies were still among that horde. He had pulled out a half dozen of them already, for unadvertised and summary court-martial—gallant little officers, for all their coolie rags—who had smiled inscrutably at the firing party. One could not help admiring them.

Restored to a professional frame of mind, he turned and plunged into the comparative darkness of the building, went along the corridor to the door inscribed G. O. C., tapped and entered. The general, pipe in mouth, was seated at his big desk, signing busily the papers which Rolfe, erect by his side, was presenting to him. Rolfe looked up at Bruce's appearance, nodded amicably, a discreet smile on his big pleasant face. Good chap, Rolfe, the antithesis of Fanshaw, with a cheery word for everybody; a man who worked hard and played hard, even went the pace a little; despite his weight the most brilliant polo forward in the garrison. But the general, attending to one thing at a time as was his wont, continued to dash off one signature after another without a glance at him. Only when he had finished the last of the papers, which Rolfe now gathered into a sheaf and handed over to a waiting orderly, did he lift his head, acknowledge Bruce's prompt salute.

"Don't go, Rolfe," he said as that officer went towards the door with the orderly. "I want you both. Sit down, Bruce."

The orderly closed the door behind him and there was a moment or two of silence as the general leaned back in his chair and refilled his pipe. Bruce contemplated the strong-jawed face with the iron-gray mustache, whose eyes narrowed themselves in a pause of meditation when he brought his thoughts to a focus while, deliberately, without hurry, he struck a match and surrounded himself with the smoke cloud of the first few preliminary puffs. It was a familiar enough face to him. In his three years of staff captain to General Sanderson's brigade in the old days in France, Bruce had learned to like as well as respect that grimly efficient personality which, though human enough off duty, would, when the occasion demanded, send men to certain death without a qualm, yet never without a precisely achieved purpose that justified the sacrifice. Cunning as a fox he could be, too, as Fritz had more than once learned to his cost. The pause was at an end. The general's steel-gray eyes glanced comprehensively at his subordinates.

"Just see there's no one hanging round that door, Rolfe," he said, "and then sit down." His voice was serious. Rolfe obeyed, went to the door, returned to take a chair at the side of the general's desk opposite to Bruce. The general's next words came with a quiet deliberation, between puffs at his pipe: "Can either of you imagine how any unauthorized person could have got at Plan C?"

The two men jumped in their chairs.

"Good Lord, sir, you don't mean to say ——" began Rolfe.

Bruce said nothing. He just gasped in the shock. Plan C—he had seen it, of course; the general had explained it to Hathaway, Fanshaw, Rolfe and him before locking it away—Plan C contained the diagrams of the submarine-mine barrage which would protect this most important base in wartime, together with the combinations of cross fire from the batteries now being erected. If the potential enemy had got hold of those plans! And only Hathaway, Fanshaw, Rolfe and himself had been admitted to the secret of their existence. Hathaway was dead, carried off in a half dozen hours by fever. But where was Fanshaw? Surely Fanshaw ought to be here also!

These thoughts went through him in a flash, were interrupted by the general's grim, quiet voice.

"It's Not Your Fault," He Said Through His Teeth. "It's Just One of Those Little Tricks That Fate Plays Upon People"

"That's precisely what I do mean to say. Someone has got at Plan C; and, of course, copied it."

"But—are you sure, sir?" said Rolfe, excited and incredulous.

For answer the general got up from his chair, went to the safe behind him, unlocked a heavy steel door with a key chained to his pocket, unlocked yet another door behind that.

Thereupon he extracted from an inner drawer, locked by yet another key, a bulky envelope heavily sealed with red wax, brought it forward to them.

"This is a new envelope I sealed the other day," said the general. "Inside is the original." He tore it open, revealed another sealed envelope, ripped along one edge. "I cut it open myself when I found something was wrong. Now, gentlemen, our ingenious spy overlooked one little thing in his haste. Those seals are apparently quite all right. But when I put away that envelope it had a fine hair tied round it, passing through the center of the sealing wax. Is there any hair in that seal? There is not. Furthermore, the inner envelope was likewise tied round with a hair, and"—he extracted it—"you can see for yourselves that that hair has likewise disappeared. And for a final proof"—he pulled out several sheets of thin blue paper marked with curved masses of little black crosses and long straight lines that radiated out from various points along a charted-out coastline, held it up to the light—"do you see?" Close up to the edge in each corner was a minute pinhole where the sheet had been fastened out flat, presumably to be photographed. "Each sheet has those same little pinholes. I think that is sufficient evidence." He put back the plans in their envelopes, locked them again in the safe, turned to Bruce. "Well, what have you to say to that?" he asked with a grim smile.

"It knocks me over, sir," replied Bruce, "and it makes me feel somehow it's my fault. It's up to me to prevent that kind of thing."

"Precisely," agreed the general. "That's why I sent for you. You can't suggest any possible person?"

"No, sir. No one has any key to that safe but you."

The general nodded.

"Quite. But someone has got at my keys somehow—a whiff of a drug while I was asleep might have done it, these native thieves can get in anywhere—and taken an impression of them. There was that fellow you shot trying to break into your bedroom three or four nights ago, Rolfe, you remember?"

"The brute!" said Rolfe. "I just caught him slipping in through the window like a shadow."

"That's the kind of thing," said the general. "But observe! Only Plan C has been interfered with, and an ordinary native thief would certainly have helped himself to the considerable amount of cash, which was much more in evidence than the plans in the inner drawer. It is wildly improbable that any native could have distinguished one document from another, impossible that he should have picked on Plan C, copied it and sealed it up again with the office seal. Whoever it was that got hold of my keys, he was only a subordinate agent, employed by someone who knew that Plan C was in that safe. And, apart from myself"—the general's probing eyes rested on both of them successively—"only four men were aware of that fact."

"It couldn't have been Hathaway," murmured Rolfe, screwing up his broad honest face in cogitation of this problem.

"It could not," said the general. "Hathaway died six weeks ago. One of my little habits is to examine those envelopes every day. That envelope was interfered with just three weeks back."

"Three weeks!" exclaimed Bruce in surprise.

"Three weeks," repeated the general. "I've been poaching on your preserves, Bruce; trying to do a little intelligence work in the meantime."

He had now seated himself again and relit his pipe, looking at them over the flame of the match. Bruce and Rolfe glanced at each other in uncomfortable embarrassment.

"Don't you think, sir," said Bruce, "that Fanshaw ought to be here too?"

"I did not invite Fanshaw," replied the general—"purposely."

An exclamation broke from Bruce in spontaneous horror. "Surely, sir, you don't think ——"

"Why—it might just as likely be either of us!" said Rolfe.

The general carefully put down his match in the ash tray.

"It might," he said, "and I confess that I gave some thought to that possibility. I went so far as to subsidize a burglar myself—for all three of you—a burglar that you didn't shoot, Rolfe." He smiled at him. "I was curious to know whether any of you had been doing any photography lately—and I took steps to find out within twenty-four hours of that envelope's being tampered with. Your camera, Rolfe, I find, has a broken shutter and a thick layer of dust inside; you have evidently given up the hobby. Yours, Bruce, happened to be charged with a half-used spool. I developed those films and find they represent the gymkhana which took place a couple of weeks before."

"That's where that spool went, then!" exclaimed Bruce, suddenly illuminated.

The general went on quietly: "Fanshaw's camera, on the other hand, a very excellent half-plate one, had no

(Continued on Page 38)

ALL the qualities which in the past have made the Hupmobile Coupe one of the most sought-after cars on the market, are heightened and accentuated in this new Coupe.

There is still greater beauty, with graceful curves, and sweeping lines which blend naturally one with another.

There is a longer wheelbase, and the more pleasing appearance of a larger car.

Finally, there is performance so much finer that it excels even previous Hupmobile performance, together with an economy of operation which probably establishes a new low level among the better closed cars.

The New Hupmobile

Perhaps the most pronounced exterior changes in the coupe are the higher radiator, hood and cowl, and the new harmony of body and rear deck design.

Curves and a far more pleasing outline take the place of corners and bevel edges.

Inside, the coupe is as pleasing as it is beautiful outside.

Upholstery is in long-wearing gray cloth, with a fine blue stripe. Hardware is bright nickel and the equipment is complete.

The body is a Hupmobile product, of course—strongly and durably built to match the superb chassis underneath.

Engineering changes and their improved results add greatly to the desirability of the coupe.

The engine is more powerful; it is quicker in both getaway and pick-up; it is smoother and produces no noticeable vibration throughout its entire range of speed.

The clutch is even softer to operate, and it is next to impossible to clash in changing gears.

Finish is the new Hupmobile blue; and the fenders are the latest crown type—staunch and sturdy and handsome.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 36)

films in it. But it happened to have its focus adjustment left at three feet, and closed up in the folds of the bellows was a certain amount of gray dust which, having once done a little photography myself, I recognized as magnesium ash."

"Good Lord!" said Bruce.

"I kept the camera and the ash as circumstantial evidence, if necessary," continued the general; "and funnily enough Fanshaw thought fit to complain to me next day that someone had pinched his apparatus. Only he put the date of its disappearance as the day prior to that on which Plan C was tampered with. Since, however, my very excellent burglar found the camera in his room forty hours after Fanshaw alleged that he had missed it, I'm afraid the alibi won't wash."

"But surely, sir," objected Rolfe, "all this even if it does look fishy—is very flimsy evidence!"

"Very," agreed the general imperturbably. "But it happens to be reenforced. How much do you think Plan C is worth to—we won't specify the country?"

"They'd pay anything for it," said Bruce. "Twenty thousand pounds or more."

"Precisely. Or more. Now Fanshaw was a poor man—I happen to know that he got into debt in India. I cannot discover that he has since come into any inheritance. Would his wife have had any money, Bruce?"

"Sir!"

"This is no time for fine feelings!" The old man crushed him with his sudden formidable severity. "I know perfectly well that you were engaged to the lady. Did she have any money?"

"No, sir."

"Very well. I've been doing a good deal of private cipher work over the cables these last three weeks, and three days ago the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds was paid in London by banker's draft from the Asiatic Bank to the London and Northwestern Bank for the credit of a new account opened in favor of a certain John Smith by telegraphic instructions from Menangpore."

"Phew!" ejaculated Rolfe, mopping his brow. "Looks ugly!"

"But, sir," said Bruce, "how do you know that this John Smith is —— No; I can't say I like him, but I can't imagine Fanshaw doing it!"

For answer the general unlocked the drawer at which he sat, produced a telegraph form.

"This is the original, handed in at the cable company's office four days back," he said: "'London Northwestern Bank, London. Please open account with draft Asiatic Bank, thirty-five thousand. Letter follows. JOHN SMITH, Menangpore.' This was handed in by a native who has not yet been traced. But note—the message is typewritten and gummed to the telegraph form—and it is written on a machine of a make of which there is only one in this garrison, and that happens to be in Fanshaw's office the one he reserves for his own use. It is true, there are probably others in Menangpore, but no two machines, even of the same make, write precisely alike. I have personally copied this message again on Fanshaw's machine. Here it is." He laid a typewritten slip of paper beside the cablegram before them; one looked like a carbon copy of the other. "You see—they are identical, the same weak *n* and *p*, the same worn *e*, the same *f* out of alignment."

"There is no doubt about it," said Bruce, after careful scrutiny, "but, sir—this is awful!"

"And the letter that follows," inquired Rolfe—"have you got that, sir?"

"That was stopped in the post last night," replied the general, taking another sheet of paper from his drawer. "Here it is. It doesn't tell us much. It merely confirms the cablegram, gives the specimen of the signature 'John Smith,' and orders the money to be held on deposit pending further instructions. It is typed on the same machine, and addressed from the European Club."

"That doesn't mean much," said Bruce. "Everyone goes there. I was there myself yesterday."

"So was I," said Rolfe.

"So was Fanshaw," added the general. He leaned back in his chair, contemplated them grimly. "Well?"

"I don't know what to say, sir," said Bruce. "It is too terrible!"

Rolfe mopped his broad honest face in evident distress.

"I suppose it means a court-martial, sir?" he said.

The general smiled with the faintest twist of his lips.

"My dear Rolfe," he said, "you are sometimes an amazingly simple person. There is no doubt at all that our friend the possible enemy is already in possession of Plan C. Whatever happens, he mustn't be allowed to guess that we know he knows it. Plan C is actually already *ipso facto* obsolete. He must think it still our real war plan, and us in blissful ignorance of his stolen knowledge. A court-martial would give him the hint; you can't keep secrecy over things like that. No, a court-martial is out of the question."

"Then—nothing is to be done, sir?" queried Rolfe.

"Oh, yes," said the general quietly. "We're certainly going to do something. We can't let people play games of this sort with impunity."

"What do you propose then, sir?" asked Bruce.

The general kept them in suspense for a moment while he relit his pipe. Then he leaned forward, the match alight between his fingers.

"You and Rolfe are going to pay a little friendly call on Fanshaw this afternoon," he said significantly. He held up the match before them, caught their eyes, blew out the flame.

"Traitors sometimes commit suicide in a fit of remorse—and leave a signed confession," he added in grim elucidation.

Bruce jumped to his feet, found himself trembling violently.

"Sir—I can't do it!"

The general turned on him that gaze which he knew how to make suddenly terrible.

"What do you mean?" he asked sternly.

Bruce felt himself like an audacious schoolboy under those insupportable eyes; but he nerved himself to confront them.

"Sir—I beg of you—choose someone else! It puts me in an impossible—a terrible position!"

The general's voice came at him like a clap of thunder.

"Major Bruce! Since when have you learned to disobey my orders?"

It was the same voice, the same inexorably hard face aflame with eyes whose sudden blaze of authority annihilated opposition, with which—Bruce found it recalled to him by an odd trick of memory—at Devil's Wood he had ordered forward the remnant of his brigade to certain death over corpses already three deep. When General Sanderson commanded, men obeyed—without question. Bruce had obeyed then, forgetting the shrinking of his flesh in the storm of shells. He surrendered now, wretchedly, long habit of discipline asserting itself.

Wordlessly, eyes fixed on his, the general accepted his submission. He turned to Rolfe.

"Have you any objection to make, Major Rolfe?" he asked harshly.

Rolfe stood twisting his handkerchief in his hands, his broad honest face deathly white, perspiration pearling on his brow.

"No—no, sir," he stammered.

The general's face cleared to an expression that was more kindly. He turned to Bruce.

"I'm sorry to ask this of you, Bruce, but it can't be helped. In the first place, it's your job as intelligence officer. In the second, only you, Rolfe and Fanshaw know anything of this business. We can't admit any more to it. Also, you understand, this is unofficial—an affair of honor between officers and gentlemen. I send Major Fanshaw two of his own rank. I shall expect your report in half an hour. And, remember—a written and signed confession!"

Bruce heard him as though he were in a dream. His mind held only one clearly definite thought: Nina! Nina! It hammered in him with every beat of the blood through his suddenly fevered brain. What would Nina think Nina whom he had just promised—Nina whose happiness he was going brutally to annihilate? Nina! It made him feel sick. He could almost have wished that it was he himself guilty of this unspeakably loathly crime, rather than that it should be Nina's husband. Nina's husband! Nina's husband! God! Nina's husband, whom she adored!

It was automatically, as in a dream, that he saluted the general and, with Rolfe, went out of the office; in an unreal dream that he found himself walking across the parade ground, in the blinding glare of the sun, towards Fanshaw's bungalow. Nina! Nina's husband! He would rather have walked to execution than to the mission on which he was bound.

"Ruddy business, isn't it?" said Rolfe thickly.

Bruce glanced at his comrade. The broad, normally cheery face was deathly white, beaded with damp. Good old Rolfe! He hated it too. He was suddenly grateful for this companionship. Rolfe's thorough and well-known decency somehow sanctioned their errand. In his straightforward sense of duty he had not jibbed at the general's order. It was true that Nina Nina meant nothing to him of course.

He failed to get a word out of his throat in answer, and they walked on in silence.

They were within a dozen yards of the bungalow when Rolfe turned to him.

"Oughtn't we to get our revolvers first?" he suggested.

"No." He could not trust his voice to more than curtness. "Unnecessary."

On the step of the veranda Rolfe clutched his arm, spoke again.

"You—you do the talking. It's your job. I'll back you up."

He nodded in mute acquiescence, summoned all his will to steady the thumping of his heart, to find a voice to talk with.

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The Next Moment Rolfe Went With a Crash to the Floor

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JOHN CITIZEN'S JOB

By Henry H. Curran

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

LIKE all Gaul, a political campaign is divided into three parts—jobs, favors and kicks—and of these the bravest are the jobs. Let Clancy tell it—Clancy of Donovan's district club over in Doolittle Street, who owns up to twenty years in the game.

Clancy is a deputy sheriff, with a new blackjack in his pocket that he knows how to use. I don't know where he got the blackjack, but I know he got the job from Donovan, his leader. He is one of Donovan's best captains—which is why he got the job. Incidentally he has taken a shine to John Citizen, who hitched himself on to the tail of Donovan's kite some six months ago. Last week John became a captain himself.

The other night the two of them were at the district club together. Yes—they're both real people. Clancy led off:

"John, how would you like to run for the Assembly?" He plumped it suddenly, with a keen look.

"Couldn't afford it," said John with decision. "Four months in Albany for fifteen hundred dollars, with a wife and kids at home? My business would go to pot. I'm not a lawyer."

"Um-m. Well, how about alderman?"

"Too much time. Couldn't do it."

Clancy paused. "Er—flyin' higher, John?" His face was innocence itself.

"No, I don't want any job at all. I told you that last week, and I mean it." John was waxing a mite testy.

But Clancy just smiled, with friendly admiration. "Then what are you doin' in politics?" Now he was laughing.

"Just trying to help a little, that's all—honest!"

Clancy rose and absent-mindedly fingered his blackjack. Then he pulled out a pipe instead. "You're a deep one, John," he said as he fished for the tobacco. "All I say is, keep on goin' just like that"—the match hovered over the pipe bowl—"and you'll get"—puff—"what you're lookin' for"—puff—"sure. And remember the old rule, John—never seek a nomination and never refuse one. You're startin' good. Just holler around some more about how you wouldn't touch a nomination with a ten-foot pole, and if you holler loud enough they'll give it to you on a silver platter. Always works. You're learnin' fast, John."

"But I tell you ——"

"Aw, ferget it! I'm your friend. Tip me off when you're ready. Good luck."

When J-O-B Spells Allegiance

CLANCY turned to go. "But say, John," he added over his shoulder, "don't pull any more o' that stuff about just bein' in politics to help—anyway, not so strong. The fellers don't mind your puttin' over a bluff that's nice and friendly—but—don't make it so strong, John—not so earnest-like."

The next day John Citizen came to me with the story. "I can't make him believe that I don't want a job," he complained. "Can't make any of them believe it."

I saw he needed soothing. "You'll have to put up with that," I said. "Just go down the list of Donovan's captains and you will see the reason. For one like yourself there are twenty who either have a job from Donovan or used to have one or hope to have one. Of course they think you're after something! Why should you be any different from the rest? If a blue jay suddenly lights in a flock of sparrows in Doolittle Street—nothing personal—you'd rub your eyes a little, wouldn't you? And you a captain too!"

John threw back his shoulders just a little.

"Ah, oui! Captain John Citizen! Just stick to your story," I concluded. "Makes you more interesting, and does you no harm. Then, some day, when you know which job you want ——"

"Say, look here—I told you I don't want a job—don't want it, wouldn't take it, wouldn't touch it, wouldn't ——"

But I was out of danger as John went on spluttering.

By October he will know still better that the strongest oath of political allegiance is spelled j-o-b, job. For by that time the campaign will be out in the open, booming away, with the captains in action all along the line. And most of the captains will be political jobholders, fighting, each in his own district, to make a good showing for the party on election day, fighting for the results that will hold him his job or get him a new one, fighting for his family's bread and butter—just as you and I fight for the family bread and butter in other fields every day of our lives.

You know what that means—to hustle for the home cupboard? And you will scratch like the old Harry when it's a case of keeping the wolf from the door, giving the wife and kids a chance, and perhaps setting a little by for a rainy day? You will fight for that? So will the political jobholder. He will fight twice as hard as the fellow whose job is not at stake. Furthermore, he will fight all the year round. In a pinch he may not be too nice in his choice of weapons, but his arsenal will follow his code, whatever that be, just as you follow your own code in business. In both fields the best fighter is the man whose job—whose very home—depends upon the result. In politics that goes for district captains, district leaders, county chairmen, candidates, and all the rest of the political-party personnel, right up to the top. The job is the first cog in the machine. Without it there is no machine.

So the first step in the campaign, as I have found it, is to get the jobs to man the machine, and that part of the business is under way all through the year. The business of politics does not wait until the speeches are flying in October, any more than your own business waits for something to fly. It gets down and grubs for the jobs. The 1923 campaign began on the day after election in 1922. It is going on now.

The importance of this recruiting station for the campaign army was not borne in upon me until I became part of a party organization. Until then I had no conception of the amount of time, energy and ingenuity that party men devote to drawing down the jobs, no inkling of the pivotal place in politics that is occupied by individual self-interest—often to the discreditable exclusion of a decent attention to the affairs of government that affect the welfare of us all as distinguished from those that inure to the benefit of a few. Your own impressions from afar may not be as guileless as were mine; but, whatever their nature, you will not appreciate the extent of this political lopsidedness until you see it at first hand by sitting in the game itself. Then you may agree with my reflection that there is too much of the business of politics and too little of the business of government going around today to do credit to any of us.

In its right place the business of politics is an honorable and creditable part of the game—and in my time I've done my share of it, and with a will! To put the right man in the right place in government is certainly desirable. To go into a campaign with a machine equipped to fight to the last ditch for a principle is also desirable. And both are essential. But when the whole effort is bent toward the goal of offices, jobs and votes for the party, with a cheerful unconcern as to what may follow in the way of government, when the party fight is all over—then we may wonder if the cart has not moved around in front of the horse. Too often nowadays that is just where we shall find the cart.

Little Accommodations and Adjustments

WHEN we leave the feverish field of jobs—that first foundation of the fighting campaign machine—we come upon the kingdom of favors. That is the second method of molding the machine. Like the first, it goes on day and night the year around—favors here and favors there—and we have said something of that already. But in campaign time the process speeds up. First come the little accommodations and adjustments between government and the individual, as one old warhorse tenderly describes them. These range from permits to sell bananas on the sidewalk to contracts for government work that mount into the millions. Then there are favors of direct private relief—a scuttle of coal here, a bottle of milk there, a pair of shoes elsewhere; and the money for all three from—somewhere. Also there are jobs, of a kind—temporary places, off-hour work, judicial pickings for the lawyers, ditch digging for the laborers, watchmen's billets for the old men.

But the casual favor is always to be distinguished from the regular old-fashioned commodity of a steady government job. That is the best machine builder of all; because it allows more time for day-to-day political effort than ever a private employer allows; because in a campaign some government superiors will even allow the jobholder to take solid days and weeks out of time that belongs to the government and devote them to campaign activity—provided, of course, the superior and the subordinate be of the same political faith; because the jobholder, by reason of his own place in government, becomes in turn a potential dispenser of favors himself; and lastly, because the job goes steadily on year after year, thus enabling the jobholder to go steadily on year after year, as a party worker, with his consequent cumulative value to the party in experience and local influence.

And five regular government jobs at two thousand dollars a year are worth five times as much as one similar job at ten thousand dollars a year—aye, more—because not only are five captains better than one but any one captain at a rate of two thousand dollars is a better campaigner than one at a rate of ten thousand dollars. He is a better mixer, is less likely to become chesty or turn statesman.

So there is where our campaign begins—in the front-line trenches of jobs and favors—both earthworks being based on individual self-interest, and both returning campaign

(Continued on Page 42)

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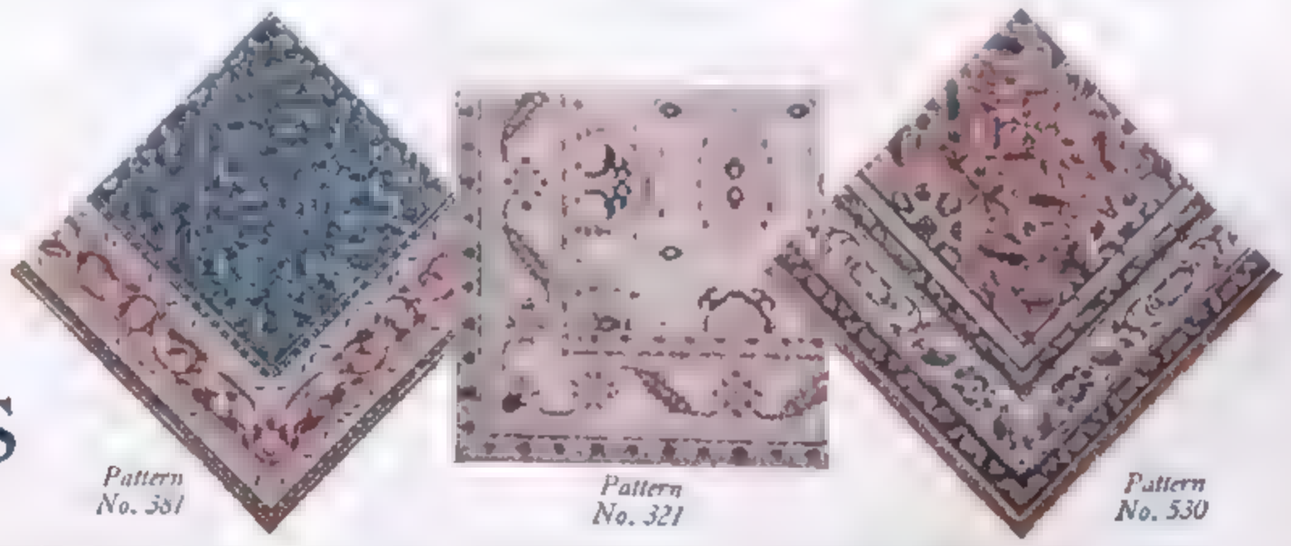

Pattern No. 581 *Pattern No. 321* *Pattern No. 530*

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dividends in the resulting political devotion of the beneficiaries. The jobs are the cream, the favors the milk. Jobs make fighters. Favors make friends. Both make votes. And neither of them has anything whatever to do with campaign issues and government policies.

As we approach election day the fury of the favors becomes a tornado. Party men in government office go slow on laying off labor—until after election. The sunshine of their desire to be reasonable and human rather than strict, in enforcing government regulations against voters, plays warmly upon the administration of their offices. All is friendship, eagerness to accommodate, willingness to postpone the pill that is bitter—until after election. As the captains' din at the doors of government—for jobs and favors—thunders louder, more bars are let down.

Now is the time for all good men outside the doors to make hay, for in the possession of every one of them is a thing of value—a vote. That little birth-given vote is worth a favor, worth whatever the code of political morals of the two parties to the transaction—the campaigner and the voter—may determine. It is political legal tender, good on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November.

The payment for the jobs and favors is made at the polls. The campaigner's first task on election day is to cash in the favors of the year, to secure the delivery of the votes that are owed to him by the recipients of his varied ministrations. He will be busy enough on that task alone. But if he be a fighter, he will go farther.

The Personal Appeal

When you voted last did you notice a considerable number of men about the polling place—some with blue silk badges on their coats and some without—who seemed to have nothing to do? Some of them were workers who were ready, at their captain's call, to race hither and yon to bring tardy voters to the polls, and, furthermore, to do it for nothing. Others did it for five dollars for the day. Others got the five dollars, but did very little work. These latter gentry are not expected to work. They are usually men with seven brothers or nine clubmates or a dozen followers for one reason or another. Their job is to swing the seven or nine or dozen votes, as the case may be. They are the little local political pivots, lassoed by the perquisites of a careful captain. Later on some of them will be leaders, bosses and county chairmen.

Tadpoles of today, flirting their little blue badges, they will be big frogs in the far future—those who survive the teeming competition of the busy pond of politics. Mark them well, gentle voter. For it is they who will make and unmake governors and presidents, they who will put up the candidates between whom you choose through the years, as you vote—they, not you!

Did a party worker ever ask you to vote for his candidate in order that the party worker might make a good showing and so get a political job for himself, or more surely hold the job he had? No? Then you have escaped a very common form of request, a plea that accounts for thousands of votes. When the request does come you will perhaps have little knowledge of the candidates—a name and a face on a hanger in a store window, not much more. But there is the party worker, as good a fellow as ever lived, asking you, gently and respectfully, to help him make good to his wife and kids at home. And he is standing right before you, in the flesh. What will you do? I know what most people do. They throw him a vote, for luck, and devil take those far-away issues and platforms and candidates!

Of course the candidate is usually no more free from the trench warfare of jobs and favors than is the party worker or the party platform. Seven times in twelve years I have been a candidate. I think I know. The party worker trades in favors to the individual. The platform hands them out, in prospect, to groups—fairly drips with solicitudes. The candidate is supposed to deal with both kinds of customers, busily but carefully, so that he escapes the embarrassment of being all things to all men, or, specifically, of being caught in a jam between two lies. It is a tricky ride—if you are that kind of rider. But it can be done. The straddle gives the best seat at the jumps. And some candidates are adepts in the art. Often they are elected.

My own first experience as a candidate face to face with a request for a favor that might prove a source of embarrassment came in 1910, when, as a Republican, I ran for Congress in a district that usually voted heavily Democratic. To say that I am still running is to commit a truism. But in the course of the running a soulful young man approached me after I had spoken at a lively meeting on a street corner, and thrust out his hand.

"I like the way you talk," he said.

"Thank you."

"And I'm a Democrat, with four brothers."

"Ah!"

"But the five of us will vote for you—and that means ten votes." "Yes," I thought, "it was a good speech I made." "Only this," he went on—"if you can just do me a little favor?"

"Yes?"

He drew me to one side. "I've just started in the crematory business, and I'm trying to make good," he whispered, his finger on the lapel of my coat. I drew back a step instinctively, grasping my matches.

"Creamery business, you mean?" I pleaded.

"No—crematory. And all I ask," he went on earnestly, "is for you to give me your own business—when it comes along, you know. It won't cost you nothing. And I want to make good."

I turned, then fled. But still I see the face of that earnest young man who wants to make good.

That night I related the experience to a captain at the district club. He thought hard for a minute, then slapped his thigh. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. "Haw, haw!"

"Don't laugh so loud," I objected.

"But listen—listen to this! Do what I tell you. Get the directory and make a list of all the crematory firms in the district. Then promise your business—when it comes along—to each of 'em, without telling the others, if they and their families will vote for you. Do it easy—not a regular promise, of course—just nice and legal. You might get a hundred votes, and—you're safe on your end of it for the rest of your life!"

We come now to the doorstep of the third great department of the campaign—the political capitalization of kicks. For the freest and heartiest kicks of all are those that land on Congress, every day in every way, like the patter of April rain on the Capitol dome. If the cost of living is so high that we can't buy, we know who did it—Congress! If it is so low that we can't sell, we know who did that, too—Congress! In either case our long American leg is ready for its biennial free kick, ready for the relish of that great American privilege—the kicking out of congressmen.

Kicks, Good and Bad

There is good politics in kicks. They mean votes. Here are some of the most useful kicks—may as well out with them all, good or bad, whether we like them or not! Fortunately they are not the whole of the campaign, any more than are the jobs and the favors. There is a brighter balance, that we shall come to later on. But, like all brighter things, that part is more readily seen than the darker goings-on inside. And, mark well, even on the inside there are jobs and jobs, favors and favors, kicks and kicks. Within the three fighting departments themselves there is brightness, hither and yon, of the most shining sort, if only you will step in where you can get a look at it. Inside and outside, the whole thing is no better and no worse than the human nature that handles it.

First among the kicks comes the feeling of being on the right side of a moral issue. That makes for the strongest and sternest kick there is in the human system. If enough people believe the other side—either candidate or party—is down on a level that is just openly and wantonly immoral, according to the standards of the day, they will—after a while—kick out the other side, body, boots and breeches. The immorality may consist of political trafficking in gambling, in commercialized prostitution, in big graft or raw graft or dirty graft—never "honest graft"—in flirting with the interests, in the squeezing of the poor for the benefit of the rich in any one of a dozen different ways. The suspicion of the other side's connection with it may or may not be true. But if once the suspicion becomes a belief—then, off with their heads! It is a landslide. And anybody on the top side of the avalanche, on the kicking side, can be elected with ease. A yellow dog can win, as the saying goes. So there is always a weather eye out for the moral issue. They are few and far between, but when they do come they are worth watching for. And the people are generally right about them.

Then there are the kicks that come from prejudice of race, religion and imported European nationality. If it can be established that the other fellow has shown a supposed antipathy or has even been lukewarm to any one of the different racial, religious or foreign ingredients that make up our American electorate, there will always be a certain number of the offended element who will go to the bat hard against him. They will talk, work and vote to put him out of business politically, regardless of anything else in the campaign. If the candidate has seemed to offend more than one element, that is all the better. Then you have a combination against him.

Mr. Flaherty's Proviso

As with the moral issue, the accusation may or may not be true of the individual or party attacked. Also, it is dangerous stuff and may become a mighty boomerang against those caught starting any such propaganda. There is a splendid and quick resentment ready to deal with that sort of thing, if once the instigation be discovered and the guilt made plain. But at the same time there are always open ears for a plausible whispering campaign, and also there are thousands of voters who will vote against a man of another element merely because he belongs to that other element. A sorry business it is, but somebody always starts it.

There are other kicks that have nothing to do with the issues of the day or the true character, fitness and ability of the candidates. The general grouch against the ins is an old stand-by. It is no fun to push anybody up into office. That is a boost. The fun lies in kicking someone down and out of office. That leaves a real tingle. How often have you voted to support somebody, purely and simply because you thought he was a good man for the place? People vote, not for, but against somebody. And the party that is out uses that kick to balance the jobs and favors of the party that is in, with excellent effect.

When you add to the general grouch all the silent little sorehead grouches of individuals who have their own personal grievances against the administration, then you are in possession of a kick of parts.

Another valuable kick is found in the age-old delight with which the two parties to a family quarrel will suddenly turn upon the outsider and uproariously propel him down the stairs, out of the house and into the street. Not long ago a committee of young college men called on the leader of a downtown district in New York and explained that they had a request to make.

"It may seem like a queer thing to ask," said the spokesman, "but we know you're a man of your word, Mr. Flaherty, and that what you say goes in your district."

"Well, fire away." It was October, in a close campaign, and the leader was very busy trying to elect his alderman.

"We want to have a meeting here—a meeting against your alderman."

"Huh? What's 'at?"

"Let me be frank. We are opposed to him. Nothing personal, but we think the other man will make a better alderman. And yet there seems to be no campaign activity in his behalf. It is the same way in some other districts unfortunately. Now we want to get up a meeting here, but first we want to ask you, as a man of your word, if you will let us hold the meeting without disturbance. We know you can break it up if you want to, so we are just asking in advance for a square deal. It's a campaign of education, you know—educating the people of the districts, that's all."

"Well, that's a funny one." The leader was stroking his chin. He seemed interested. "Er—where do you fellers live?" he inquired innocently.

"Oh, all uptown, Mr. Flaherty. We're just out for good government."

"Ye-es—ye-es. Well, it's a fine thing, that good-government idea—fine thing. Now supposin'—now I tell you what I'll do." The leader leaned forward. "Just to show you how strong I am for good government, I'll promise that your meetin' won't be broke up—no bricks or vegetables—no pepper—no, not even a good heckle. And for a guaranty I'll pay the rent of the hall—Cleanemup Hall, around the corner, is a good place—and I'll pay for the band, and maybe the programs, and ——"

"Yes, yes?" gasped the college spokesman.

"Just on one little condition," said the leader. "And that is, let my alderman get up at the end o' the meetin'—after you've given him a good roast—go as far as you like—and let him just read a list of your names and where you live, and then give his own name and where he lives. That's all. Then he sits down. Just to show you're responsible and on the level—show who you are, sort of—same as the alderman—huh?"

"Why, I don't see any objection to that." The spokesman turned to his college comrades. They nodded.

"That's right, boys. Fair both ways—and it's good government. That's me." The leader beamed on his departing visitors.

When a sadder and wiser head uptown had dissuaded the college boys from their exploit, the Flaherty telephone tinkled to the sadder one's ring.

"All off, Tom—that college boys' meetin'," said the voice from uptown. "You got a nerve—to think you could get away with a thing like that."

"Well, well! So you got hold of 'em, Jim! I was afraid they'd get into your hands. All right"—Flaherty sighed—"but that one meetin' would have been enough to elect my man. Too bad, Jim."

"Yeah. Too bad, Tom. Try again."

The sad one rang off.

Of course a person of eminence and popularity is a valuable addition to a district campaign, whether he lives in the district or not, particularly if he is careful to boost the local candidates. I remember a campaign in which, as a local candidate, I was slated to speak at a big meeting which was to be addressed by Colonel Roosevelt. It was after he had retired from the Presidency, and he was more popular than ever. I tell the story now with respect, and reverently. He did more than any other man in American history to enlist the best idealism of our country in the battalions of her politics. That service alone has placed us eternally in his debt.

A Friend of Roosevelt

My own part in this meeting was to be a very short speech, delivered immediately after the Colonel's departure. I had never had the honor of meeting him, and as I sat waiting on the platform I hoped again that the managers of the meeting had informed him of my candidacy, so that he might, if he cared to, put in a good word for it along with the others.

The Colonel arrived on time, and I was hurriedly introduced to him just as he rose to speak. Perhaps he would remember me! His reception, as he rose, came in a roar, from the hearts and lungs of an audience that crowded the big hall to the doors. And his speech got over big, with all its old force and vigor. More and more, as he went on, he struck an answering chord of hero worship from every man, woman and child in the place. The very feel of the thing was an inspiration.

At the end he suddenly turned and pointed at me. "And—you will elect—to office," he said in measured prophecy, "this splendid young man—who will serve—all—the people, and who is so admirably fitted—for public trust."

This was fine! My spirits rose. Almost it seemed as though he must have heard about me!

"You will work and vote," he went on—"for my friend—over there—whose name you all know ——"

Then he turned slightly back toward Baker, the stalwart who was going the rounds with him. "Baker! What's that name again?" he shot back in an undertone, his hand still upraised. "Henry—Curran," came the instant answering whisper, hoarsely but clearly. Baker was on his job.

"—— whose name is—Henry—Curran!"

There was a great round of applause. The Colonel had not missed a stride. But I am afraid he had not heard about me—except from Baker, who was ready.

There are plenty of kicks besides those just inventoried. Some go to the merits and some do not. Some are wide spread and some are local. But, whatever their nature or justice, they all make excellent political capital and it pays to groom them well before they go galloping out of the party stable for their steeplechase among the

(Continued on Page 45)

Mother is the Health Doctor

HER responsibility is to guard family health. Because she knows the danger of dirt and insists on scientific cleanliness, Lifebuoy is the most widely used toilet soap in the world

There is no Substitute for Health

WHY must the sunlight of health ever be clouded by the murky shadows of sickness?

Sickness is so unnecessary.

The world is getting healthier every year because people are taking steps to protect health by scientific cleanliness.

They are learning that sickness comes from touching things which many other hands have touched. Germs are carried from hands to mouth, nose or food.

Doctors have proved that almost all contagions are spread by thousands of apparently well people who, unknowingly, are "carriers" of disease germs.

The greatest of all safeguards is a true health soap.

That is why Lifebuoy has become the most widely used toilet soap in the world.

Children will play with stray animals

Who last touched this car strap?

Lifebuoy is more than soap, although soap cannot be made more pure, more bland, more beautifying to the skin. It is a scientific skin purifier—*a real health soap.*

The Health Element

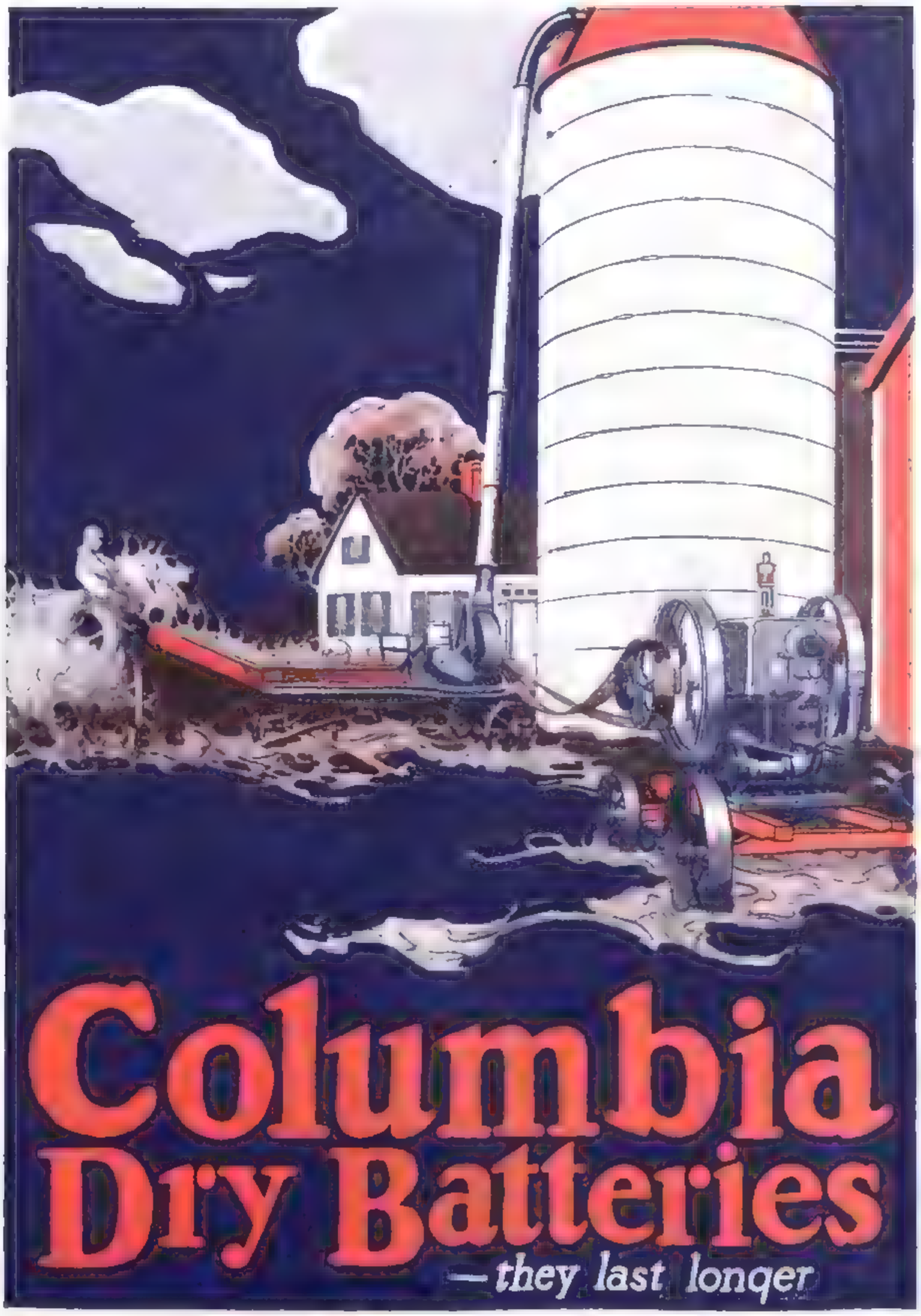
A wonderful health ingredient is released in the creamy, copious lather and carried deep into every pore, combating the invisible menace of dirt. You recognize it by the wholesome odor—which vanishes at once.

Mothers—when the kiddies come in from play or school, see that they vigorously remove with Lifebuoy the dirt and grime from hands, face and knees—the dangerous dirt which came from stray animals, dirty playmates, foul street dust, a peddler's cart, books, fascinating junk piles.

See that your husband does not expose the family to the contacts of crowded city life.

You will like Lifebuoy yourself because its pure, rich oils of palm fruit and cocoanut keep your hands in wonderful condition.

For the good health of the family, place a cake at every place where there is running water. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



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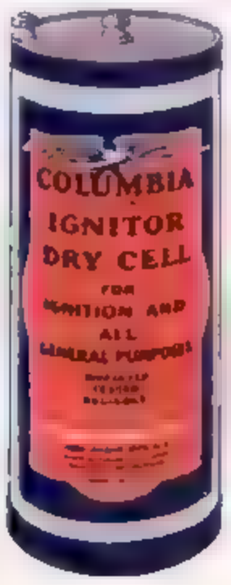

What Columbias do

Operate radio receiving sets, furnish ignition and lighting current for motor boats, ring bells, protect bank vaults, call the police, ring fire alarms, buzz buzzers, fire blasts, run toys, call Pullman car porters, ring burglar alarms, operate telegraphs and telephones, light tents and outbuildings, furnish ignition current for gas engines, tractors, and for quick starting of Ford cars. Columbia Dry Batteries for every kind of service are sold at electrical, hardware, and auto accessory shops, garages, general stores. Insist upon Columbia

Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts on Igniter at no extra cost

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electorate. Jockey's colors, too, are helpful. The kicks cut more of a dash if there be a flash or a slogan to visualize them to the multitude, such as a Red Light, Brass Check, Five-Cent Fare, Full Dinner Pail, Golden Calf, Big Stick or Glass of Beer, or even an expression, such as Open the Books! Turn on the Light! Corner Lots in Japan, I'm Working for My Pocket all the Time, or Throw Out the Rascals! The proper hippodrome effect must be secured if possible, lest old General Apathy come riding in from the flank with his bagful of sleeping gas. Of course accidents will happen, even among the best regulated of slogans—there was Rum, Romanism and Rebellion, for instance, with which Burchard so disastrously tagged the unwitting Blaine. But the ride of the kicks, in the bright colors of their flashes and slogans, must take place, risk or no risk. The people demand it.

I asked a Chicago politician about Chicago's 1923 mayoralty election. "Seemed a little dull," I ventured.

"Yes," he replied, "just two good men fighting it out on questions of city government. No fun. Public not interested. Wouldn't even vote, lots of them."

I asked a New York politician, long before that, about the jobs and the favors and the kicks. "They seem like 'the sisters and the cousins and the aunts,'" I said. "They take up the whole stage, so that we don't see the real questions of government that are being fought out."

"Henry, you forget that I'm a politician," he answered. "What I'm interested in is votes and jobs. My duty is to get 'em. Let the statesmen take care of the government."

"But you're a leader?"

"Well, what's a leader for but to get votes and jobs?"

Yet it is the leader who nominates the statesmen! He does the first picking, direct primaries or not. His choice will, of course, be tempered by the demands of his followers and the possible desires of the electorate. He will consider the candidate's ability to attack and his susceptibility to counter-attack. He will also make sure of the candidate's regularity in dispensing the jobs and favors to be gathered from him if elected. Those last two are musts. The candidate must be a vote getter and a job giver. After them come the mays. The candidate may make a good official, may have fine ideals, may be in politics for service rather than business. Or he may not. But they are only mays. In any event, it is the leader who does the picking—the leader or the boss, whichever you care to call him—and it is the leader whom the party holds responsible for the result. Upon that his own leadership often depends. His success in getting the votes that make the jobs, and then the jobs that make the votes, will be the measure of his political prowess, the factor that determines his own political life or death. He who lives by the sword will die by the sword. That is the game—in some part with all, entirely with some.

The First Rule in Politics

It was a distinguished visitor from abroad who, after listening to the legislative rumble from Albany of the two parties playing politics with each other—putting each other in a hole, getting away with this vote and that, and even coming out into the open occasionally—was led to inquire what the new game might be.

"Sounds a bit like golf," he reflected, "but, I say, why do they call it politics?"

One of the saddest things in campaigning, as I have observed it, is the disappearance of the roarback—the scurrilous attack that is made too late to be effectively answered before the votes are cast. In the old days we could confidently look forward to the day before election as the time for the roarback. But the roarback has gone.

Perhaps the reason lies in the philosophy of a politician whom I once questioned earnestly. "I keep reading these attacks in the newspapers," I complained, "but the seasoned candidates never seem to answer them. How can we tell where the truth is?"

"First rule in politics," he replied, "is, never answer an attack. If you do, it prints the attack twice. That's bad. And then you're on the defensive. That's worse. People say, 'Ah, ha!—that got under his skin—must be something in it.' No. Leave it alone, whether it's true or not. Just keep on with your own attacks all the harder. Keep on poundin' the other man. Act as though you had such a dooty to show him up that you couldn't waste time with his yelps. And just keep right on whoopin' up the center aisle, with your coat tails straight out, an' bangin' away on your old tom-tom so that nobody hears any noise outside your own. Then you're goin' right!"

But perhaps you know more about such campaign incidents than I do, and have even done a little bangin' away in your own time. Both things are easily possible. And yet I doubt if you will ever know the full strength of that silent undertow of jobs, favors and unspoken kicks beneath the merry spray of the speeches and parades—until you get down there in the undertow yourself, and stay there for a while. It is a mighty current.

Laughed Off the Ticket

But what of all those fussy little jets and fountains up above? The speeches, editorials, campaign literature, and such? Do they betoken no currents save the struggling undertows of the party machines, in watery death grapple at the bottom? They do, of course.

Many an election is won on the crest of a great tidal wave of sound patriotic public opinion that towers high above the vision of the bosses and sweeps all before it. Many a campaign is fought out to a close finish on the merits, with enough of real leadership on either side to give us a contest that has to do with government rather than with jobs and kicks.

But even in such straightaway struggles there are the choppy seas of the little drolleries and deceptions that come in by way of cross currents.

I know of one leader who was hard pressed in a primary fight and won out solely by a chance word picture of his opponent's peculiarity of gait in walking. There was something portentous about the way the opponent lifted his legs, and it reminded the chuckling leader of a hen on a hot griddle, or some such moving comparison. The lifting, first of one leg, then the other, with a certain compulsory and agitated regularity, had so fascinated the leader, as he gazed through his district club window at his opponent crossing the street, that he was moved to metaphor and poultry. He became poetic and audible. That settled it. The word picture happened to be so apt that it traveled through the district like a prairie fire, from the moment of its utterance. The quip of every street corner, its high-stepping victim was laughed off the boards.

And that was one of the bitterest primary fights New York has ever seen. A joke turned the trick—a verbal cartoon from a laughing leader.

Good-natured ridicule—what ambitions have gone swirling up the chimney in the crackle of your cheery flames!

Politics has been described as a "capitalization of ignorance and self-interest." Jobs and favors fall in the Self-Interest Department. Some kicks and all deceptions belong to the Ignorance Department. Perhaps you can call up from memory a string of deceptions as long as your arm—and wonder how people could be fooled by such bunk! Yet it was Lincoln who said something about fooling all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time. Barnum fooled all the people all the time, to their great delight.

Here is a small matter from my own experience that at least fooled some of the people some of the time. In the days of Mayor Mitchel, when I was an alderman, I asked Arthur Woods, who was police commissioner, to set off a little block in Sullivan Street in my district as a playground for the children. It is a short block, between Washington Square and the Elevated road, and there was no traffic hardship in deflecting passing vehicles into the other streets close by. So the little street became a play street, with a sign on a stanchion at either end of the block warning vehicles away. The sign bore no name—just the notice of the police department's traffic regulation—and few, if any, of the children or their parents knew how it had come to be there. My own reward lay in a look down the street whenever I strolled by. With handball, baseball, rope-skipping, hop-scotch and all the rest of the games going merrily forward at the hands of a hundred happy, romping youngsters, it was a sight to watch! And there were always grown-ups watching. Even then, in New York, motor vehicles were killing the city's children at the rate of one a day, and it was a rare treat to see even one street where children could play in safety.

There were other streets about town, set apart in the same way, at the same time. They were something, at least, in default of the parks and playgrounds that we need, but haven't got, in New York.

Then came the war and, two years later, on my return from France, I strolled over to Sullivan Street, on the first day after landing, to have a look at the little playground. In some fashion that small affair seemed to call with a note of its own.

It Pays to Advertise

Well, I saw it—the same games, same flocks of children. But what was this new, brightly painted sign on the stanchion? In big black letters against a white base the words "Mayor Hylan's Play Street" flared out, the first two words above, the last two below. Between the upper and lower lines a jumble of fine print proved, on closer inspection, to contain the words "Committee on Recreation and Playgrounds." So the full legend read "Mayor Hylan's Committee on Recreation and Playgrounds Play Street." But all that could be seen without close scrutiny was "Mayor Hylan's Play Street"—and, as to that, you could see it halfway across the square! Well, well, well! Here was news indeed! I tried to figure it out.

Of course it was not Mayor Hylan who set aside the play street. I knew that Arthur Woods had done that. Nor was it Mayor Hylan's street, for play or otherwise; it had been the people's street for a hundred years, bought and paid for by the people. But perhaps it was not Mayor Hylan who had caused the new sign to be installed, it might have been put up by the committee without his knowledge. And perhaps Mayor Hylan had not seen the sign himself, so that he might modestly disclaim ownership of Sullivan Street by taking the sign down. I had been away—how could I know about these things? I departed, puzzled and pondering.

But later I discovered that every other play street in town—and there are hundreds of them—had been embellished with a new sign of the same kind. Could Mayor Hylan have missed them all—every one—as he went about the town? Possibly. For he had put in no disclaimer. The signs still stand. After all, anything is possible.

Two years later I ran for mayor, and Mayor Hylan was my opponent. He beat the head off me—which occurrence has long since ceased to be disturbing. But I confess to some disturbance at the time, when a district captain stopped me in the street, just before election.

"Say, Alderman," he hailed, "remember that play block you had set off in Sullivan Street five years ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's a funny one. I asked a feller down that way to vote for you. 'Nah,' he said; 'I'm votin' for Hylan.' I asked him why, and he pointed over toward the kids playing in Sullivan Street. 'Didn't Hylan give us his street to play in?' he says. 'My kids is over there now. Y' can see the sign for yourself.' Say, what can I do about that?"

The Boon of Good Government

"I don't know," I said, "but you might try telling the truth, if you think you can get anywhere with it."

The sign in Sullivan Street has now been advertising hard for five years, and all at the cost of a few pennies' worth of paint. You can see it tomorrow, if you're down that way. It certainly pays to advertise.

Now that we have had a look at the machinery of a campaign—though it is only a nut and a bolt here and there that we have had time to examine—where are we left? Do we want to take a hand in it? Are we needed? And would it pay—to have anything to do with it? Or is it just as well to let it rumble on in its own curious way, as it turns out, year by year, the governing personnel of the United States of America? It is for you to say.

For my own part, I have found the good in it so jumbled up with the bad that the whole thing is still a fascinating, tantalizing proposition—still, after twelve years of it. And I am still in politics. Not because I hold office but because I think it pays to be in politics. The fun of the fight is one reward. The formation of friendships is another. The realization of service is still another.

But, selfishly, there is more than that. One dollar out of every ten I earn—and the same is true of you—goes to pay the cost of government. It pays me to put in a little time to try to help get a full dollar's worth of good government in return for the dollar. For nowadays the return means more than the dollar. Government comes so close to us all—invisibly more often than visibly—in the complications of our present-day civilization, that, if it is good or bad, I know that my own home, business, recreation—in short, my whole life—will in great measure go along well or ill in direct ratio to the kind of government I live under. I know that, because I have been in government.

So it pays me to take a hand—selfishly, and quite apart from any conception of duty derived from being born a citizen of a self-governing country. Quite apart, too, from any consideration of individual or national self-respect. It pays as a business proposition even though I never get a job or a favor, an office or an honor, or any other specific reward as long as I live—and there are plenty of those plums to be had, as time goes on! Not that I shall submit to the tape measure of selfish gain as the last test of life, any more than you will—not for one minute. But still, it's in the picture. And I take a hand.

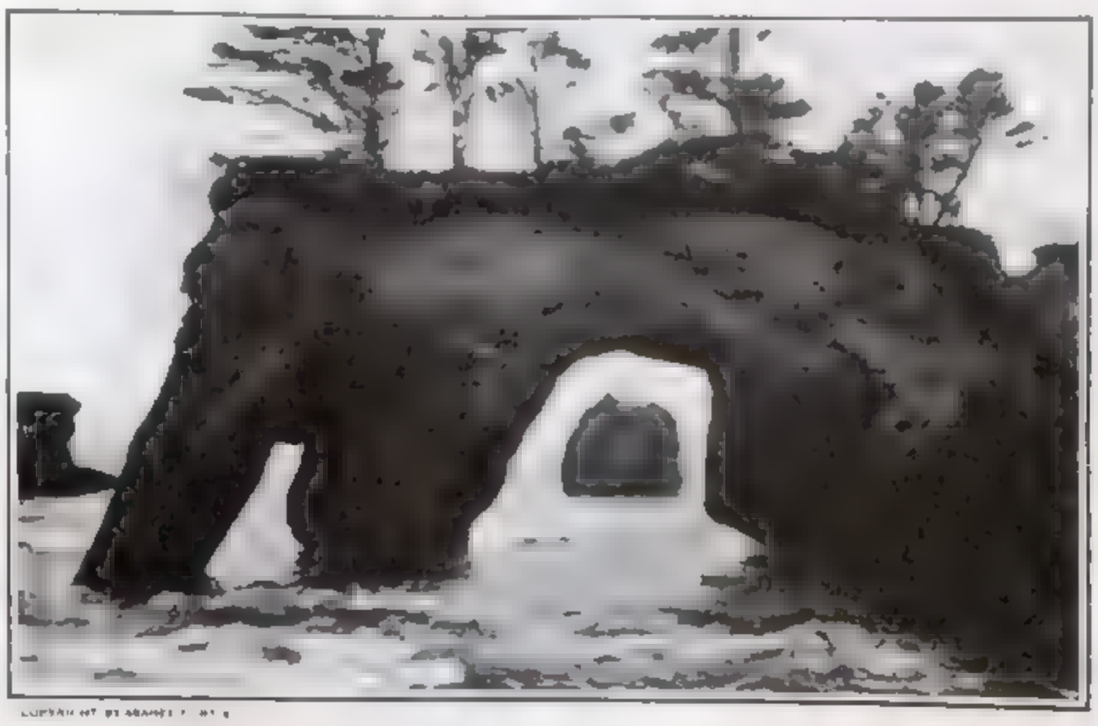
If you want to do the same, you have only to drop around the corner and join the local district club of your party, and—you're in! After that, you can drop in again now and then, to see what it's all about.

Just chip in a few of your odd moments, off and on. That will be enough. You will soon find something to do that you like and that is worth while. You will find, too, that they want you and need you there—at the district club. They need you much more than the President needs you to advise him from afar how the nation may be saved.

And in the friends you make at the district club around the corner you will find a bit of pure gold that will last you for life.

John Citizen agrees with that too.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Curran.



Elephant Head on the Washington Coast at the Mouth of Raft River

When the College Senior Becomes a Business Freshman—By A. H. Deute

ONE day a graduate from a leading university secured an appointment with the sales manager of a large corporation. He wanted a job as a salesman. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he intimated his willingness to associate himself with the company.

"Have you had any experience at all in selling goods?" the sales manager asked. "Possibly you have done a little practical selling during vacations."

No, he had done nothing of this nature. He had used his spare time to broaden his mind and equip himself with a sound physical constitution with which to grapple with obtuse and obstinate and knotty sales problems. The sales manager persisted patiently. He believed in the policy of fitting into his organization as many college men as possible.

"Possibly, then," he went on, "you have had some theoretical training in salesmanship while at college—something upon which you can base your desire to become a salesman."

The collegian was a bright young chap of twenty-two—the sort of youngster the average business man is glad to take into his organization, not so much for what he can do at the moment as for what he may prove to be when he is thirty or thirty-five. His education had been broad and his record was thoroughly good. But after a careful canvass of his experience it did not seem that there was any place in the organization into which he could fit. The sales manager finally said to him:

"We'd really like to have you with us and keep you around for five or six years. I think by that time you'd prove valuable. But in the meantime you have to hang your hat some place. I'm puzzled as to how and where to put you. Haven't you any suggestions? You're not equipped with any special training that would enable us to assign you to this job or that job. You must have something in mind that you would like to start right out and do. Supposing I told you to hang up your hat and go to work, what would you do?"

The Green Salesman's Letter

"Naturally, I've not only given much thought to that subject but I've prepared carefully for the opportunity. I know I could make myself of real value doing research work," the college man replied.

"Just what do you mean by research work?"

"Well, going out among the trade and making a first-hand investigation of trade and marketing conditions, analyzing each market and charting it, to the end that you here in the office can judge as to the amount of business you are getting in proportion to the volume that you might get."

"You mean," the sales manager interrupted, "that you want to come in here and tell this company how to run its business?"

The young fellow flushed, but stuck to his guns

"Well, the fact is," he said, "we were convinced at school that the heads of many big businesses have been too close to their problems. We've felt that a trained college man, coming in with a fresh viewpoint, could go out and develop angles heretofore undiscovered."

"Huh!" the sales manager snorted. "Twenty-five years ago I felt the same way about it. I didn't get that idea in any college, but I had it while I was a clerk in a grocery store in a little town in Delaware. I had a chance to get a job as a traveling salesman. It didn't take me a month to make up my mind that the house didn't know what it was about—didn't know how to run its business—that if it would listen to me I would show the people at headquarters just how to make a line of paint that would put everybody else out of business in short order. Suppose I tell you about it."

He leaned back in his chair and smiled reminiscently.

"I wasn't much of a paint salesman, and I began to get sarcastic letters from the house asking me whether I was really trying to sell paint or just seeing the sights on my first trip away from home. I was twenty-five years old and I was irritated. In my own mind I knew why that paint didn't sell. The trouble was that our price was too high, that the other paint makers had a broader-minded policy along credit lines, that their advertising was better, and that because of their special deals to the trade everybody was stocked clear to the roof with other people's products.

"Now, then, how could anybody sell paint in the face of such real difficulties? How could the management of my house know about these things unless I, being right on the ground and having the facts, told them about it? Also, how could the management of my house be so shortsighted as to permit its business to be conducted by some thirty-dollar-a-week correspondents who had probably never been in a customer's store? Yet those thirty-dollar-a-week correspondents were writing sarcastic, caustic letters to me, the company's representative in the Dayton territory.

"Naturally, it devolved upon me to write personally to the president of our company and bring to his notice the deplorable condition which prevailed in his house. I felt that he was probably so busy working with the firm's bankers, trying to negotiate loans to tide us over the dull business period, that he was entirely out of touch with the real difficulty. I knew, too, that the sales manager for whom I was working was playing golf an afternoon or two every week, taking time off and wasting it that way. I didn't think the president of the company knew about this, as I only happened to learn about it accidentally through what a customer told me; and I thought while I was telling him what was wrong with his business I would also tell him the truth about his sales manager.

"I told him what was wrong with his business, all right, and what was wrong with his policies, and how the trade didn't like that sort of thing, and that any number of merchants told me that they would be only too glad to buy our line because they liked our house well enough; but, after all, they were business men and they had to buy where they could buy most favorably, and that the trouble with us was that we didn't treat them right."

He Had Worked His Way Through College by Selling Brushes

A Vacation Without Pay

"The president must have received my letter, though he didn't answer it. But I got a telegram from the sales manager telling me that the house could not see its way clear to spending good money trying to get orders after I had made it so plain they could not be obtained. He thanked me for giving such a clear picture of local conditions and gave me an indefinite vacation without pay, since I hadn't been there a year and so wasn't entitled to any vacation at the company's expense."

The sales manager laughed heartily at the recollection of his early downfall. His manner became more genial.

"About a year later, while I was driving a car for a wholesale grocery house, I met one of the men who had worked in the office of the paint factory. I asked him if things had ever changed in my old territory, and if the house had seen its mistake and changed its methods of doing business. 'Yes, sir!' he told me. 'They saw their mistake after you had been there only about two weeks. The sales manager nearly lost his job on account of what you did.' I beamed. 'Well, maybe some day they will appreciate me and come to see daylight.' 'Yes, you're right,' the chap said; 'the president told the sales manager that he ought to be fired for falling for a boob like you, and that he had better send Jones out there to clean up the mess you made.'"

The Lack—Proved Judgment

"That's the way it goes," the sales manager continued. "I've been letting myself wander back twenty-five years all unconsciously. I'm not trying to embarrass you; you're the right sort. Twenty-five years from now you may be a big factor in our organization, and I may be proud to say, as I come tottering around the office, that I was the man who dug you up and brought you into our organization. But right now you remind me an awful lot of myself when I was going to tell the biggest paint manufacturer in the country how to build up his business and save it from the disgrace of sure bankruptcy. Well, maybe I did the trick. I see their annual statement has just been published and it shows that 1922 was the best year they ever had.

"Now, to get right down to the core of your problem: I wonder if you appreciate what tremendously exacting work market analysis is. I wonder if you realize that upon the recommendation which follows the analysis of a market we may decide to invest a hundred thousand dollars in salesmen's salaries and advertising. That being true, doesn't it follow that we must have a great deal of confidence in the man we send out to look into a market which is not coming along as it should? We're in the same fix as a man who goes to a doctor to be examined. Before you let anybody operate on you, you want to be mighty sure that the operation is necessary and that it is going to be the right thing to do. And in all fairness to you, I have to be fair to my house; and I'll tell you, frankly, I don't know you well enough to trust to your judgment. You haven't proved yourself."

And that is the crux of the problem of the college graduate.

There is a well-known story around Harvard that when Percy Houghton used to bring his squad together early in the fall about the first thing he said was to this effect: "I don't want anybody here in this squad to waste my time or his telling me about what he did when he played at high school!"

Background

What Houghton meant was that Harvard was interested in actual accomplishment. Past performance might be valuable to the individual if because of that performance he could bring something worth while to his assistance; but a Harvard freshman is a Harvard freshman in spite of the fact that last spring he was a senior at Lynn High School. And a newcomer with the Smith Wholesale Grocery Company is a freshman in business in spite of the fact that a few weeks ago he was a senior in college.

The upshot of the interview was that the sales manager made a proposition.

"I've got a secretary who is leaving me in six months to be married," he said. "When she goes you can have her job, provided you'll learn shorthand and typewriting. I'll keep you around here for a few years and you'll have a chance to get a foundation—a background, as it were.

"You can't come in here and revolutionize our business. We wouldn't stand for it, even if you should be right. This business is making headway and making money and everybody around here would resent your criticisms. But you can come in here and make yourself useful. From day to day you'll learn new things and you can contribute new ideas. Some will be good and some won't. Most of them probably won't. But the main thing is that during the next few years you'll get a great deal of experience which, built on top of what you got out of college, ought to make you at twenty-seven or twenty-eight a better man than you would have been at that age had you not had your college training."

The applicant was inclined at first to be almost indignant about it.

"Do you mean," he demanded, "that I must compete with eighteen-dollar-a-week business-college girls, running a typewriter?"

"Look at it this way," persisted the sales manager: "As you sit here now, you're in the same position as the man who has a gold mine but no way to get the gold out. The trouble is that you can't make yourself useful around here yet. There isn't any way in which you can apply what you've learned. A treatise on economics won't get me an order for a car of condensed milk, and the fact that you won a prize for delivering an oration on the downtrodden Armenians won't help you in inducing Old Man Cummings to pay his account gracefully and not stop buying from us.

"But on the other hand, you have a lot of things our boys around the office have

(Continued on Page 48)

It was to be expected that the emblem—Body by Fisher—would be a feature of the beautiful new cars which are winning such widespread approval. Fisher takes pride in having produced body designs and values so advanced and extraordinary.

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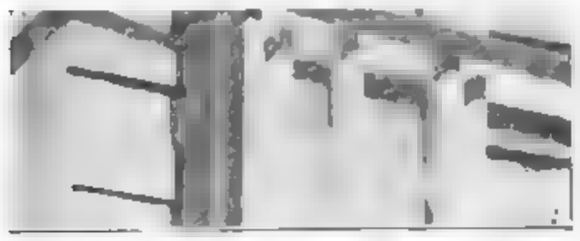

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The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

(Continued from Page 46)

not. If you can apply those things, you can make yourself worth a great deal to us and to yourself. But you must have a means of applying them. You ought to be able to construct very good, forceful letters for me, if you can get far enough along to know what you are talking about. Supposing I should tell you right now to get out a general letter to the trade advocating prompt purchasing of canned peaches, and telling why they should buy, without definitely committing yourself on the subject of a possible advance. You know that you couldn't do it. But if you can learn the grocery business, then you can put the college training to work and make it produce results for you.

"The big thing the college man has to get into his head is the fact that after he has mastered an academic education he must again start at the foot and master a business, and he has to start at the first grade. But the higher up you get in this new course—groceries or candy manufacturing or whatever it is—the more you'll find that you can use what you have been studying during the past few years.

"Now here is one thing which you, as a college man, must realize: A few weeks ago you probably listened to sermons and orations and were told that you were on the threshold of life. You heard quite a bit about being sent out to hold up the torch and show the way. As a matter of fact, you aren't going to carry any torches around this organization for a long time to come. You may be fit to carry one, but the truth of the matter is we haven't any torches to be carried about; and besides, nobody around here will believe yet that you can carry one.

"You can plan on coming here with us and I will use you as a sort of combination correspondent and secretary and all-around right-hand man. You can take on work as fast as you are able to take it on. I haven't time to spend on you. It will be up to you to make it a saving of time to me to throw work your way. So it will be necessary for you to go to night school and learn something about shorthand and typewriting. It will take you quite a number of months to get as proficient as the ordinary twenty-dollar-a-week girl, but I think that then you will begin to make progress. When you get so that you can make yourself useful alongside of my desk, I can begin to throw work your way."

The Sense of Satisfaction

"You realize, of course, that nobody around this organization is going to have any particular respect for you because you happen to be a college graduate. Your professors at college and your parents and you, yourself, may feel that you are qualified to do some fine things; but nobody else is going to believe it—at least, nobody around this organization. Maybe you don't realize that. But that is one of the things you are going to learn before you have a chance to make yourself valuable. If you'll go back a few years to your sophomore year and recall the feeling you had toward the incoming freshman class, you'll be able to picture the attitude of the other people around the office toward you when you start to work."

With considerable reluctance the graduate decided that what he had been told represented a common-sense view of the situation and that he had better take the position offered. He started in with the company on the basis suggested, and for a couple of years was a fairly inconspicuous and probably not too valuable member of the staff. Then the result that the sales manager had foreseen began to show. The slowly acquired knowledge of business, superimposed on his academic training, turned him into an efficient cog in the machine. But he was more than that. He had imagination, sound judgment, a capacity for clear thinking: and he finally worked up to a big position.

This particular sales manager, it may be added, has been exceptionally fortunate in the choice of young men, and his organization is pointed out as one in which college men have a real chance.

All employers have to meet the problem of the college man, and it will be interesting to gather together the views of a number of them.

"The trouble with the college graduate today is about the same as the trouble with nine-tenths of the youngsters who come into business," the head of a Pacific Coast manufacturing concern said the other day. "What we need in our business is a realization on the part of more people that the greatest measure of real success which can come to the individual in business is a sense of satisfaction. The man who climbs to fifteen thousand dollars a year may not be so well off in the long run as the man who can make the finest cream fondant in the whole West, and knows that he can make it and is happy because of that fact. Now it takes years and years of hard work and study and constant effort to become an exceptionally good maker of cream fondant; but once a man has become a master of the craft, there is a fine big world open to him which the mere maker of, say, fifteen thousand dollars a year can never enjoy."

Helping Competitors

"I've been out of college five years," a fine, intelligent chap of twenty-seven said the other day to an employer upon whom he was calling, "and now I have my feet on the ground. Five years ago I felt that I was getting old. I imagined I was five years behind the man who had gone from high school into business. But it has taken me five years of floundering around to come to the conclusion that my college education had to be supplemented by five years of jolting around. Now I feel that I have learned enough to go to work and be of some use."

The prospective employer smiled grimly. "It seems a shame to take you on right when you ought to commence to show something worth while, and when I know that if you do prove any good it will be because of the money several other employers have wasted on you. But on the other hand, I am entitled to the benefit of what somebody else has hammered into you, because I have taken a hand in a number of youngsters who have drawn pay from us and been taught a few things for six months or maybe a year, only to drift on to another house.

"In fact," he went on, "just about the best salesman my leading competitor has, spent eight months here with us some four years ago. He was just out of school. We took him on and made him a junior salesman. He hadn't been with us a month when I called him in to talk things over with him. I enjoyed listening to him talk, his viewpoint was so refreshing. I asked him his opinion on various men in our organization. Many of them had shown splendid ability. He earnestly and without personal feelings in the matter expressed the opinion that because of their lack of a college education they would hardly be able to become executives. When I told him that that didn't worry me as much as the fact that right at that moment he was quite an expense, and it would be pleasant to see him emerge from the expense class into the profitable-investment class, he smiled confidently and told me that he knew and I knew that we had taken him on not because of what he could do at the moment but because we knew he was future executive material. Naturally, we had ultimately to part company. Later on—after hard years of work—he developed into a good man—for the other company."

A Special Case

What the college graduate can do when all the conditions are right is proved by the experience of a manufacturer of glassware. He needed a man in his advertising department, someone to take charge of a group of women sending out follow-up literature and recipe folders. He gave the job to a man who had finished his college course but a few weeks before. Within a month this man brought to his employer a completely rewritten series of follow-up letters, keeping all the good points of the letters already in use but adding a touch of human interest. The new drafts were so good that they were immediately adopted. Within three months this man was placed in charge of the firm's advertising, and within a year was assistant to the sales manager, his principal work being the development of closer relations with the consuming public.

The rather spectacular success he had scored was due to the fact, however, that he had worked his way through college by selling brushes to housekeepers after school hours and on Saturdays. This he had done for four years, and it had taught him much of the psychology of salesmanship.

"What has been your experience with college men coming into your organization upon graduation?" a sales manager for a nationally sold food product was asked.

"I'm through with them," he said. "They ought to be good. We ought to be able to take on a dozen or two each spring and see them develop rapidly into real leaders. As a matter of fact, after five or six years in business they generally show well—if they are still in business. But I'm not going to do any more pioneering with young graduates. Let them drift around from one house to another and, after a few years of knocking around, the chances are good that the foolishness and the wrong notions as to their value are gone. I may take a chance on them then.

"I'm just now getting ready to clean out two youngsters who came to us a year ago," he continued. "Right now they are utterly worthless. Still they have good stuff in them, and we are perhaps to blame for their failure with us. We accepted them at their own valuation, more or less, and took them on as beginner salesmen along with a number of other new men. The rest of the squad were men in the neighborhood of twenty-seven or thirty. These two were between twenty-one and twenty-two. We realized that they were young, but we felt that their education would make up for their youth. But they haven't been able to take hold and make good, simply because they are too young. I can't take them off their jobs and start them at a lower level, as they are already overly sensitive. I'll just have to lose them and lose the investment made in them. From here on, any college men that I take on will come in as office helpers and grow over a period of time, or they'll have had some business experience."

Faulty Self-Valuation

Probably the most illuminating incident is that of a former teacher who is now the general manager of a large employing concern.

"We are eager for college men," he said, "and we take them on right along. We know that in the long run their college training is a real help. But the greatest problem we have is that of getting the man just out of college to revise his ideas as to his personal value. For this incorrect valuation the college man's instructors are to be seriously blamed. Too many teachers are impractical men with little if any business training. To them their senior class appears to be a group of mature men, especially endowed with superior intellect, developed by superior training and ready to show established business men the way to make progress faster. This thought, sincere on their part, permeates the mentality of the college undergraduate and he takes this impression along with him to his first job."

Fortunately, as college courses are coming to be more and more arranged to provide for the man who intends to go into business, so the attitude of the instructors is changing, and with it the attitude of the graduate.

To sum up, business men on the whole are eager for college graduates in spite of the general difficulty of assimilating them. Employers are willing to take great chances and go to considerable expense to pull as many college men as possible through the first few years.

The all-important thing is to be able to give the college graduate something to do which he can really do when he first starts. Brought to a realization of this fact, the gap between the college man and his first employer is usually bridged.

"If I were in charge of a group of men about to graduate from college and planning to go into business," the president of a milling company remarked, "I'd make each man understand that in addition to the regular college course, the graduate had to have training in something which would make him useful the first day he came to work. Maybe he would have put in a good course of early spring training in sealing envelopes or in hammering a typewriter or in taking shorthand or in packing goods for transcontinental shipment. It might be vastly amusing to an undergraduate group of men to see a dozen or more of their number taking instruction in lightning methods for affixing postage stamps to invoices. It would certainly be tremendously popular with any old graduates of the class of 1903 who might happen to be in need of some additions to their business organizations and who just happened to be on the campus while the coach was putting his squad through their paces."

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MY BOOK AND HEART

(Continued from Page 29)

where I got it; but I would not guide the accusing finger toward a generous friend already amply praised in this record. And do not reproach me for making such a pie. I do not pretend that it was an act of piety. But who can perform righteousness all the time? I have my suspicions of such people. You may not pour brandy into your sauce; but it is worse to heap censure upon the head of a fellow creature. In my case there were extenuating circumstances. We were poor and rarely had anything rich or worldly to eat. I used to buy a little steak and split it. When the two pieces were broiled you could see through them. Besides, how was I to know that this pie was to profane the breath of a bishop?

I had scarcely thrust the thing into the oven before Lundy came in accompanied by one of our bishops. Whatever else may be said of me, I was a valiant hostess in those days; and Lundy had a spirit of hospitality far above material things like food. We entertained a great deal. This time, however, I was abashed. The lunch was unusually bountiful, but the pie was too fragrant!

We passed leisurely through the first course with the usual church conversation, which was more ponderous than usual, out of respect for the bishop. They were a good way off in the mission fields, I remember, when at last the table was cleared and the dessert placed before me to be served. But their noses were still present. I was so nervous the spoon tittered against the rim of the pan when I thrust it in. The steam arose; an aroma iniquitously pleasant filled the room. I felt the conversation jolt like a heavily loaded wagon that halts at a bad place in the road. I was aware of the fact that the bishop had heaved himself about in his chair and was regarding the napkin-swathed pan with solemn interest. I heard a sigh and caught sight of the bishop leaning back with a singularly keen look on his face, which was a lean one and might be naturally edged up.

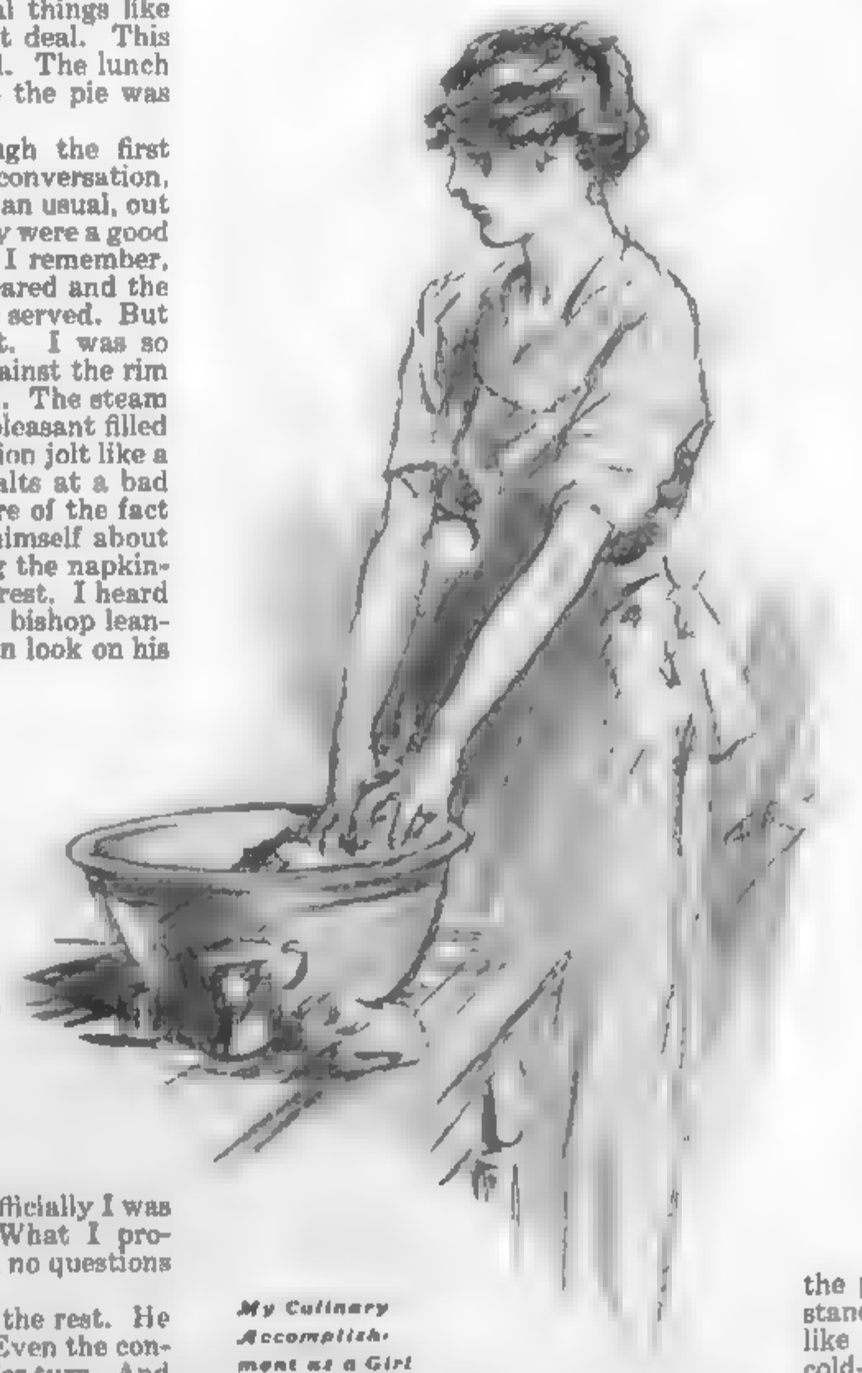
Then for the briefest moment I glanced at Lundy. His look was one of the wildest amazement. He seemed to be yelling at me with the blue-blazing horror of his eyes to stop, not to serve this dreadful thing! All this happened, though not a word was spoken. I went on serving. I was a bit edged up myself by this time, and may have showed it in a heightened color. Let one man of them refuse to partake of this pie! I might be subjectively a preacher's wife, but officially I was the mistress of this house. What I provided had better be eaten, and no questions asked!

It was! The bishop led all the rest. He was a man and a gentleman. Even the conversation took a lighter, happier turn. And the pie was consumed to the last remnant and drop of spicy juice. But it was not named or praised. Neither was there ever the remotest reference to the thing between Lundy and me. Preachers are really human beings, and may be treated as such if you are clever enough not to let on that you know they are.

This is a harvest of memories, you understand, and I reserve the privilege of going back and forth through the years to gather them like ripened sheaves in the sun. What is the use of setting down dates? There are none recorded in Genesis or Revelation, where the great visions lie. Besides, if I do, someone who knows me and remembers maliciously according to the last forty calendars will rise up and contradict this record. Therefore I lay my scenes behind the closed doors of my heart and defy the world to time them.

In many particulars the first year of our married life was the happiest and hardest to live. Love, for one thing, must pass from an ideal to a principle. A husband is the past tense of a lover, and a wife is the holy revision of a maiden. This was the transition period.

One little memory creeps up now in my heart like a pain. It was several months after our marriage. I was well, but not feeling very well, a bit drowsy, no longer radiant and ready to laugh or step into the road for a long walk. Lundy came in from a round of pastoral visiting, animated, probably better satisfied than usual with the prayers he had said, and closer kin to his people. Anyhow, I could not rise to the occasion. He wanted to know why I had nothing to say. I told him it was because I didn't have anything to say. Had he hurt my feelings? No, I replied tearfully. Still, my feelings were paining me some, you may say on general principles, as is frequently the case with a woman in my condition. He reminded me that I used to be a bright girl; meaning, I felt, that this was a good while ago, and I was no longer a girl nor bright. I remember the effort I made to sparkle then, but nothing shone forth. I had no ideas, no funny tale to tell, no acting, which was one of the ways I had of amusing him. All my faculties were somnambulant. The spell of another life yet to



My Culinary Accomplishment as a Girl Consisted of a Certain Pudding That I Made Very Well

be was upon me. I cannot recall what disposition he made of me at the time, but I do know that neither one of us understood the situation.

On the other hand, I remember how bereaved I felt when he grew less attentive to me. It was a diminishing sensation. He was more and more absorbed in his work, his prayers and his seeking after God. Looking back, I wonder that I did not turn upon this God who was depriving me of the love and comfort of my husband. At last I was entirely absorbed into his life as a part of his peace and strength, of which he was no more conscious than of his own heart. This is not only natural; it is right. But at first I was jealous. I suppose every woman feels the same way, even if her husband has no God at all, but a business, or something that engages his attention and excludes her.

After a while this is what I found out: That she is not really excluded. She is his home, his refuge and his sanctification. If she is good and wise he is safe no matter what kind of man he is. And he knows it, as he never knows heavenly salvation. Just let go your end of your life together, fall back on the bed, give up and see how upset he is. But don't do it too often. Husbands are clever. They know when you are fudging, even if you have deceived yourself.

I mention this because sometimes in the earlier years of our married life I may have tried that myself. Looking back from this distance, and in view of the superlative health I acquired later from awful necessity, I am inclined to think I did. Most women do. You have only to brood long enough upon the feminine griefs we all have to raise a temperature or stir up a sick headache. You can even put your mind on it and come down with a case of nervous prostration. But it is not playing the game. Any woman can bear children, keep a clean house and behave virtuously; but it takes courage, fortitude and a great heart to be a good wife.

I remember very well the first revelation I had along this line, when I began to appear to myself dimly as the refuge and citadel in my husband's life that was to protect him from the precipices in his own mind and even from the terrors of the Lord. It was sometime in the spring after our marriage. I had been moving along happily by his side through those hardships which when one sets them down read like awful trials, but were really like high grades on the long road we traveled that led over some little mountain top where the view was clearer and the air fresher and sweeter, spiritually speaking. A gay young human being, you understand, prancing my beatitudes for love of him and basking in the light of his halo as good little flowers bloom obediently in the sun. It did not occur to me that this brightness would ever fade and that winter does come to the souls of men like bad weather and frost upon the fields.

Lundy was about to begin his first protracted meeting when suddenly he lost the witness of the Spirit—of all things to happen to a preacher at such a time! I know now what ailed him. It was stage fright before the Lord, for this first revival a young pastor holds after he thinks he has been called to preach the gospel is the test. If backsliders are reclaimed and sinners converted, he knows the Lord is with him. But if that revival is a flash in the pan, so to speak, and there are no spiritual rumblings among the saints, no signs of repentance among the lost and the potentially damned, he is undone. He feels that he has committed the sin of presumption in daring to enter the ministry. This, at least, was the point of view taken in those days. I do not know how it is now, because everything is different. A protracted meeting is not called a revival, but a series of services—a humble cowardly phrase in my opinion that frequently exactly describes the performance. I have seen a preacher stand before a modern church congregation like a whipped son of God and speak a cold-storage Gospel that would not move the soul of an Eskimo, if you know what I mean.

I may be wrong about this. It may be that the souls of men are cooling off, congealing, and must be saved by refrigeration. But in those days the kingdom of heaven that was to be set up warmed the heart, and taught their lisping, stammering tongues to sing. If we were right with the world we had a sort of gayety before the Lord. Maybe it was all an illiterate performance, but there was something amazingly comforting in it that seems to have passed away. Therefore I never attend one of these series of services. They depress me; I get so moved and nobody else seems moved at all. And I am not what you would call an illiterate person. I may even have an illustrious soul for all this world knows.

The trouble with Lundy was that he had none of the arts of an evangelist. He had a quiet manner and a gentle-speaking voice in the pulpit. He never could rant about his Lord, and he had country congregations accustomed to being moved by the loud voice of the Gospel. Another thing, he was always stubbing his toe, spiritually speaking, against some little transgression. I never could convince him that to err is human, and that the sin he had committed would pass as dead leaves fall from the living tree. He would invariably retort

(Continued on Page 53)

PACKARD

Because it has always been so, everyone feels sure that nothing could surpass the fineness of Packard manufacturing.

Even before they become owners, motorists all feel equally certain that the brilliance and regularity of Packard performance are foregone conclusions.

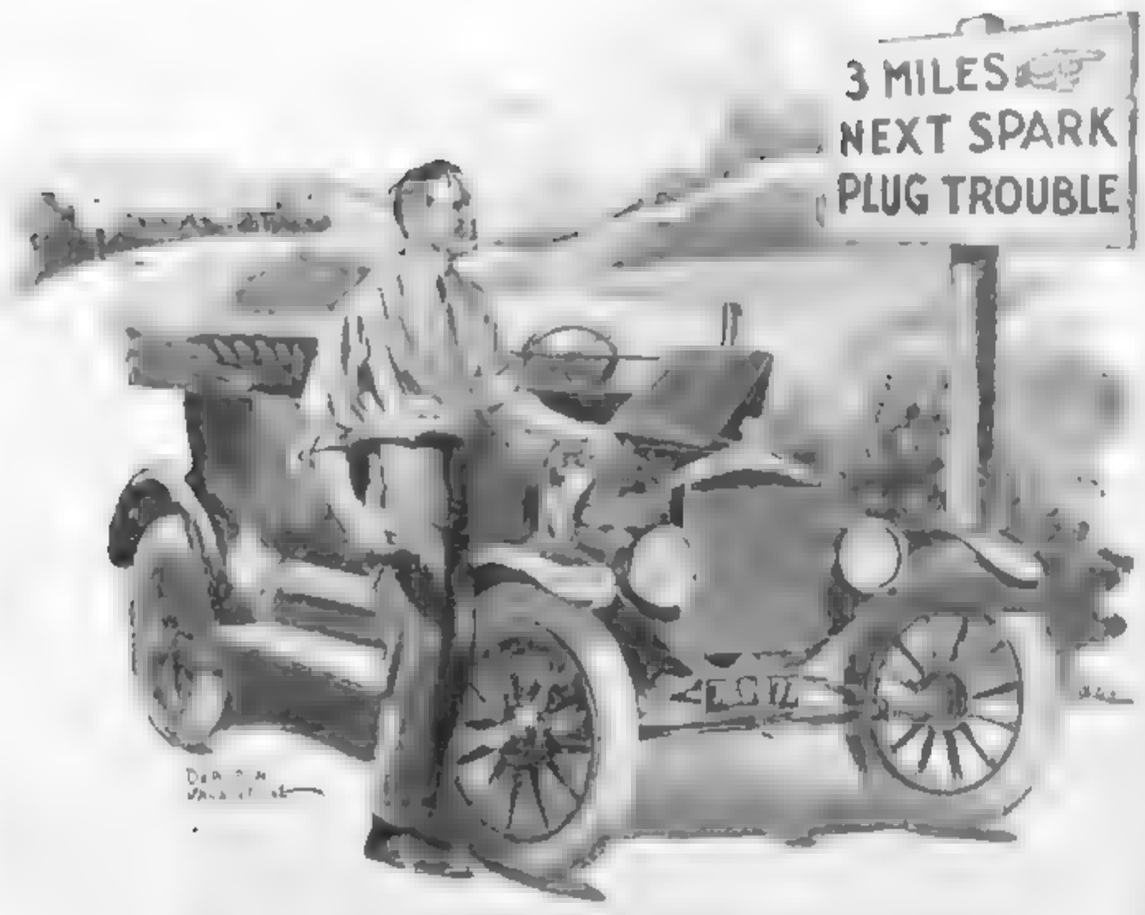
Those who drive the Single-Six are now proclaiming for Packard an added distinction almostequally vital.

They are a unit in the conviction that these Packard advantages of fine manufacture and fine performance come to them at a cost of maintenance and operation so low as to be without parallel.

Among the thousands of letters from Single-Six owners, reports of 18 to 20 miles per gallon of gasoline and 20,000 miles from a set of tires are frequent.

Shown above is the Single-Six Seven-Passenger Sedan Limousine. Single-Six furnished in eleven popular body types, open and enclosed. Makers also of the famous Packard Single-Eight

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



"Oil Pumping" in Ireton, Iowa

A Ford experience which supplies its own moral

A farmer living near Ireton, Iowa, had a Ford engine which continually "pumped oil." He could seldom drive three miles without cleaning one or two spark plugs. He traded in the car.

The buyer was familiar with the reputation of this Ford engine as an "oil pumper." But he felt convinced that incorrect lubrication might be the cause. So he drained off the old oil and refilled with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Then he drove to Hawarden, Iowa, and back—a distance of 20 miles. No spark plug trouble. Next he drove to Sioux City and back—an additional 76 miles. Still no spark plug trouble. Next he drove to Rock Valley, Iowa, and back—40 miles more. And still the spark plugs sparked without a miss.

If you have had difficulty with "oil pumping" in your Ford engine try Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" before you blame mechanical conditions.

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" provides a thorough piston ring seal in your Ford engine. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" has a body and character which holds up even under the severest heat conditions.

When changing to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" do not flush the engine with kerosene. A part of the kerosene will remain in the splash troughs and tend to impair the lubricating qualities of the new oil.

Drain off the old oil after the engine has been running and is hot.

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication"

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 50)

that I did not get that quotation from the Bible. I do not know where I got it, but it fits. Some of the best Scriptures have been written by sinners!

I was appalled this first time of which I am writing when he told me that he had lost the witness of the Spirit, the more so because I immediately discovered that human affection, even the tenderest, will do no good in an emergency like this. It was borne in upon me that I was probably one of the millstones hung about his neck. He had been too happy in our love. His mind had not dwelt as constantly as it should upon holy things. I held my peace at the time, but after it was all over and the revival had shot up in a great blaze of spiritual fire I reminded him of what he had said, and told him that I was considerable of a holy thing myself.

He seemed to be surrounded for days by the powers and principalities of darkness, while I stood afar off in great trepidation. I was anxious for his peace and concerned about the very real problem of living. I have never lost my worldly mind. It is a sensible thing to keep behind the door even when you are in a spiritual ecstasy. If Lundy did not get the witness of the Spirit he would withdraw from the ministry. In that case, what would we do for a livelihood? When you are not very well, and are by nature becoming strangely helpless, such an anxiety is terrifying.

At last one evening he told me he was going up to the church to pray, and he would not come home until he received the assurance he desired. Then he kissed me as if he might be gone a long time, or forever, and went out.

I put out the light in my room and sat down beside the window in that dark house to wait. Can you see me, dear hearts, so young, terribly frightened, but too sensible to pray? For I have always known that no man ever loses the witness of the Spirit. All things bear witness to His majesty, power and love. The thought that made me sit trembling for hours was: What was the matter with my husband that he could not know and keep this simple faith?

There was a cherry tree in full bloom outside. I remember still how the blossoms brightened and glistened like a bridal veil in the moonlight, and how the black shadow of the house lengthened and crept over them until there was no moonlight, only the white flowers looking at me through the darkness. I was not aware then of really seeing them. I had a curious feeling of being asleep with my eyes wide open.

The coolness that comes before daybreak like a wind parting the dark curtains above the world aroused me from this trance. I sprang to my feet, stumbled through the door and fled along the road to the church. I was like a poor young lamb looking for my shepherd.

I found him lying face downward before the altar. I wanted to fall upon my knees beside him and weep. But this was no time to show the white feather of a woman's tears. Maybe for the briefest moment a mortal hard pressed against the Almighty can feel something like the angel of the Lord. Anyhow, I felt suddenly able and wise, the grand sensation of a courage beyond the reach of every fear as I stood leaning against the altar, talking down to Lundy in his dust of despair. I remember nothing of what I said, only how he lifted his face and looked at me, as you look when you awaken from a bad dream and find that you are not alone.

Many a time in the years to come I was to deal with him like that, but this was the beginning of wisdom for me as a wife.

His protracted meeting began the following Sabbath. I remember something about that revival, which is not recorded in the circuit-rider stories. Lundy had been preaching the unmitigated Gospel for days, without lifting his voice, which is a fearfully impressive way of doing it. The altar was filled with penitents under conviction for sin at every service. But not one of them could be born again. I began to be very uneasy. If no one was converted Lundy would feel that the Lord was not with him and that his ministry was in vain, which was the tragedy my mind spelled out a thousand times during the next twenty years. Something must be done. I was not accustomed to talking to penitents, but you may say I was blasphemously determined some of these people should become jewels in Lundy's preaching crown.

I slipped from my place in the amen corner and began moving among them, whispering practical instructions about getting into the kingdom of heaven. I have often wondered since what I did say. Looking back, listening to the faint echoes of that prayer-shouting time, my suspicion is that I did much to assuage and soothe the remorse in these penitents that Lundy's calmly terrifying interpretation of the Gospel aroused in them. Anyhow, I was startlingly successful that night. Among the other stricken souls about this altar was a young man who was an open-and-aboveboard sinner. Of them all, I only recall what I said to him. I told him not to worry.

"You may not know God; very few of us do; but He knows you. He is quite as close and kind to you this moment as He is to the preacher or any saint in this house. He is love. All you have to do is to believe that and do the best you can to behave yourself. It is very simple."

To my purely mortal stupefaction he leaped to his feet, spread his arms as if these arms had suddenly become wings and let out a whoop. He announced in a loud voice that he was all right! Then the lid came off and everybody was converted. There was a great furor in which the fiercer old saints joined as if they hoped these young, gentler ones would recognize them.

As for me, I was scared stiff. My knees trembled. I sneaked back into the amen corner and sat there feeling like a sort of spiritual Puck who might be damned for this. Thirty-odd years have passed like swift shadows since that night; but I can still see that young blond giant rearing on his hind legs before the altar, glory and beauty in his face. And I can see my circuit rider, the way he looked at this young man, as if he loved him with that awful love men get out of the Scriptures.

It is not to take up the theme of the circuit-rider stories that I have recorded this incident, but to be reasonably truthful as I promised by admitting the motive that invariably determined my conduct in those days, in all the days of my married life. I was not nearly so concerned for the salvation of this first crop of penitents in my husband's ministry as I was for his peace. He himself was not the man to approve such a motive. But my own feeling is that I did a smart thing before my Lord by softening Lundy's Gospel in whispers around the altar. That probably the All-Seeing Eye regarded me with an appreciative twinkle at such times.

What I mean is that there is no great difference in the religion that binds us to God and the love that binds a man to his wife or a wife to her husband. This also is divine. Faith, loyalty, law, honor, duty and every noble virtue by which we live in this world spring from these two relations. I venture to say that the bond which binds a devoted woman to her husband may be more productive of patience, courage and sacrifice than the religious services required of her even by a jealous God. For, look you, she is never obliged to bear with her Heavenly Father, nor be anxious about what He is doing. She knows He bears with her, that He is faithful to perform His universe in her behalf and in the interest of all kinds of mankind.

But never yet lived a wife who knew that much about her husband in the little world they share together. Lundy, for example, was a good man and a devoted husband. Still, I used to worry now and then when he was out attending to his pastoral duties. Not that I distrusted him, but the morbid feminine saint is the most unscrupulous moral phenomenon in the spiritual world. You cannot tell what she may do. Her sneaking little soul may lead her to confide the secret griefs of her life to her pastor with tears in her lovely eyes. And she is always gifted with sweet sorrows that crown her like a halo—whereas a real good woman never makes a declaration of her troubles, but digests them and goes on bravely about her business. This is hard on any kind of man, especially a preacher, obliged by his very calling to believe the best and not to suspect the worst of human nature. But I suppose the wives of other professional men, particularly doctors, know what I am talking about.

Still, the Lord undoubtedly meant it when He created us male and female with immortal powers of love and sacrifice toward each other that He did not bestow upon the other animal species. It is His way of providing a perpetual gymnastic exercise for the strengthening of our souls. Therefore I still believe in marriage for

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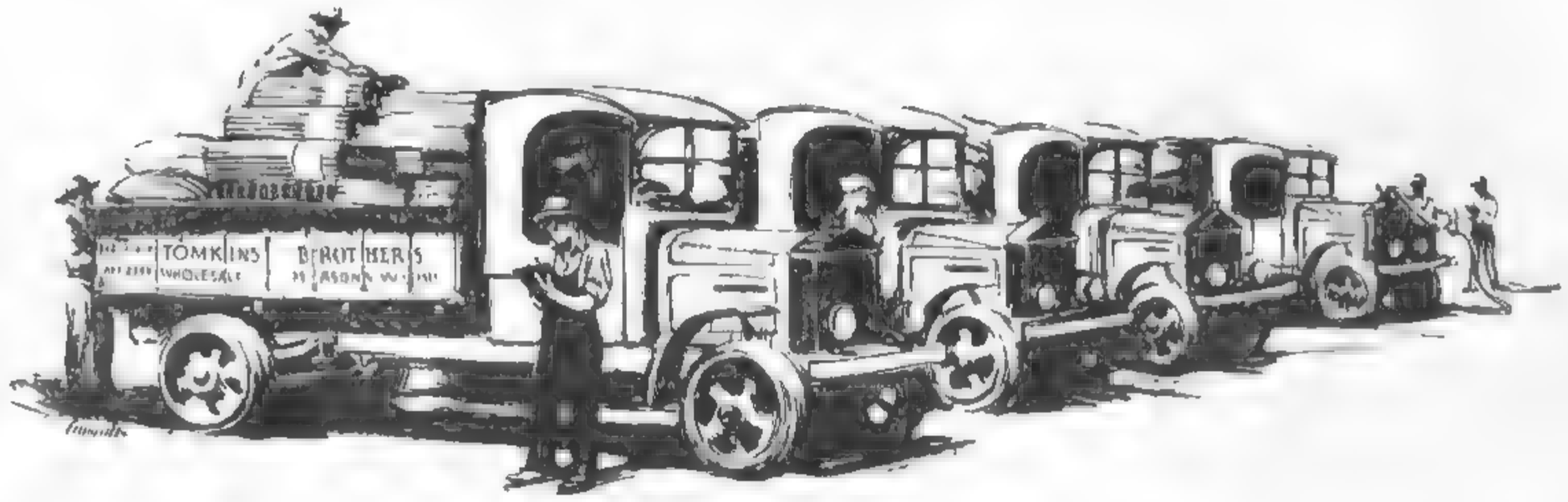

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Willard
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Radio

(Continued from Page 52)

better or for worse. I know this is wrong, and that I ought to believe in divorce, and in this strong-minded modern woman who will have one on principle if she thinks she is entitled to it, as we used to live with our husbands to the bitter end on principle, no matter what kind of husbands they were. The effect may have been bad on society, although a home used to look like a house built upon good foundations that withstood the storms which beat upon it. Now somehow they remind us of a house built upon the sands.

When I read the propaganda these great modern women are putting out to establish divorce as a principle of our social life I am moved by their arguments, and much more moved by the recital of women's woes they make to back up their contention. Still, it makes me nervous to go around with them. I feel as I used to feel when we rode a certain circuit behind a kicking horse. Our lives may have been safe, but the dashboard of the buggy never was. Finally we gave up trying to keep a dashboard, which made us look reckless and queer when we arrived before the church door where Lundy was to preach that day. I used to sit up tense and silent during these drives.

Now the same kind of silence comes upon me when I fall in with the rapidly advanced women. If they knew what is going on in my mind I should be more of a short circuit in the nation-wide conversation than I seem to be. Because all the time I am cross-questioning them in this silence. I am wondering if they are as good wives and mothers as we used to be, and whether their husbands are any more faithful to them. I am counting on my fingers how many of them are not married at all, and which ones are contemplating getting a divorce. I am admitting that they are able, public-spirited women who are doing a shocking sight of good; but what I am mean enough and little enough to want to know is, what kind of women are they in their homes? Do they have such a millstone as a home hung about their necks? Don't their husbands stay away more in the evenings than our husbands did? Aren't they gone themselves sometimes for weeks during a hard-fought campaign? Where are their citizen babes all this time? Is there anybody in the world who knows that they are sweet?

This last is a silly question. Still, if you are a woman, even the greatest, "sweet" is not such a bad adjective to own. It is a sort of title that no university can confer. Personally, I should feel strangely shy and long-legged if I arrived in heaven wearing a civitastic toga, carrying a copy of my divorce bill, and a press clipping to show what distinguished services I had rendered my country. It seems to me I should feel better dressed in the softer private virtues, with a little old necktie of kindness crossed in front with a deed of love so small nobody ever heard of it. However, I may be punished there for this sly egotism so cunningly expressed in the terms of humility. Knowing the Lord as I do, it has frequently occurred to me that there will be much gentle punishment administered in heaven merely by way of adjusting the saints to each other. In that case let me be the celestial wing keeper of, say, Carrie Chapman Catt, but preferably Anna Howard Shaw.

In October of this first year I went home to mother, you may say for safe-keeping. I was a grand young person in that house for the next three months. I do not remember being anxious about anything. Lundy traveled back and forth to his circuit on a little gray mare I used to ride when I was a girl. If he had any spiritual backsets during this splendid time I knew nothing about it. Mother created the atmosphere of her home. It was a good, stout, religious atmosphere; but not highly sensitized, spiritually speaking. I have often wondered what would have happened if he had dared to lose the witness of the Spirit where she was. My belief is that she might have treated him as she used to treat father back in the years when he had a flare and lost his connections with the moral order. She was a person who set more store by the Ten Commandments than she did by the beatitudes, eminently sensible, but not given to the spiritual luxuries of the emotional pieties. I do not think she could ever have become the mother of a preacher. One thing she regarded as her Christian duty; that was the setting of a bountiful table Lundy certainly was a well-nourished man at this time, which may have accounted for his purely human cheerfulness. We had lived upon the frugal diet of two impoverished saints for many months.

I am only inferring all this in the light of my later wisdom of life. What I remember is how serene and peaceful everything was. The bright, cold mornings, the frost on the grass, the leaves flying like golden feathers in the autumn wind. Huge comfortable rocking-chairs—we had not been able to afford one—green-wood fires that roared and crackled in the chimney. Nobody's soul to save, no meekness to practice, no suppression of my honest human opinion because I was the pastor's wife. It was like coming home after a thousand years and finding everything very good, as the Lord used to say now and then in Genesis. My lid came off, dear brethren, and how I did talk and tell, as a soldier returns from the war and relates his adventures.

Can you see me impersonating the saints I had learned, not with any malice but with the human wit of a fresh young mind? The way, for example, Sister Larkin would come waddling into the church, sit down voluminously, raise her turkey-tail fan and wave it like a good old fat child of God cooling herself for the Gospel; the eclectic piety with which Brother Sells gave in his Christian experience at a love feast, and the snort Brother Sorrel let out because Sells had cheated him in a mule trade. When you consider how much all the people in all the churches discuss their pastor and his wife it is only human reciprocity to let go now and then and say a few things about them. I may have fallen from grace for all I know; but if I did Lundy fell with me, because he kept a merry eye on these performances. And the wide, silent grin on father's face, and how mother laughed! I do hope this record I am writing of that time will come to her attention in heaven, for I was too young then in her blessings to be properly grateful to her.

On the morning of the twenty-third of December I was in high feather. I could not sit down and be quiet that day. There was a joyful wind in my boughs. I must help ice the Christmas cakes. I flew about doing this, that and the other, not aware of mother's following look of deep concern, but remembered now. Late in the afternoon I was polishing the silver, rubbing every spoon very fast and talking in a voice pitched high enough to trail off into laughter at nothing at all. Aunt Jane came up from her cabin with the air of one who has been sent for in a hurry. She regarded me with the awful wisdom of women.

"I think she should lie down now," mother said, referring to me.

"Let her t'ar round long as she kin. Hit's Nature working, not her," the old woman answered.

The cryptic remark passed over me. But I was reminded to ask Aunt Jane if she remembered the tale she used to tell me of the man who hauled sunshine to dry his house after a storm and how happy his wife was sweeping it about over the floor.

"Yes, honey," she answered gravely.

"Well, I am like that today," I told her.

Presently Aunt Liza popped in with the same hurried air of having been sent for. The three of them put their heads together and whispered, Aunt Liza, the plantation midwife, bobbing hers and wrinkling her little old black face into an expression of violent energy.

Almost at once there was the stealthy swiftness of women moving through the house. Lundy appeared and disappeared, acting in a strange, cowardly manner. I remember thinking maybe he was going to have one of his spells with the Holy Ghost. This was practically the last I remembered until the next morning.

Our daughter, Faith, was born at midnight, in the kind old room where I had been born, and where I had learned to stand alone beside the candle stand, and played dolls in the corner behind the bed, and suffered the A B C's of my early education. The same old clock on the mantel, telling the years, one tick at a time; the same pictures on the walls, and the same

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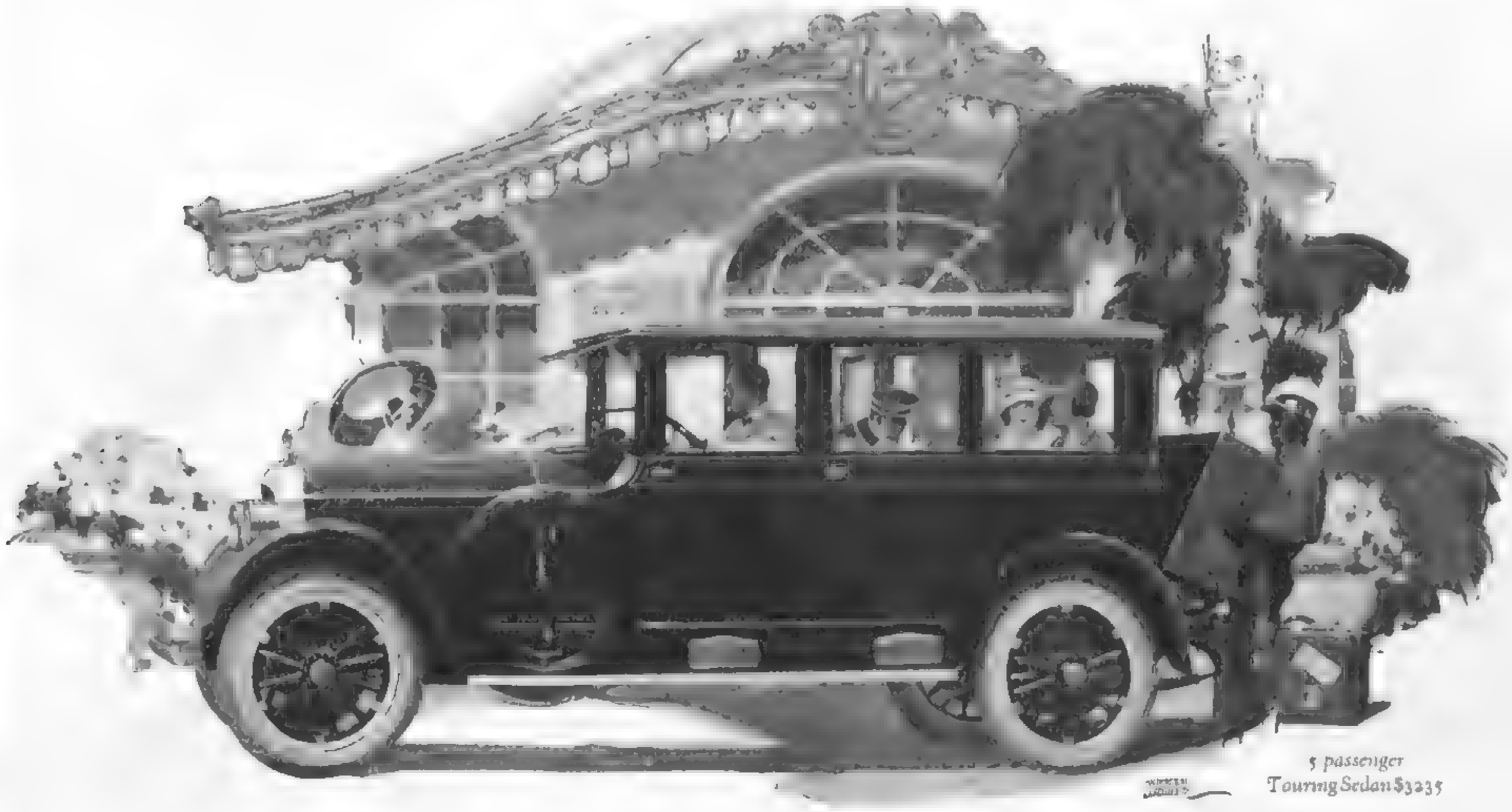

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WHEREVER summer trails may lead you Paige in-built reliability bids care begone assures safe, comfortable arrival. And whatever the company the well-bred appearance of the Paige 5-passenger Touring Sedan gives a thrill of pride to possession.

Substantial body construction—doors and windows fit snugly. No body squeaks or rattles annoy double strips of patent leather keep metal from touching metal or wood. Quality of finishings is in harmony with the fineness of the entire car—rich, luxurious upholstery; etched, silvered dome and quarter-lights; vanity cases; silk shades; walnut instrument board—all appurtenances the luxury-loving can ask. Locker space for safe stowage of travel comforts—a folding trunk rack for heavy luggage.

You will find mind and body comfort in your Paige Touring Sedan. Soft, deeply cushioned seats and ample foot room invite relaxation. Wheelbase of 131 inches and rear springs more than 5 feet long, with snubbers, make easy the trip however far the goal. Low hung chassis forbids sidesway, adds to riding comfort and imparts an air of smartness. For fair days, windows open wide—closed, no hint of dust or wet can enter.

Exhilaration awaits you at the wheel of your Paige. Here is steering ease that banishes thought of strain gear shifting at a slight movement instant response to the lightest foot on the accelerator. A range of 2 to 70 miles an hour on high makes shifting rare. With its gentle clutch no jerking or stalling mar the faultless performance of the Paige under any guidance. And the silent smoothness of the 70 H. P. Paige motor is maintained for its long life by the Paige high-pressure oiling system. The timing chain, silent also, is held automatically in adjustment.

Compare Paige with other fine cars, higher in price. In performance and comfort Paige equals the finest. And it is the only car of its class priced so reasonably. Tremendous volume on the Paige-built Jewett has reduced Paige overhead to a fraction of what other fine cars carry. You get the benefit.

7-passenger Phaeton $2450
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PAIGE

5 or 7-passenger Sedan $3235
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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA

The Golden Rule *in letter-writing*

AREN'T you pleased and flattered to receive prompt replies to your letters? Other people are, too.

Prompt replies are more likely to be written if there is social stationery in the house. And with the right kind of stationery, letter-writing takes on the added interest of an art.

A pen moves swiftly over the smooth surface of Hammermill Bond Social Stationery. There are three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—with eight different styles and sizes of paper and envelopes. Druggists, stationers, and department stores sell Hammermill Stationery for the reasonable price of 35c to 75c a box. Keep a supply in your house.

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ATTRACTIVE SAMPLES—SEND FOR THEM

If you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin) we will mail you enough Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in different styles and finishes to answer several of the letters you owe.

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WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery

Holyoke, Massachusetts

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

(Continued from Page 54)

old heretic doctor who had attended my coming into the world. I shall never again feel so well and blessed and still as I felt in the gray light of that Christmas Eve morning. I seemed to be alone in this room with another life immortally kin to mine. For the first time Lundy passed entirely out of my thoughts. I was somebody else now. What I thought as soon as I was able to think was that Lundy would have to stay in his place now. A division had occurred. I would never belong heart and soul and body to him again. There was someone else nearer kin to me, with a closer claim upon me. Maybe this was not a thought, but a feeling like the awakening we have into another life.

After a long, peaceful time I perceived that this room was filled with watchers. The two old negro women were nodding like crumpled shadows in the chimney corner. Mother was sitting close beside me, with her hands folded; and suddenly the doctor was bending above me like a very dim old gray angel of the Lord. There are bound to be a few heretics in heaven, no matter what doctrinal provisions we make for their damnation!

He said something pleasant and asked me if I felt all right. I did, but there was not strength in me to proclaim the fact; whereupon mother let out a sob and covered it with a tearful smile.

How long I might have remained in this trance of peace and silence, if I had not suddenly discovered that the child for whom I had so nearly given my life was not with me, I do not know. For through no more than the habit of consciousness I had supposed she was there beside me.

"Where is she?" I demanded.

Whereupon the doctor rubbed his hands together in a gratified way as if at last I showed the proper intention of surviving; and mother looked pleased, and everybody began to stir about softly. Mother said the baby was with her father in the next room, and hurried off to fetch them.

So Faith met her father first in this life. I heard afterwards that this meeting was characterized with marked indifference on her part and curiosity equally marked on his. Mother said he held her under the lamplight and stared at her and that she bore this scrutiny unflinchingly. I have understood that this unseemly curiosity is characteristic of fathers. But why do they stare in this manner at their newborn children? Are they trying to feel kin to them, or is it merely the age-old masculine instinct poking about in primordial doubt? Anyhow, no woman likes it.

I am bound to admit that Faith was not much of a daughter at this time. She was the tiniest of pink babies, with only one sense, that of being at home in my arms. She turned to me with intimate assurance.

Then I saw it, low down on the curve of her small cheek, a cherry blossom, life size, each petal white and distinct in her rosy skin! A memory printed there of that terrible night in May when I had waited and feared for Lundy, sitting beside the window, with the moonlight making a bridal veil of the blooming cherry tree outside. If such a thing can happen to the mere flesh, what does happen to the minds and spirits of unborn children?

I know one thing: Faith was like the thoughts I had of her father so long as she lived. She was apt at goodness. She had quality, a fine sweet air, that queer pride of very proud people that vaunteth not itself. She was gifted with an upright mind and a sort of tender gayety; all exactly as her father might have been if the shadow of the Lord had not fallen upon him. She might have been different if I had not believed so passionately in the man he really was beneath this shadow.

Long afterwards, when she became the rose upon my breast and the crown upon my head, I used to think about this as you do about some article of your own personal creed. My belief is that the children we bear, whatever their physical resemblance may be, are the images mentally we keep in our minds of their fathers. So it is best to know the best of one's husband, and not to dare doubtful thoughts of him lest we commit a breach of faith to this life of him to come. This is why I have my anxieties about posterity born of modern feminist mothers. They have acquired too much regrettable rational information about men, which is not the way to know or understand men at all.

As Faith's skin changed to jasmine fairness the cherry blossom disappeared. But, to the day of her death thirty years later, whenever her cheeks were flushed, it bloomed there, white against the rose.

After all, her coming did not divorce my love. There was not enough of the woman I had been to fulfill this double relation. I was obliged to remain wholly the wife of my husband, and Faith must have a whole mother to herself. I became two women, separate and distinct in one body. If I had had five children I must have multiplied into five mothers and one wife

I could not change Lundy's God. He had mixed the fatalism of the Greeks with his Christian faith. The inevitable results were periods of melancholia. Heaven knows how many times I had to drop everything and change into a spiritual whirlwind to save him from this despair. When you consider that I was no philosopher, nor even an erudite person, and disposed to be tenaciously human in the exercise of my religious faith, you will understand how often the Lord was with me in this business.

But I was determined Faith should have no such God as this. If it was the last thing I ever did, she should inherit the normal distant sky-line God of my family. I did my best to make her a spunky little human first. The Lord for a long time was no more than the bright roof over her happy head. What I mean is that while I was trying to live up to Lundy's God and keep his light trimmed and burning, I was pursuing another spiritual footpath altogether with little Faith, where we enjoyed many cheerful blessings in a normal way without discussing divine sources.

Lundy was sent to a station the next year.

The religious scenery of my mind I believe is laid in the open, upon the hills and in the valleys of time and space; in dim little country churches at the end of long dusty roads across which the shadows fall. I have tried saying my prayers in Saint Peter's at Rome, and in many other of the great cathedrals of the Old World; but they never seemed to get beyond the incense atmosphere of these places. I reckon it was because my acquaintance with the Almighty began in the garden at home with mother, and was associated in my mind with the things He had made—the earth and the sky, the flowers that bloomed, the winds that blew through the happy bright days of my youth. Anyhow, no matter how grand and reverent the architecture of a temple that men have built is, it does not aid the knees of my faith to rise and stand upright before the Lord as does the lofty dome of His own temple, which takes in everything.

So I do not seem to have had any vital relation to Lundy's church or congregation in this town, which was a suburb of a big city. The noise of the world was too close by. Besides, I was very much engaged with the baby. Even at night I was never quite asleep lest something should happen to her. The suspicions and fierce devotion of an animal to its young is nothing to that of a human mother to her child, not sensible but instinctive. One might suppose it is derived from the same source, the experiences of the first mothers who some tens of thousands of years ago guarded their prehistoric offspring in the back end of a cave. But this theory will not do, because the women of today who most nearly resemble these original mothers in their lack of wisdom and faith leave their infants to a bottle and a nurse.

The one incident that stands out vividly in my recollections of this year was the first hand-to-hand conflict with Lundy.

I had promised to obey him when we were married, but I do not remember ever having deliberately done so. When you are really a wife, you are like the right hand and the left hand of your husband, which naturally perform the will of the brain back of them. Thus I lived his will so shrewdly that it was no trouble at all to guide his kind heart to the accomplishment more particularly of my wishes. I doubt if he ever had the least idea that he was being imposed upon.

Everything went well with us until our mutual instincts became involved on a sort of cat fight over the baby. Look into it and you will find that most of the disturbances between husband and wife have their origin in some conflict between their instincts. She is offended when he litters the house because she has something else laid up against him, and he growls about the food or any little thing because banked in him are the fires of wrath about a totally different matter.

(Continued on Page 58)

Marmon convertible phaetons are now on display at all Marmon salesrooms. For conversation of Marmon's motors on open car days, a closed car year 'round, all at the price of an open car

"228,000 Miles' Continuous Service

—*I'm proud of my Marmon*"

By G. R. Van Voorhees
Union Stock Yards, Indianapolis

AFTER driving a Marmon car more than 228,000 miles I want you to know how much satisfaction it has given me.

"My first Marmon [I have recently bought another] has been in constant use practically every day for all of its 228,000 miles, and is running so sweetly today that I am beginning to doubt if it will ever wear out.

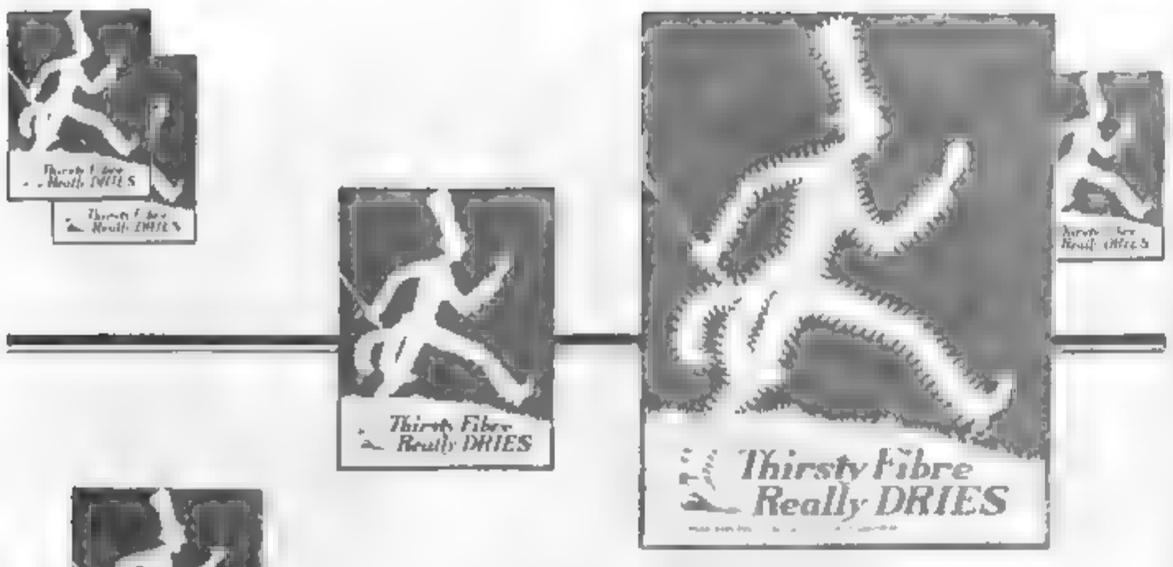
"It is a fact that in the past two years the total cost of repairs has just been about $30.00. If I had not had this experience personally I wouldn't have believed that any car could last so long and cost so little.

"In all of its 228,000 miles my Marmon has been overhauled only twice. The reliability and economy of this car naturally led me to buy another Marmon when I found the need of an additional car.

"My new Marmon is a phaeton and, like its older brother, is starting on a 200,000 mile record of its own. The first 10,000 miles have cost me practically nothing for repairs.

"You are to be congratulated on producing such wonderful cars."

MARMON



Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of Soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quicker-drying, most satisfactory towels made.

Thirsty Fibre personifies cleanliness

Millions of Thirsty Fibres are found only in ScotTissue Towels.

These Thirsty Fibres give ScotTissue Towels their pleasing softness, immaculate whiteness, fragrant freshness and quick drying-power, enabling them to absorb instantly four times their weight in water.

A clean, dry, never-before-used-towel for every user every time—that's the sanitary story of ScotTissue Towels. A really individual service that assures perfect protection from contagion.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh, non-absorbent paper towels. Remember it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue

Those who are careful to observe the accepted standards of modern business, both toward patrons and employees, adopt ScotTissue Towels for their washrooms. They enjoy a cleaner, safer towel service—a more economical service too.

You can buy ScotTissue Towels, 150 in a dust-proof carton for 40c (in Canada and parts of Rocky Mountain zone 50c)—or at a much lower price by the case of 3750 towels (25 cartons).

Price per case is $6.15, F. O. B. Factory, Chester, Pa. Weight 60 lbs. per case. Prices even less for 5, 10 and 25 case-lot shipments.

If you are unable to secure ScotTissue Towels from your jobber or dealer, send us your order, and we will see that you are supplied promptly. If you need fixtures, we have them moderately priced to meet all requirements.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

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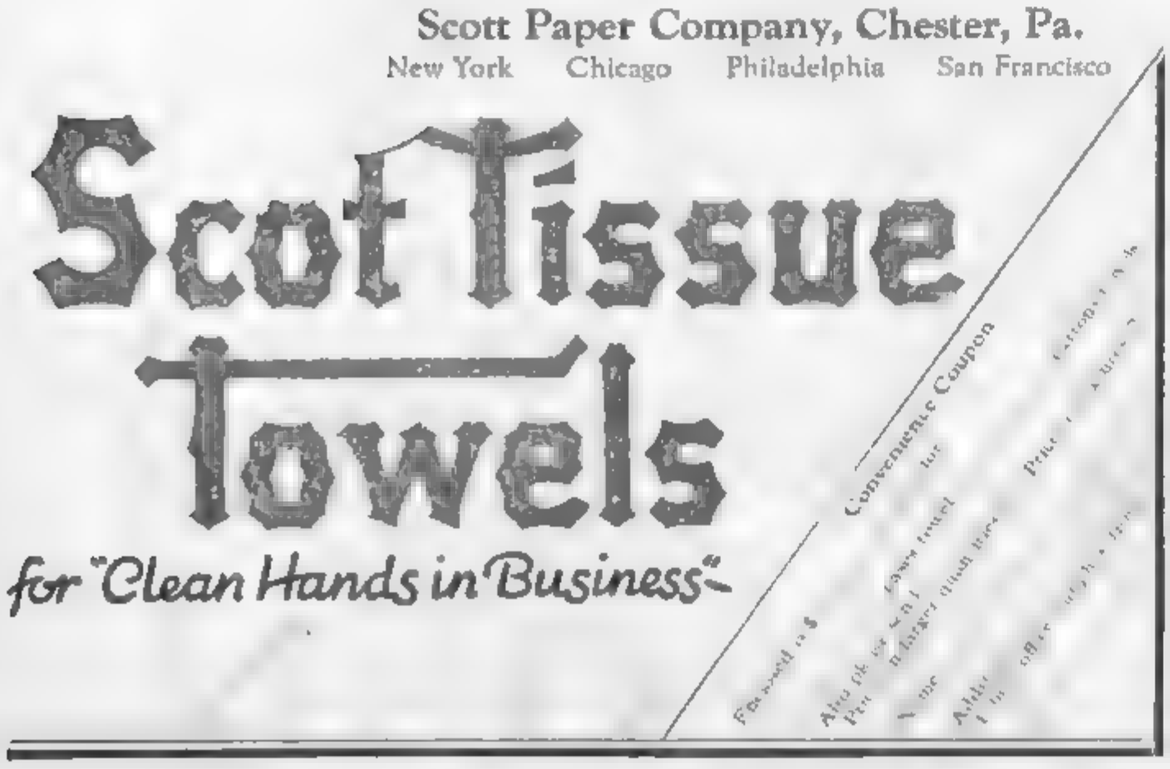


(Continued from Page 56)

Faith fell desperately ill late in the summer. Days and nights passed when her life hung by a thread, as we used to say. I could not bear to leave her for a moment. I lost my appetite and even the desire to rest or sleep. I was no more than the shadow of myself. I located Lundy as the father of this child, as the Methodist church located a preacher when he is no longer fit for pastoral service. He was not allowed to share in the struggle I was making for her life.

Finally one night I was sitting beside the crib, watching the fevered little creature whimpering and moving her head restlessly upon the pillow. Lundy came in and stood beside me, but I did not see him. I had scarcely recognized his existence for days. He told me to go out and get some rest; he would take care of the baby.

"The doctor has been here. He does not think she will live. I can't leave her," I answered woefully.

"But you must have some sleep," he insisted.

"You do not know what it is to be a mother," I returned tearfully.

He entreated me gently to leave him with the child. I let him know briefly that this was the mother's place, and it showed how little he knew about a baby, especially a sick baby, to dare to think he could fill it. Followed a silence about as long as would be required to wind up the mainspring of a man's will.

"Do you realize that I am the father of this child?" he demanded coolly. I merely stared at him. This was no time to discuss the question of paternity, much less boast about it. "And that you are depriving me of my rights?" he went on, lifting his voice.

"You are disturbing her," I whispered, waving the back of my hand at him as much as to say, "Be gone!"

Suddenly he seized me—my husband seized me, you understand—as if I had been a whisk broom, or something light and trivial in his life as a father. I had scarcely time to catch my breath before he strode across the hall and deposited me with more emphasis than firmness upon the company bed.

"Now stay there!" he commanded, stalked out and turned the key in the lock, thus making it impossible for me to do anything else.

I remember lying upon this bed like an exclamation of indignation and anguish at being separated from the baby at such a time as this. And I remembered nothing else until the next morning, when the key turning in the lock aroused me from deep sleep.

"She has rested and is much better. You may get up now," he said, just like that, in a matter-of-fact voice, as much as to say he was a father and was too much occupied as such to kiss his wife.

I felt the omission like a deserved reproach, since the baby really was much better; and in a spirit of curious meekness I shared my vigils with him after that. Also, from this time forth I had the privilege of walking much more softly before Lundy than I had ever done before. I seemed to know him better as a man; and if you want to know the truth, I had some sort of wary wifely respect for him that one never has for the saint she may have married.

The next year Lundy was sent to a church in a large country town. I was growing a bit dim by this time, because we had less money in proportion to our needs; and I was very busy doing everything, taking care of the baby and keeping the parsonage up.

There was one woman in the congregation who goaded me to distraction. She would come in with, say, a can of preserved tomatoes, which not even a Methodist preacher's family finds palatable. In return for this gift she would look over the house. She had a sort of snooping eye that invariably dwelt upon the litter of toys surrounding Faith on the parsonage sheepskin. She was a homely woman, with the most beautiful wealth of auburn hair I have ever seen. I used to sit behind her in church and be compelled to admire it in spite of the way I felt towards her.

These were days when infants were still allowed to attend divine services in their mother's arms everywhere, except probably in the smart city churches. I used to take Faith to the Wednesday night prayer meetings. She was at the jumping, dancing age; but a silent, observant little thing in the house of prayer.

One night at the end of the service Lundy said "Let us pray," as usual. I bowed my head and closed my eyes, holding Faith, who seemed to be bending over the back of the bench in front of us. Presently I felt her fat little body stiffen as with a mighty effort. At the same moment I heard a scuffling, rustling sound accompanied by a low moan of anguish, not spiritual but physical. I sat up just in time to see Faith rear back with the hat and all the beautiful auburn hair of that woman dangling from her hands. She was regarding it ecstatically.

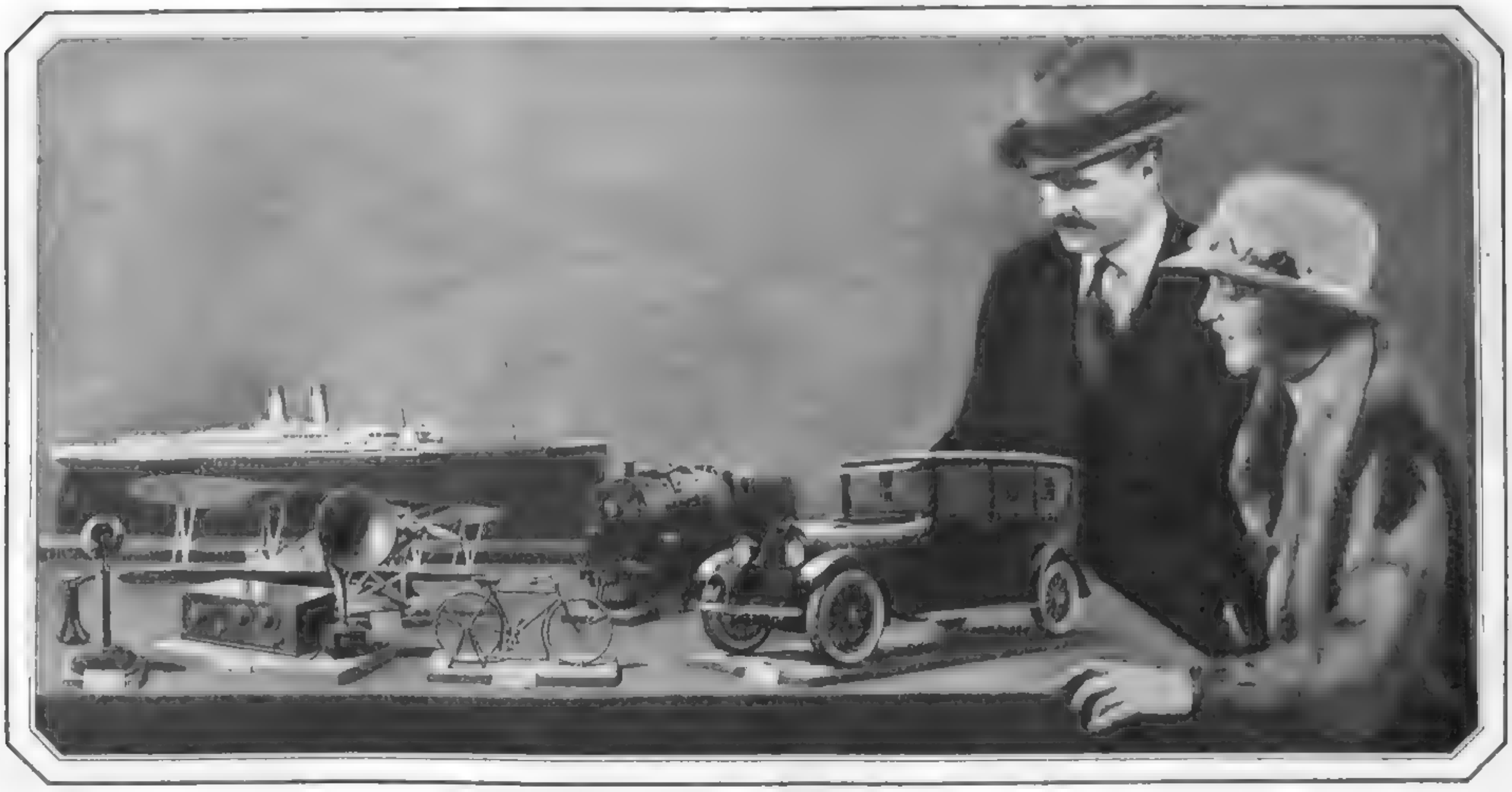
I cast one horrified look at the thin gray-haired victim still kneeling in the next pew, who returned the look with such fury as I have never seen on the face of any kneeling figure. Then I snatched her hair and hat from Faith, clapped them back upon her head just as Lundy said "Amen!" And Faith let out a screech of rage similar to that of any young animal of the carnivorous breed that has just been deprived of its prey.

I was never one to make an excuse of Providence to rejoice in some accidental retribution suffered by an enemy. But it was an apt thing for the child to do, and saved me from further inspection of the parsonage.

This year ended for a long time Lundy's active career in the Methodist ministry. He was made adjunct teacher of Greek in Emory College, and took up his duties there the following year. But along with four other members of the faculty, he continued to preach in the college chapel one Sunday in every month for the next ten years. This period is not covered in the circuit-rider stories, a fact that inspired much criticism at one time among those who felt that the author of these stories had given more credit to William Thompson than he deserved, seeing that he was not actually in the itineracy during this period. The truth is that I failed to give enough credit to this wonderful man who never ceased to be the pastor of souls, and who failed to shine in those chronicles as the learned and distinguished scholar that he really was. Besides, if one year of any circuit-rider's life should be fully written, it would require more volumes to tell it than Kitto's famous collection of commentaries contained.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Bathing Among Icebergs in August. Iceberg Lake, Glacier National Park



What's done most for you and me?

THE HISTORIAN, Macaulay, answered that question. "Of all inventions," he said, "those that have shortened distance have done the most for humanity."

The forgotten genius who fashioned the first rude wheel made us all his debtors. So did Watt by the steam engine, and Fulton by the Clermont. So have all the modern engineers and scientists who, developing the automobile, have made the nation a neighborhood.

General Motors, as a leader in individual transportation, has an obligation to contribute to this progress.

That obligation it fulfills through the engineering laboratories maintained by its car divisions, and by two separate organizations of scientists working constantly for better automobiles.

In Detroit is the great Factory Laboratory, out of which come developments that improve production methods, lessen costs, and so add value to General Motors cars. In Dayton, Ohio, is the General Motors Research Laboratory—the largest of its kind in the world.

To the scientists and engineers who direct this laboratory, nothing is so perfect that it may not be improved, nothing so unusual that it does not deserve to be tried. By ceaseless testing and rejecting, and testing again, they separate opinion from fact, and blaze the path of automotive progress.

To you these co-ordinated laboratories give a two-fold insurance. First, that your General Motors car embodies every improvement which science has developed and tested. Second, that the process of research and improvement will be continuous.

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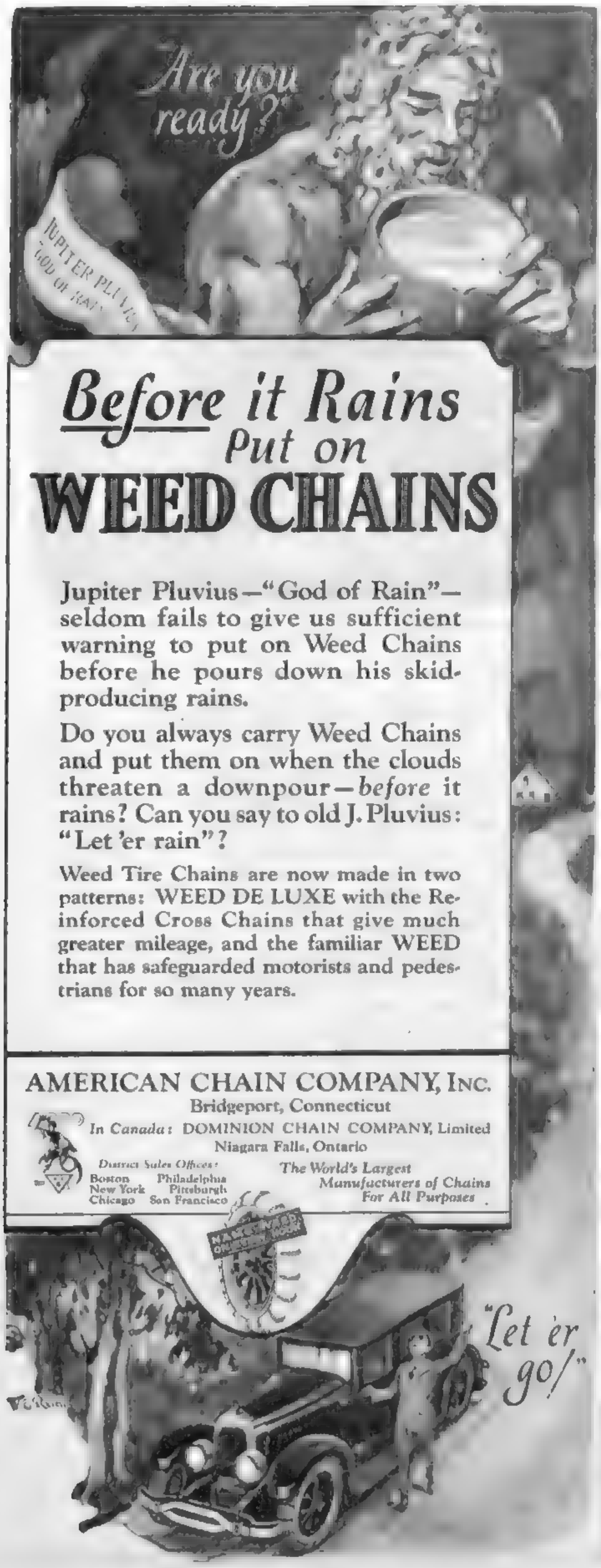

Before it Rains Put on
WEED CHAINS

Jupiter Pluvius—"God of Rain"—seldom fails to give us sufficient warning to put on Weed Chains before he pours down his skid-producing rains.

Do you always carry Weed Chains and put them on when the clouds threaten a downpour—*before* it rains? Can you say to old J. Pluvius: "Let 'er rain"?

Weed Tire Chains are now made in two patterns: WEED DE LUXE with the Reinforced Cross Chains that give much greater mileage, and the familiar WEED that has safeguarded motorists and pedestrians for so many years.

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The World's Largest Manufacturers of Chains For All Purposes

"Let 'er go!"

ON THE ROAD TO ELSEWHERE

Continued from Page 11

One authority on tourist travel seriously asserts that in his opinion the lady first buys knickerbockers and, having no other place to wear them, insists on taking the trip to show them off. Still another rough and cruel male, who also is in the tourist business, told me that ever since Mary Walker wore trousers and got away with it the women have looked for an excuse to do the same thing; and what better excuse than a 3000-mile journey by automobile?

A third man in the same business, most brutal of all, remarked that "a woman in khaki breeches is defeminized; with the addition of bobbed hair, she is dehumanized."

But that is getting rather far away from the subject.

One impression gathered from several months spent by the side of an overland motor trail is that the talk of race suicide is bunk. Broken-down flivvers with from one to three adults and six or seven children are not uncommon. The car without two or three children is a rarity. Practically always there are either children or pets, and usually both. Dogs are exceedingly common; cats and canaries only somewhat less so. But I have seen chickens in coops, pigs, sheep, goats, monkeys, goldfish and wildcats. A certain class of car can be counted upon invariably to contain children, pets and old, dilapidated, uncovered bed springs.

A youngish-looking workman sat in the front seat of a car with his rather formidable-looking old mother beside him. On the running board a dog dozed in a box, and five canary birds twittered in a cage hung to the back seat.

"How are the livestock standing the journey?" I asked.

"All right," replied the young man. "When the engine goes the dog sleeps and all the birds sing."

In another car I saw a dog loose, a domestic cat in a cage and a bowl of goldfish.

One is astonished at the overloading of cars, the increasing transportation by the weakest and most aged automobiles not only of adults, children and pets but of household effects, of all the worldly goods and assets, even down to the most humble and lowly. Though there is a marked increase in the use of trailers and luxurious automobile houses, such increase does not begin to equal the growing use of what were intended as passenger cars for freight purposes.

"Women come in here," said an Indian trader who sells blankets, baskets and curios to the tourists, "and buy rings and bracelets, explaining that they have no room in the car for anything larger."

Just Average Men and Women

The flivver, like its prototype, the desert burro, carries heavier burdens in the way of household freight, relatively speaking, than cars of a more spirited make, just as the burro or mule can be loaded down more than a high-strung horse. But even at that, the average jitney of early vintage makes pretty slow work of it crossing the Rocky Mountains with two or three adults, five or six children and furniture from the farm in Oklahoma or Kansas.

"Aren't you pretty heavily loaded?" I asked one man.

"I left nothing in Oklahoma," was his pointed reply.

But all this is really beside the point. It is of no real fundamental importance whether the tourist is clean or dirty, comfortable or uncomfortable, well dressed or a fright, or is overloaded or with just the right weight. The crudely chalked or painted signs on the hood or body of a car, proclaiming to the world the owner's point of origin and his Southern California destination, are of little moment. Indeed, heretical as it may sound, even the sole topic of his conversation—namely, the character of the roads over which he has traveled—is not of such really great significance after all.

These are mere trivialities. What really matters, as already suggested, is who these men and women are, why they are going and what the effect of such a trip will be. The incidents of the trip do not matter, but its social and civic meaning is of real concern.

Naturally, with thousands of people moving across country, one meets all kinds. Essentially the bulk of them are like people in the cities, towns, villages and on the farms of the country. All sorts travel by automobile, just as all sorts go by rail. Like other people, the majority are a pretty good lot, pretty decent folks. As a class they are distinctly not well to do, nor as a class are they paupers, but just average men and women.

They come from all sections, of course. A tourist organization in Southern California, after checking over 10,000 letter inquiries received in the past six months of the present year from eastern motorists, meaning motorists from east of California, found that the bulk of those traveling overland to Southern California started from the New England States and from Iowa, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York.

The writer's observation along two of the overland trails for nearly a year indicates a very noticeable preponderance of such travel from Oklahoma and Texas, with Kansas a close second. The bulk of the actual vacationists may come from farther east, but among people seeking new locations in which to settle there is a noticeable flow of Oklahoma and Texas cars into and across the intermountain states, perhaps because they are already nearer to the Far West and have heard more about it.

A Student of Human Nature

There are those who are pleased with everything, even the roads; and there are others who complain constantly, not only of the roads but of heat and cold, aridity and moisture, people and things. Those in light cars declare the trip would be easy if only they were traveling in a big heavy car, and those in large cars assert it would be a pipe to go through if only they had a small light car.

"Tourists come in here every day," said the owner of a garage in a little mountain hamlet far up in the yellow pines of Northern Arizona, "and exclaim 'My, what a fine town you have here!' and the next bunch that comes along says 'My, what a dump! How do you live here?' One man says the roads are wonderful and the next describes them as awful.

"I may not get rich at this business, but I am having marvelous experience, meeting all these people. When a man argues with you for three-quarters of an hour over the price of a tire, then peels off the price from a roll of bills as big as your fist, and eats his lunch in the garage off a cold banana, you have had a lesson in human nature, if nothing else."

"A woman came in the other day with her daughter," said a grocer. "They were the dirtiest-looking pair you ever saw, but she curled up her lip as she looked around and said to the girl in a voice that was perfectly clear to everyone in the store, 'This is not a very appetizing place.' I thought to myself that she'd better clean up a little herself before she said anything about my place.

"On the other hand, people come in timidly, buy a little piece of meat to cook out in the woods and tell me they would prefer to go to a restaurant, but are afraid to because they look so dirty. I try to encourage them, and tell them that we are used to old clothes and tourists out here."

In watching the westward stream one cannot help wondering whether, with the increased ownership of automobiles, the wealthier classes travel overland by auto relatively as much as formerly. It is not easy to determine.

Besides talking with many tourists of all classes, and watching even greater numbers with whom I did not talk, the writer discussed the tourist movement with garage proprietors, storekeepers, local editors, hotel proprietors, camp-ground custodians, a sheriff and an undersheriff, other county officials, a chief of police, rangers of the national forest and park services, Indian traders, bankers, railroad employes, owners and managers of lumber mills and a large number of citizens in general along a considerable stretch of highway.

In addition, seven officials and employes of the Automobile Club of Southern California, several of whom spend practically all their time in touring and others of whom meet tourists by the thousands, answered separately twenty-three questions put to them by the writer in regard to the tourist movement.

Opinions, of course, differ widely. On the whole, however, the writer is inclined to

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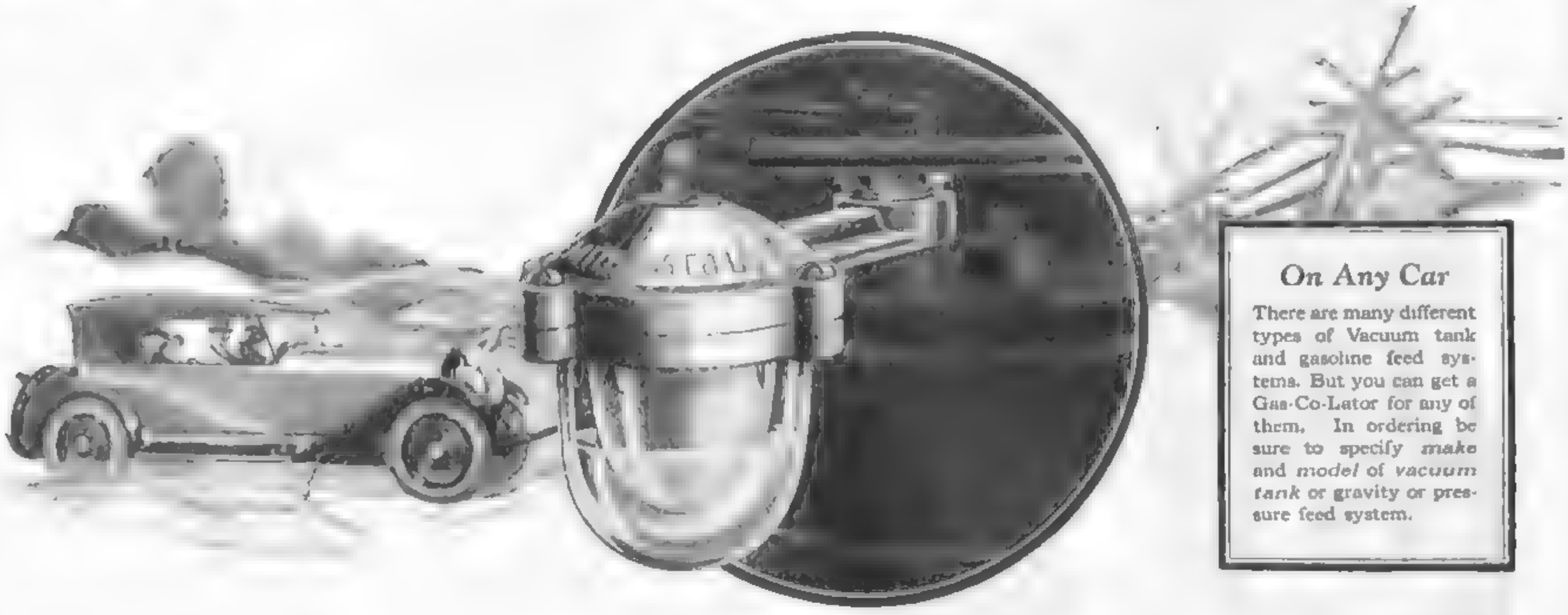
30 Day Money Refund Trial



On Any Car

There are many different types of Vacuum tank and gasoline feed systems. But you can get a Gas-Co-Lator for any of them. In ordering be sure to specify *make* and *model* of *vacuum tank* or gravity or pressure feed system.

Put It on Today —
Then never touch your carburetor

PROBABLY 90% of all motor troubles and repairs—carbon, pitted valves, missing, knocks and scored cylinders all revert to one source—*improper carburetion*. We offer here to prove this at no cost to you.

You will see why all manufacturers warn you to leave your carburetor as adjusted by the factory.

A drop of water or a speck of dirt in your gasoline clogs the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. Your motor sputters unevenly—perhaps stalls. You change the carburetor adjustment—run with the choke slightly open. The mixture is overloaded. Then comes carbon, pitted valves, overheated motor, and eventually scored cylinders.

Eliminate water and dirt from your gasoline and you have ended 90% of carburetor troubles. You'll never have to change the original factory adjustment. You prove this on your own car, *at our expense*.

To meet this need, the makers of the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System (now in use on nearly 4,000,000 cars) have perfected a new automatic filter. It is called the Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. With the Gas-Co-Lator your gasoline passes into a glass bowl just before entering the vacuum tank or carburetor. Then it flows *upward*, passing through 20 square inches of selected chamois skin. Water cannot pass through.

Why You Need It

Water condenses in your gasoline tank from the air. Fragments of rubber rot out of gasoline filling hose. Certain blends in gasoline cause the lining of your tank to flake off tiny particles by chemical action. Nine-tenths of so-called carburetor trouble is actually dirt and water trouble. If your gasoline is really clean you should never have to touch your carburetor from the day you buy your car.

In 5 minutes you can install the Gas-Co-Lator yourself. From then on every drop of gasoline is filtered upward through chamois skin before entering your carburetor.

You'll be astonished by the amount of dirt and filth that will accumulate in the glass trap bowl in just a short time. This will explain why the Gas-Co-Lator makes such a wonderful difference in your car.

And remember—you prove all we claim. If the Gas-Co-Lator does not do all we say you can return it within 30 days. Your money will be refunded. The price is $5.

Most dealers carry our Gas-Co-Lator in stock. But if you cannot get one conveniently just use the coupon. You can pay the postman the purchase price upon delivery. Or, if easier, send $5 with your order. We prepay postage anywhere in the United States.

THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY
2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois

For every type of gasoline feed system there is a Gas-Co-Lator,—Vacuum Tank, gravity or pressure.

ALEMITE
GAS-CO-LATOR

A Bassick-Alemite Product

BASSICK MANUFACTURING CO.
2660 North Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:
Please send me postpaid your perfected Alemite Gas-Co-Lator. I will pay the postman $5.00 for it on delivery (or enclose check if you prefer). It is understood, if I am not entirely satisfied I can return the Gas-Co-Lator at any time within 30 days and you will return my money.

(Print your name and address plainly.)

Name_____

Address_____

Make of Car_____ Model_____

Make and Model Vacuum Tank_____

THE FISK PREMIER CORD is a Fisk product sold at a lower price.

Built to sustain a reputation, this clean-cut tire is winning new honors for the name Fisk because of the low-cost mileage it yields.

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value for every car, truck or speed wagon.

FISK
PREMIER CORD
TIRES

(Continued from Page 60)

believe that, relative to other classes, overland motor travel by the more well-to-do is a smaller factor than might be expected. To my knowledge, I have not seen in a year in Arizona a passenger car driven through by a regular hired chauffeur, although no doubt numbers have gone through. It is true, of course, that many expensive cars with costly luggage or camping equipment are seen. In a few hours' time tourists often buy several hundred dollars' worth of Indian curios. More important yet is the fact that on such a trip outward appearances do not indicate the size of the bank account.

At one of the information bureaus in Southern California in 1919 the owner of an old flivver loaded with apparently all that the man possessed called, seeking information pertaining to a good cow country.

Later it was learned that this apparent liability had purchased 2000 acres of valley land, and in addition was using 15,000 acres of range land. He was merely an old-fashioned cowman who put on no lugs. The general idea is well expressed by a representative of an automobile touring club who said in reply to a question:

"You never can tell from where you sit how much money is represented by an auto party. People do not wear their best clothes when they travel by machine. Very often they do not take their best car. Furthermore, the cars they drive across country they often expect to sell for whatever they can get out of them when they arrive at their destinations, and purchase new ones. And bank accounts very often precede them. Their car may be a flivver that has been in the family for years, but the chances are they are just using it to make their westward journey, and will then discard it."

"There are a good many people of means who make the trip clear across every year," said one garage owner who deals with a constant procession of tourists. "They know what they are doing and do very little kicking. They travel luxuriously in big cars and we get to know them well. Indeed, all they seem to do is to travel."

There are numbers of cases even at the free or practically free public camp grounds where tourists with chauffeurs, maids and cooks camp for considerable periods. At one such camp ground, which requires a nominal charge of a dollar a week, a woman who was accompanied by chauffeur and maid compelled the custodian to deduct a few pennies from her bill because she had spent one day of the seven at the Grand Cañon. Most observers along the road agree that the middle classes are the most liberal spenders, the rich and the very poor being the most economical.

National park rangers often refer to visitors who come by train as dudes, those who arrive in automobiles as sagebrushers and those who travel in cars with the local state license as horned toads. There is no way, of course, of telling whether, relatively speaking, more wealth goes by train or auto. It does not matter.

Little Cash Required

One fact is certain. The motorized hegira across country is essentially democratic. It is most distinctly and markedly a movement of the people—of the common people if one wants to put it that way. No one can say for sure how many persons of means make the trip. There may be more than ever in actual numbers, and it may only seem as if there were fewer of them because in relation to the multitude they make a small showing.

But there can be no doubt or question about the essential facts. No development in American life has been so marked as the increasing ownership of automobiles, or the rapid filtering down through successive financial and—if one wants to express the idea snobbishly—social strata of this ownership.

There are now 13,000,000 cars. Moreover, there are said to be 400 motor-finance companies, and the commonly accepted estimate is that at least three-fourths of all new cars purchased are bought on time.

But of far greater importance is the constant increase in the dimensions and knowledge of the used-car market. Small cars in good mechanical condition can always be bought from $100 to $300, according to the year and appearance; and if the purchaser is willing to buy one of an older vintage, poor appearance and of dubious mechanical perfection, seventy-five or even fifty dollars in cash closes the bargain.

Such cars are rattletraps, but anyone who doubts the presence of a fairly considerable number of them on the overland highways must be blind. Thus, without allowing for the small fraction of stolen cars, which cost the owners nothing, it is obvious that it costs very nearly next to nothing to start out upon a long motor journey. It may have cost a lot of money fifteen or twenty years ago, but times have changed.

There is food and gas of course. But unlike the cost of railroad travel, several different passengers may share the expense not only of gas but of bread and a little cheese and a few bananas. With good luck in the matter of tires and a minimum of engine trouble, with the ground free to camp upon, a party may skin through for a sum that is small beside even day-coach tickets. One certainly does not need to be a capitalist to start out upon the trip.

But who are these people, more specifically, who make the journey? All of them are lumped together under the generic, inaccurate and misleading term of "tourists," apparently for no better reason than that they have come from away and are going hence; in other words, are for the moment on the road. But, strictly speaking, the word "tourist" means vacationist or sight-seer, and only a fraction of the automobile travelers are that.

"Motoring Visitors"

In addition to actual tourists, the movement is made up to a small extent of business and professional men seeking new opportunities, and those retired from active life who are looking the country over; to a moderate extent of health seekers; to a small extent of regular tramps in rattletrap flivvers; to a much larger extent of people who can hardly be called tramps but are in reality nothing better than drifters; and to a very large extent, indeed, of small farmers, workmen and skilled mechanics, either drifting from job to job and from one worked-out farm to another, or seriously seeking new locations and opportunities in life, and who thus come under the head of home seekers and settlers.

Motor Pioneers has been suggested as a title for these people; but that would hardly fit the bona-fide vacationists, and is a little too highfaluting for even those seeking new locations. Apparently "motor tourists" or "travelers" seems the only description that fits those who travel by motor to differentiate them from other classes of travelers, but as one of the press representatives of the Automobile Club of Southern California says:

"The word 'tourist' as applied to motorcar travelers is the bane of the editorial officers of the automobile club. It is a slick word for auto parties, but it had already been cornered by the railroads. The most polite phrase that we have used is 'motoring visitors.'"

The real tourist, of course, is an important factor, even if he does not constitute the bulk of the movement of population across country. Though his time and money are often limited, the bona-fide tourist usually has enough of both for what he or she considers the purpose in hand. Relatively speaking, the tourist enjoys himself as he goes along.

Of course, the tourist is of every description, of every type. There is the comfortable middle-aged couple out for the first trip together in years. One sees white-haired, beak-nosed, bespectacled old men who, despite their drab uniform of khaki, look like college professors or scientists on a tear. There is, of course, the regular school-teacher, and also the regular stenographer type, and in addition multitudes of unclassifiable young women out to see the country.

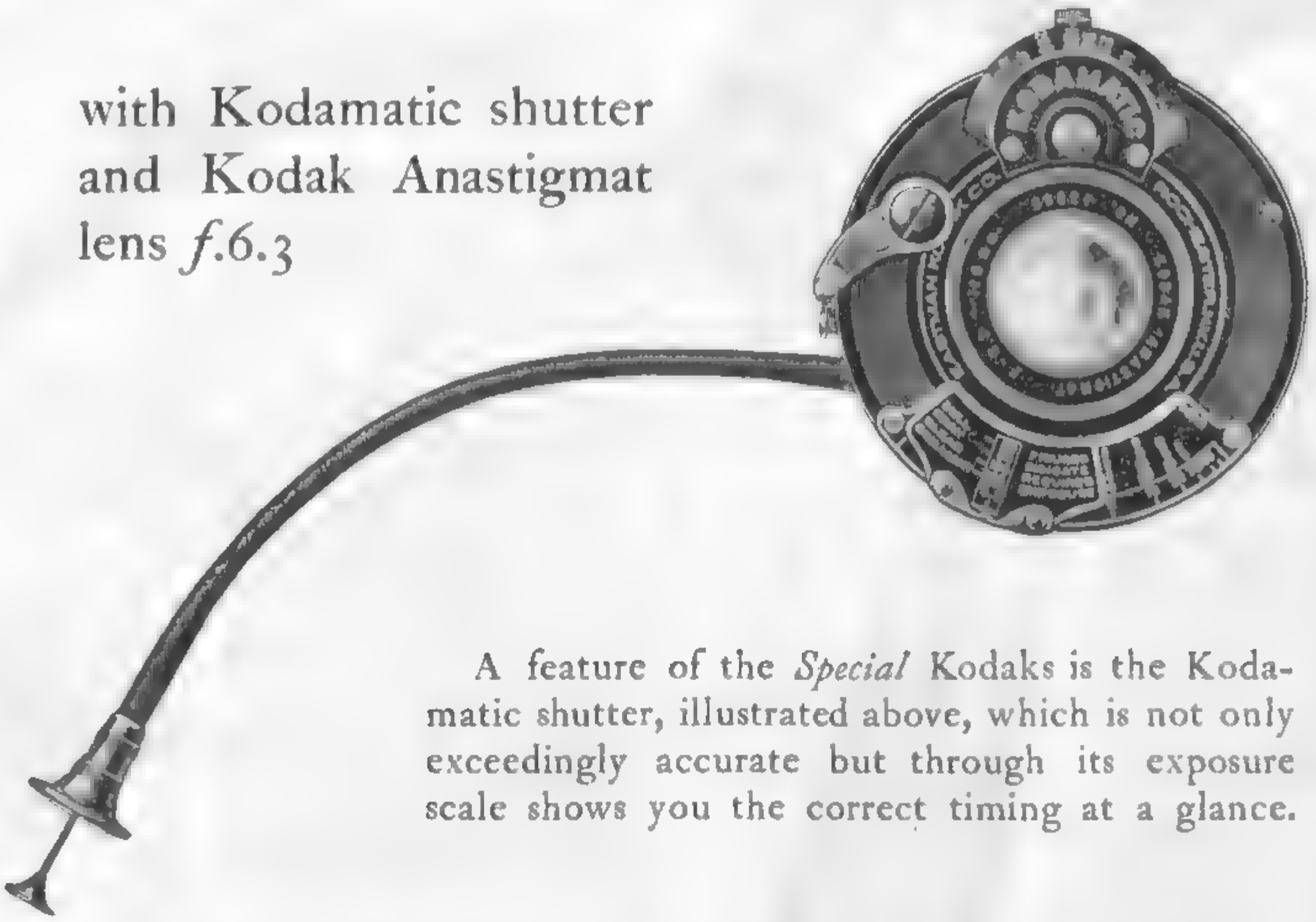
It is doubtful whether the maidens on their way to Hollywood to enter the movies should be classified as tourists. An imaginative newspaper reporter, touring the country in an automobile, recently stated that the woods were full of them and the roads lined with them, footsore and weary, walking because they had no money either for a railroad ticket or for the most aged of bone-yard jitneys. This, no doubt, is an exaggeration; but all observers agree that many women are hiking across country, catching rides as they can.

The police chief of one town on the road told me that in a year and a half he had personally known of only six cases of screen-smitten maidens stranded without funds in

(Continued on Page 64)

No. 1A Autographic Kodak *Special*

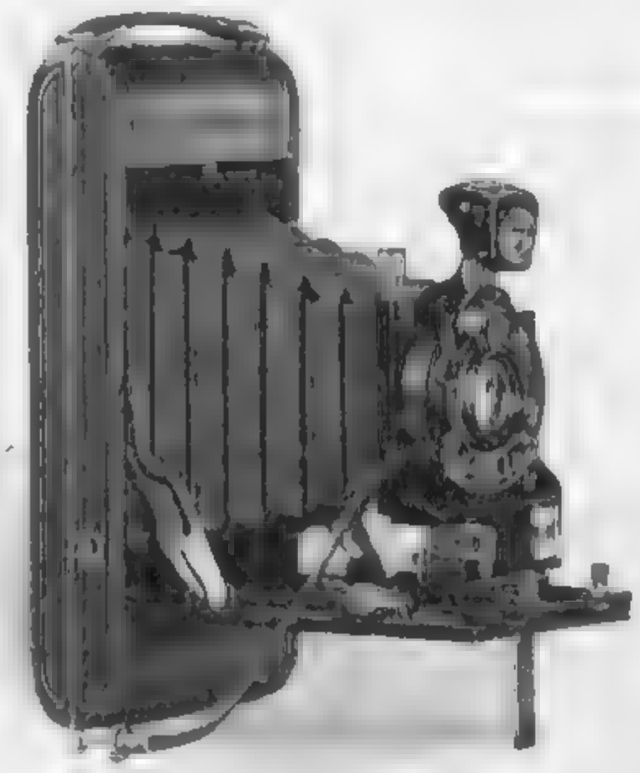
with Kodamatic shutter
and Kodak Anastigmat
lens *f*.6.3



A feature of the *Special* Kodaks is the Kodamatic shutter, illustrated above, which is not only exceedingly accurate but through its exposure scale shows you the correct timing at a glance.

A New Model in a Popular Size

INTO this latest product of the Kodak factories, the new 1A Special, making the popular sized picture, 2½x4¼ inches, has gone all the skill, all the experience that the largest photographic organization in the world has at its command.



Kodamatic shutter, Eastman-made, has seven snap-shot speeds—1/200 to 1/2 second, an unusually wide range.

Kodak Anastigmat lens *f*.6.3, Eastman-made, is a fast lens and accordingly increases the number of picture opportunities which this Special Kodak successfully meets.

A still further aid to better pictures will be found in the presence of the Kodak Range Finder—the device that finds the focus.

There are now three new model Specials:

No. 1	Autographic Kodak *Special*, picture 2¼x3¼.	Price $50.
No. 1A	Autographic Kodak *Special*, picture 2½x4¼.	Price $60.
No. 2C	Autographic Kodak *Special*, picture 2⅞x4⅞.	Price $65.

See them at your dealer's

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

At last you have it!

A hammer kept tight on the handle

Now you can buy the hammer that forever ends your troubles with loose handles—the only hammer with a wedge that retightens the handle instantly with a turn of a screw.

See this hammer at your hardware store—the hammer with the red handle, the black head and the name PLUMB.

Note the Plumb Take-up Wedge. Its slot fits a screw-driver blade.

Unscrew the wedge and you see that it tapers sharply from top to tip.

The threads are big, sharp, sturdy.

As you screw it back into the tapered hole, the V shape of the wedge expands the wood against all sides of the eye, all the way in. The wedge takes

up the slack; the handle grips and holds the head on tight.

Whenever the wood shrinks or the handle works loose, you retighten it with a turn of the wedge, invented, patented

and used only by Plumb.

Carpenters say the Plumb Take-up Wedge is the greatest improvement ever made in a hammer, because it always keeps the black head tight on the red handle.

The Plumb hammer swings easier, balances better. Its larger face hits the nail truer; its sharper claws pull nails easier.

$1.65 *(Except in Far West and in Canada)*

THE RED HANDLE
WITH THE BLACK HEAD
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)
EXCLUSIVELY PLUMB

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

PLUMB
DOUBLE LIFE
Hammers Hatchets Files Sledges Axes

(Continued from Page 62)

his town; a fair number, however, for only one out of hundreds, perhaps thousands of towns on the way to Hollywood.

Then, of course, there is the ubiquitous college boy on vacation, in a stripped flivver, and often without apparent luggage or impediments of any description. One such car on its way from North Carolina to California carried no luggage that I could see except one suitcase, a guidebook and a lantern. It had three occupants, and everything was broken except the engine and the wheels. It was marked in chalk: North Carolina to Pacific Coast and Back—Maybe. Chi Pi Phi Psi Special. See America First.

Then, of course, there is always a sprinkling of sportsmen, writers, artists and more or less moneyed dilettantes who are out looking for thrills or material, and who would be doing the same thing on foot, by bicycle, train, horseback, canoe, houseboat, aëroplane or other known means of conveyance, if not by auto.

After a little experience in observing and talking to the motor travelers one learns to distinguish quickly, as a rule, between the actual vacationist or tourist and those who are migrating for other reasons. There is some instinct awakened by experience which classifies people despite outward dust and mud.

Garage and hotel proprietors along the highroads assert, but with no boastfulness of manner, that they can size up travelers, that they can tell whether there is enough money in the party to pay for a new tire or a room and breakfast.

"It is the same as sizing up a man to cash a check," said one hotel owner. "I can tell whether I like a man's looks. No, I don't consider the clothes so much."

But before we examine these people at closer range it may be well to emphasize the effect of such a movement upon the country through which they go. Anyone who knows the West will agree that one of its chief industries is the tourist and new settler. Though numerous motor travelers skimp through on small sums, the majority of cars can hardly go through without the expenditure of several dollars a day at least.

In one large camp ground in Arizona the custodian kept account of the detailed expenses of cars which remained as long as two weeks. The lowest expense per car—and occupants—for a two-week period was eight dollars, the highest $365. Seven cars spent more than $100, eight more than ninety dollars, and the others ranged between eight and ninety dollars.

In a previous article, entitled Money From Everywhere, the writer showed how Southern California, and Los Angeles in particular, had been transformed from a strictly recreation locality to a highly important business and financial center by the continued influx of tourists and new settlers with money. One estimate places the expenditure in the last four years in that district by out-of-state motor travelers alone at between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000.

No Rival of the Railroads

Naturally the communities along the road have benefited in somewhat proportionate manner. The automobile traveler pays cash, and even the merchants who seem to like his business the least are up in arms at the suggestion that another parallel highway should be built 100 miles or so to the south or the north.

On one trail the sales of gasoline during the season when snow makes through traveling difficult is barely 5 per cent as great as during the months when the overland movement is on.

Nor can it be said that the motor migration is seriously injuring the transcontinental railroads, because in spite of the loss of passenger fares the towns along the railroads have increased in size in consequence of the motor movement, and numbers of new towns and villages have sprung up as the result of this travel. All this means increased freight business for the railroads, and it is commonly understood that freight constitutes the profitable side of railroading. There can be no doubt, of course, that the increase in size and number of stores, hotels, garages and service stations means more freight traffic.

Even in regard to passenger travel, it is difficult to see how, with present facilities, the railroads could handle much more. Limited trains are run in two and three sections and accommodations are difficult to get. On several, at least, of the transcontinental railroads, overland passenger travel has been admittedly heavy of late.

The motor migration, restless though it is, has the effect of developing even the most forbidding and unlovely sections of the Western country. The motorists demand better and ever better roads, and the native and permanent residents profit from such improvement. Business that formerly took weeks in the desert and mountain country now requires a day or two. Scenic wonders to visit which was once a desperate undertaking are now reached in a few hours.

"Formerly when you went out to the Indian country you stayed out, and when you came in you stayed in," said an old-timer; "but that is no longer true. It used to be an all-summer trip; now it takes only a few days."

Then, too, the tendency of automobile travel is not only towards democracy but towards friendliness, sociability and camaraderie.

It is true that many such travelers are afraid to pick up pedestrians or assist other motorists in trouble for fear of being robbed; but, on the whole, the attitude of one motorist towards another is that of easy sociability. This has been greatly accentuated by the development and multiplication of free or almost free public camp grounds, which are in a way the most cheerful places in town.

Camp-Ground Friendships

Tourist friendships are quickly formed on the road or in the camps. Cars often travel in parties, flocks or caravans, and if one car is forced to halt for repairs the others wait until all can travel together again, often without any one person knowing the names of the others. Even if these traveling acquaintances do not last, new connections are sure to be made.

At the camp grounds there is an easy exchange of experiences around the evening fire, and the newcomer quickly gets acquainted as the inevitable questions of where are you going, where are you from, how are the roads and how far is it to so and so are exchanged. In these places, rapidly becoming the home of a considerable fraction of the population, there are births, deaths and all the other incidents of life.

In the larger cities of the West the camp-ground population constitutes whole cities by themselves, and even in the smaller places they are substantial villages. To an increasing extent, workmen live in these places while on temporary jobs of a month or two, and in towns where there are summer schools the mature students live in the camps in many instances.

In the Flagstaff, Arizona, camp ground two brothers who had not seen each other in thirty-five years met face to face. One had been living in Texas and the other in New York. They were headed in opposite directions, but joined forces and went the same way.

All this moving, this milling about, should have the effect of reducing sectionalism. It should—it must be making Americans better acquainted with their own country and with one another. It is a process of Americanization, of nationalization and of education. As a distinguished scientist, who with wife and three children is himself knocking about the Far West, with no very definite destination in mind, remarked to the writer when some rather slighting remark was made concerning the tourist:

"Talk about the oil boom, and its antecedents and subsequents! They are tame and motionless compared to the thrills of the nomad seeking that which he finds in superabundance but is never consoled. The more he learns the more he feels there is to learn, and the more he appreciates that the hibernator loses a multitude of opportunities. What is education? It is a freer and greater appreciation of the world's affairs and possibilities, and it comes all too slowly to him who sits in the secluded archives of the library and in the garden of the back yard, or in the aisles behind the counters in the store; to get somewhere one needs to go somewhere, and not always stick somewhere.

"What if Joseph Smith had sat still in his Eastern abode? What if the Spaniard had not set foot with Coronado? What if Columbus had been a stay-at-home? What if Daniel Boone had said, 'What is there to the tourist game? This hallowed spot is good enough for me'? And I notice that

(Continued on Page 66)

You can't see it—

But you know it's there

ALONG the city street air moves calmly and quietly to and fro. But suddenly alien winds force their way into the street and drive before them the air already there.

The air under pressure tries to escape to less crowded areas. Tall buildings, however, on either side, confine it. Desperately it rushes about, sending hats whirling along the pavement and grasping at coats and skirts of passers-by. Finally the air whistles triumphantly around a corner and is—*free*.

How confined air serves you

The smaller the space in which air is confined, the harder it is to hold prisoner. And when, in its unceasing effort to get free, air pushes out the walls of the automobile tire, it enables you to ride rapidly and comfortably on pneumatic air cushions.

Thus the effort of air to escape is literally made to serve your comfort when the tire manufacturer makes inner tubes that successfully retain air.

Even the best-made inner tube, however, will wear out before its time if the tire valve does not retain the air necessary for proper inflation.

Why he chooses Schrader Tire Valves

The tire-maker chooses Schrader Tire Valves because they are air-tight. They were on the first pneumatic tires made in the United States. Today they are standard equipment on pneumatic tires made in this country and Canada and are used in every part of the globe where there are motor cars. The record of Schrader Tire Valves is one of ceaseless and unfailing performance in guarding against the escape of the most elusive prisoner in the world—*air*.

How to use this valve

Every complete Schrader Universal Tire Valve comprises a valve inside, a valve cap, rim nut bushing, and dust cap. When the car manufacturer delivers a new car with these parts on every tire valve, he is looking after your best interests. Every part has a separate and important function. Unless you use all these Schrader parts, the effectiveness of the valve is reduced.

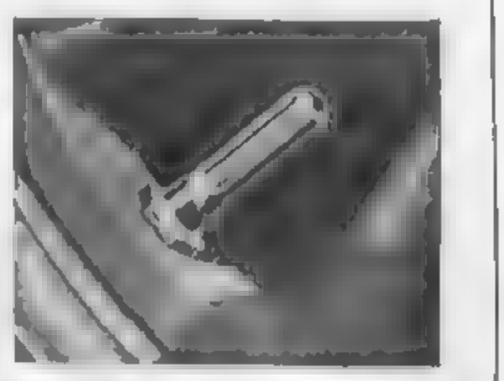
The manufacture of all these parts has been so carefully standardized that you can always be sure of getting Schrader valve parts to fit any Schrader Valve. A valve inside bought in London, a valve cap in India, and a dust cap in Canada will fit the valve of the tube purchased in Chicago.

Caring for your air

For best results in air and tire protection you should keep a valve cap on every valve. Also be sure to tighten the hexagon nut at the base of the valve before inserting a new tube, so that air can not leak out there.

If you haven't extra Schrader Valve Insides and Valve Caps in your tool kit, you can get them and the other parts of the valve at motor accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores.

Also carry your own Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge. Its use will help you maintain correct inflation and thereby prolong the life of your tires.



COMPLETE SCHRADER TIRE VALVE WITH DUST CAP as it appears on tires in actual service.

This is the SCHRADER DUST CAP that goes over the valve and protects it and the valve stem threads. Can be attached or detached with a few turns of the hand.

Under the Dust Cap and on top of the valve is—

Dust Cap

THE SCHRADER VALVE CAP. Through this cap, when screwed on by hand, no dirt can enter the valve, and no air can escape from the tube.

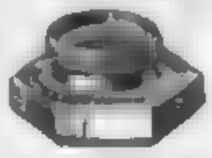
Protected by the Valve Cap is—

Valve Cap

THE SCHRADER VALVE INSIDE, which is placed in the mouth of the valve. It permits quick entrance of air, and also prevents escape of that air once it is in the tube.

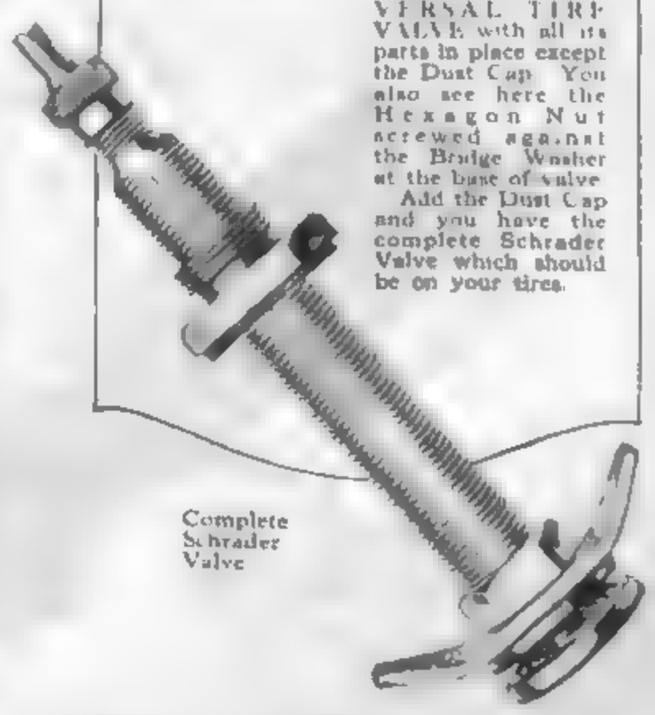
The valve stem into which the Valve Inside goes is centered in the valve hole by—

Valve Inside



THE SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING, which also holds on the Dust Cap. It is always tightened against the wheel by a small wrench.

Rim Nut Bushing



This is the SCHRADER UNIVERSAL TIRE VALVE with all its parts in place except the Dust Cap. You also see here the Hexagon Nut screwed against the Bridge Washer at the base of valve.

Add the Dust Cap and you have the complete Schrader Valve which should be on your tires.

Complete Schrader Valve

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chicago Toronto London

SCHRADER

TIRE VALVES
TIRE VALVE ACCESSORIES
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGES

Hosiery & Allen A Underwear

Trade-Mark Reg U S Pat Off

Allen A Hosiery
for All the Family

GOOD LOOKS and extra money's worth—to get both go to the Allen A dealer and take the hosiery with the Allen A trade-mark—

A trade-mark that insures your getting the service you pay for.

Extra durability—Allen A Hosiery

Style that Wears

Allen A pure thread silk, all prevailing shades—snug fit, greater wear and all at such reasonable prices

Also Makers of
Allen A Underwear
for Men & Boys

THE ALLEN A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

© 1923 The Allen A Company

(Continued from Page 64)

you are rambling quite a bit yourself, seeking to improve your condition and to find a better way. All pioneers in spirit, all seeking a better way, all trying to find the lock that their key fits and to match the color that a fortuitous circumstance in genetics has endowed them with."

Of course, when we get right down to the immediate reasons for this restless movement, there is nothing so romantic about it as this eloquent gentleman makes out. The motor traveler does not think of himself as Columbus, Coronado, or even Joseph Smith. In the opinion of the writer a much larger percentage of the travelers are on the road because of ill health than most authorities recognize or admit. The author of the foregoing declaration of independence would never have started out himself except for ill health.

The automobile has made it possible for families, one member of which is suffering from tuberculosis, bronchitis, asthma, sinus trouble or similar affection, to wander about in search of health, especially in the high altitudes of the Far West. Often a change of a couple of thousand feet elevation either way will make the patient feel better at least temporarily, and so the family moves on to another camp ground.

"An example is a man working for me now," said a garage proprietor in a cool mountain town. "His home was in the East, and he was told that his wife had four months to live. He built a house on his automobile and brought along a trailer in addition, to afford room for every comfort. His wife was so ill that at times they made only fifteen miles a day. But the climate helped her and she has gained fifty pounds. They live in the house, so have no rent to pay. When winter comes they will move down to one of the towns in the warm valley country, and he will get a job in a garage there."

In another garage a traveler, himself a garage helper from the East, was standing watching the local proprietor at work. Several other men were standing around, and when I asked the tourist why he was on the road he seemed hesitant to reply in the company of so many. But as soon as I walked away he followed me, and once out of hearing of the other men he explained volubly that he was in search of health, describing the dread character of his disease and detailing its many symptoms. He was accompanied by his wife and five children.

"I can work," he said; "I can always get work, and am afraid of nothing in the way of work."

Brother Advertising

Then, too, great numbers of people set out from home for no other reason than that brothers or sisters, relatives-in-law and friends or residents of the same town have gone before. The head of a great tourist agency told the writer that the best-known advertising of a scenic attraction is brother or sister advertising. Said the representative of another tourist organization:

"The travels and experiences of any citizen from any town, especially if it be a small one, have the effect of creating in the minds of his fellow citizens a desire to travel. To this is due the vast increase in motor travel."

Time and again I have talked to groups of young men in small cars headed overland, who seemed ignorant of why or where they were going except that they had a brother in such and such a place and they thought he could get them a job.

"What are you going to do in California?" I have asked numbers of young men, and they have answered with a vague, dumb look in their eyes, "Oh, I don't know; I have a brother there."

A man traveling with two women and ten children explained that he had sold his farm because he could not make a living on it, used part of the proceeds to buy an aged car of exceedingly large make, and set out for one of the Far Western States because he had a brother there. He first attracted the attention of the residents of the part of the country where the writer has been living, during the month of February. He was found stranded a few miles from town, minus gas, oil, food and money.

The temperature was well below zero and the family kept from freezing only by burning pitchypine knots inside the small tent attached to the car. There being no stove or outlet for the smoke, the family were jet-black, and the children cried for food. Supplies were sent out and the family were placed in an old deserted house. Finally, after a long wait, a telegram came from the brother authorizing the payment of about fifteen dollars, with which sum the party moved on something over 200 miles, where, at last accounts, they were still stranded.

Naturally the continued flood tide of prosperity in Southern California is a lure or magnet, which forms one of the fundamental explanations of the migration.

"Where are you going?" I have asked many pathetic and ignorant-looking motorists, as well as those of a more fortunate class.

"I guess I'll go to California," is the often timid answer; or "I guess I'll park a while in Los Angeles"; or "I guess I'll stay a while in California."

There is, of course, a world of ignorance among numbers of these people as to what California is like and what they will find there. Men sell farms, houses and effects farther east, give up positions and start out for the lure of the golden West. Often they do not know what awaits them there, but in any case they have cut off the avenues of retreat and set out blindly with nothing to go back to.

Time and again cars make the trip across country whose drivers have never operated an automobile before. Distance and geography in general are a sealed book to them.

"Oh, I guess I won't get fixed up here," say owners of cars with serious engine trouble. "I'll be all right as soon as I get to California," unaware apparently that there are still 600 or 700 miles to go, and with the Mohave Desert to cross.

Eastbound Travel

Wisely, indeed, are the efforts of leaders in civic life in Southern California directed toward the development of factories on a large scale, for only in this way can employment be provided in constantly increasing volume for the travelers who arrive with only a vague idea of how one's living is to be earned in that country.

The movement, of course, is not all one way. There are those who find only disappointment in their search, and the more cynically minded observers in the states directly east of California are prone to remark that only the travelers or settlers with money can afford to return East. But probably those who return permanently are a small minority, and it is not boosting for California, but cold and literal fact, to say that large numbers of people in all walks of life who go there do better their condition. At least, such has been the case for several years past.

"What's the matter with Ohio?" was my standardized question to a young tool maker from a city in the northern part of that state.

"Ohio's all right," was his cheerful reply. "I was born there, of course, and I like it well enough; but when you feel the call coming to go West, I say get up and go. If you find you've made a mistake you can rectify it. I believe there's more chance for a young fellow in the West; not so much of this business of being related to someone to get ahead."

Always, too, there are great numbers of vacationists from California touring the states east, settlers in California visiting relatives in the East, prospective settlers in California returning after their first visit there to make arrangements to go back, and the large group of mere drifters who seem to spend their entire time in going back and forth between the coast and eastern points.

One cannot altogether blame the tourist for his ignorance on some matters, especially concerning roads, road conditions and geographical details. The people whom he asks for directions along the road are, if anything, more ignorant than himself, probably because they, too, are mostly newcomers. Nor, in the opinion of the writer, can there be any purgatory large enough to hold all the liars who romance about road conditions in the Western States.

There is no occasion for getting lost on the transcontinental highways, because these, and even many of the side roads in the Western mountain and desert states, have been literally festooned with signs by one of the automobile clubs. Prior to 1915 these routes were not definitely designated, and consequently bore no markers or signs; and it was necessary to secure directions in every town in order to reach the next one. But with the complete marking of several of these highways, it is now the exception

(Continued on Page 69)

Whitman's NUTS CHOCOLATE COVERED

A very special appeal to the taste of those who want the best nut meats the markets of the world afford, combined with chocolate of Whitman's Super Extra Quality.

There are no combination centers in this package—nothing but nuts, whole nut meats thickly coated with delicious chocolate.

We believe the kinds are assorted to appeal to most tastes. We know that the package is a first favorite with many good judges of fine confections, and its popularity has increased steadily for many years.

Nuts Chocolate Covered is one of Whitman's Quality Group of special candy assortments for discriminating lovers of sweets.

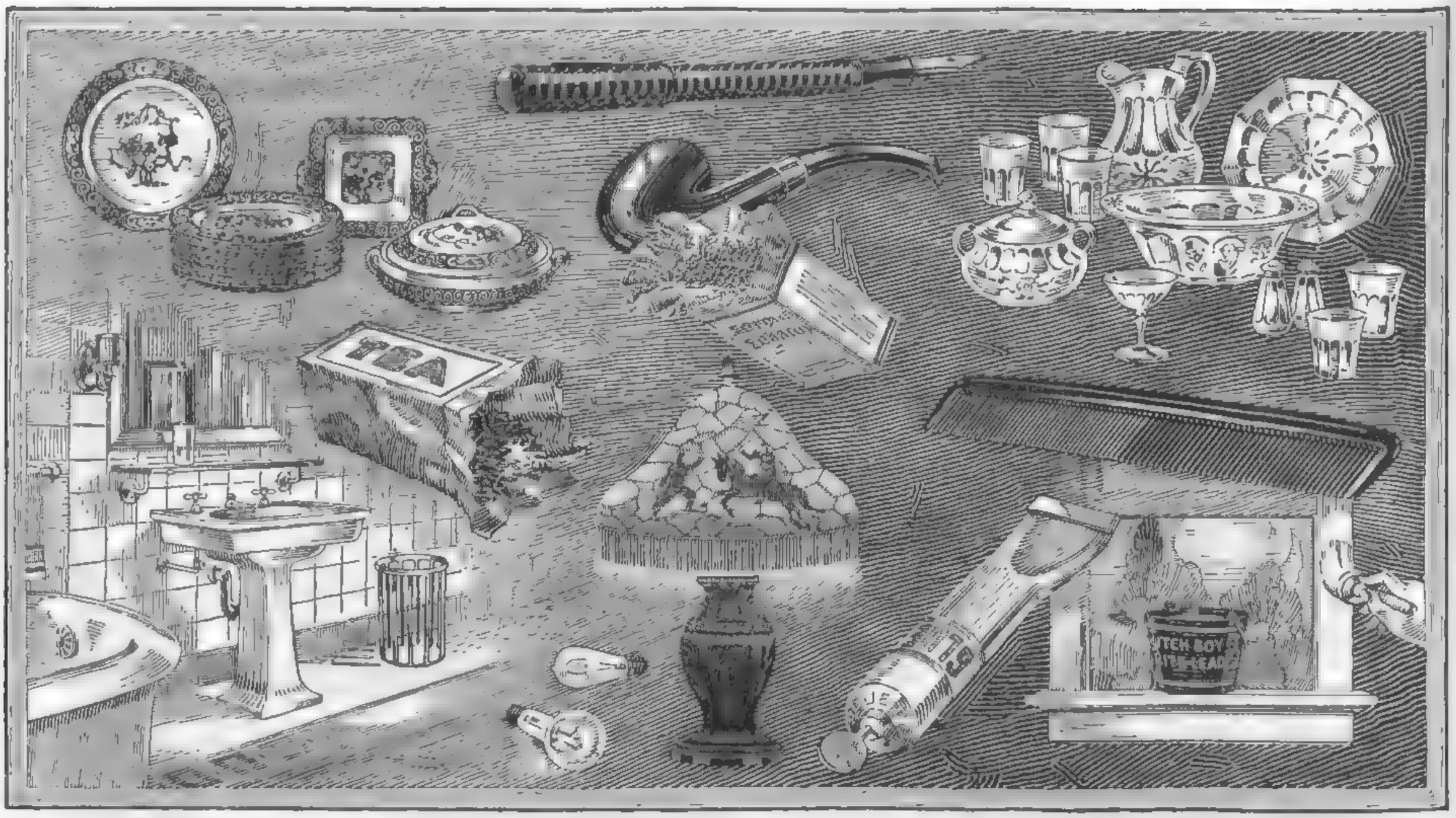
This package has a special Hallowe'en wrapper for that holiday.

All Whitman's chocolates are sold only by selected stores in every neighborhood that are chosen as agents for the sale of Whitman's. Every agency receives frequent fresh supplies direct. Every package of Whitman's is guaranteed to be fresh and to give complete satisfaction.

Whole Nut Meats

Brazil
Filbert Clusters
English Walnut Clusters
Almond Clusters
Peanut Clusters
Pecan Clusters

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip



How lead serves in your home

LEAD has never been prized for its beauty, as have gold and silver and other precious metals. With a reputation as one of the baser metals, lead has had few admirers.

Yet lead today, because of the many services it renders, is to be found in homes everywhere. It lives intimately with you from morning to night. You would soon miss lead's presence badly were it suddenly taken away, for it would be some time before suitable substitutes could be found.

In the bathroom

Lead is an important ingredient in making the glossy white enamel that covers the iron tub and basin and the glazed tile walls in your bathroom.

The lead oxides, either litharge or red-lead, are mixed with several other materials and melted. This makes a molten glass which changes into fine white granules when plunged into cold water. A mixture of these granules and water is spread on the iron body of tub and basin and the casting is fired at high temperature. When cooled it presents the beautiful hard enamel surface with which we are familiar.

On the dining-room table

In practically the same way as lead enamel is put on the bath-tub, the potter uses white-lead, litharge, or red-lead to help produce the smooth, hard glaze on the fine china plates, cups, and saucers you have on your dining-room table. Cut-glass bowls and dishes on your table are from one-third to one-half lead. Lead gives brilliance and sparkle to them. It is also used in making other fine table glass.

Lead is in every room

Electric light bulbs throughout your house are made of fine lead glass. Red-lead helps to seal radiator joints. Rubber stoppers in bath-tub and basins have lead in them. The hard rubber of your comb contains lead.

On your desk may be collapsible paste and glue tubes made of lead alloy. If your table lamp has a shade of ornamental glass, the bits of glass are held together by lead-tin solder.

Lead is in the hard rubber stem of your pipe. Your tobacco and your tea are often contained in heavy lead-tin foil to keep them. There is lead in the hard rubber case of your fountain pen.

Lead on the walls

All these uses of lead are interesting and important. But do not forget that its most important use is as paint. In this form it is used on inside walls and woodwork, and also on the outside.

"Save the surface and you save all"—*Adv. Idea*

Manufacturers know the value of white-lead and use it as the principal ingredient in the paint they make. Professional painters use a mixture of pure white-lead and linseed oil or flatting oil to save the surfaces they cover. Property owners everywhere are being rapidly converted to the necessity of protecting their houses with paint. The phrase, "Save the surface and you save all," is recognized as a truth. Use durable lead, in the form of white-lead, as *your* surface-saver.

Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flatting oil, babbitt metal, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are lead pipe, printers' metals, traps and bends, bakelite products, condensite products, fuse wire, US Cartridges and US Shot Shells.

More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.

(Continued from Page 66)

rather than the rule for anyone to lose mileage or time by getting off the proper road.

Nevertheless, travelers are lost every now and then through sheer failure to read or follow signs; or because they follow arrows without reading the written instructions. During a week spent in one of the more remote national forests, the roads of which are, however, carefully marked, the writer ran across several instances of travelers refusing to believe the signs placed there by the Forest Service. I actually heard one stupid motorist refuse to accept a sign at its face value when the supervising officer of the forest in person assured the traveler of its accuracy.

In another instance a narrow pack trail, used by sheep herders and cow-punchers, left the road at a certain point, and the sign, pointing at right angles to the highway, which itself was carefully marked, read, Trail to Camp Verde. A woman attempted to leave the road at this point and traverse the precipitous path in a large automobile, with naturally disastrous results. Angrily she complained that no car in the state could make that road, with which statement the forest officials heartily agreed.

Every now and then cars leave the plainly marked highway without water, extra gas or food, and wander far off into the vast desert expanse of the Navajo and Hopi Indian country, which is usually exceedingly dry. Tragedy is rare, because Indian or forest-service employes usually find these cars and care for the occupants.

It is strange to note the number of cars which travel in the mountain and desert states without water. This is not so serious if a car never leaves the main transcontinental trail; but every now and then cars either accidentally or intentionally leave the highroad, without water or extra gas, and find themselves in a country where water and gas supplies are from fifty to eighty miles apart.

"We are so used to carrying water from the days of wagons and horses that we wouldn't think of going anywhere without it, even if there's worlds of water where we go," said a native. "As for gas, when automobiles first came in here we always used to figure on carrying enough to last 200 miles. Now, even in the Indian country, you can usually get it not more than eighty miles apart, and we consider that quite close together."

Indeed, there are motorists so ignorant as to be unaware of the fact that extreme weather conditions are to be met with in very high altitudes in the depth of winter. One of the main routes crosses a state which, because of the desert character of much of it and the fact that it lies far south, has a reputation of being one of the warmest in the Union. Much of the state is warm; but, on the other hand, one of the coldest regions in the country, both in summer and winter, is on the high plateaus in the northern section of the state.

The Handicap of Ignorance

During the few months when conditions are really bad motorists are often stuck in snowdrifts, frequently without winter clothing. Cars have gone through these lofty altitudes in the dead of winter in which there were children totally devoid of underclothing. Every now and then travelers will give up the trip in disgust and sell expensive cars for small sums. Yet the most elementary knowledge of geography and climate would have shown them the possible risk of making the trip in the few coldest months, agreeable as it is during the greater part of the year.

It is strange, too, that in these intermountain states the traveler should in so many instances complain because the roads are poor. Of course, it is only human, and the resident of states like New Mexico, Nevada and Arizona no doubt does the same when he travels afield and finds bad stretches.

A middle-aged woman with growing children sat in a dust-stained car, and I asked her where she was going. She did not reply, and her expressionless face showed no sign. Then one of the children told me she was deaf and another shouted at the mother. Thus aroused, she smiled politely and said, "The roads are awful, aren't they?"

Such, however, is the universal complaint of the motorist wherever he finds a bad stretch, expecting evidently that roads are built at night and the funds provided by heaven. The amazing thing, of course, is that the transcontinental roads are passable at all, considering the paucity of population.

"The Government ought to do something about these roads," said an old lady from the East whose son and daughter-in-law drove her through a deserted wilderness

"There would have been no use in trying to explain to her that the roads in that forest didn't go anywhere and no one lived near them," said one of the couple afterwards. "She wouldn't have understood."

But the far western states are not the only ones with stretches of bad road, judging by what travelers from farther east tell of dropping pliers in the mud and of being obliged to cut them out with hammer and chisel.

"You're all dead out here," says the angry traveler after bouncing over the rocks in the few bad stretches.

But he neglects to explain how a country with less than three persons to a square mile, and a good part of those Indians and Mexicans, can pay as much for roads as the more thickly settled states with several hundred people to the square mile.

But, after all, the most surprising and distinguishing trait of the transcontinental motor traveler is the hurry he is in. It is true that many are limited for time, and all are under expense which most of them can ill afford to bear. There are many vacationists, of course, who take in all the side trips and see the country as they go along. There are many location hunters, who look over all the localities along the way, anywhere between their home town and the Pacific Ocean, and settle down in the spot which pleases them most.

Hurrying on Their Way

But the general impression made upon the writer by watching travelers, talking with them and with the local business men, is one of hurry. It is a natural human tendency for any traveler to seek to get through, to get there, to hurry on to his destination. The average family party on its Sunday outing always pushes on in hope that just around the corner a pleasanter place will be found for the picnic meal. It is a very common human trait, and one can only hope that the starved-out farmer or the discontented, restless workman who keeps pushing on will find his heart's desire.

But the curious part is that so many travelers have nothing to do at their destination when they reach it, and many others have no destination. As C. E. McStay, field secretary of the Automobile Club of Southern California, puts it:

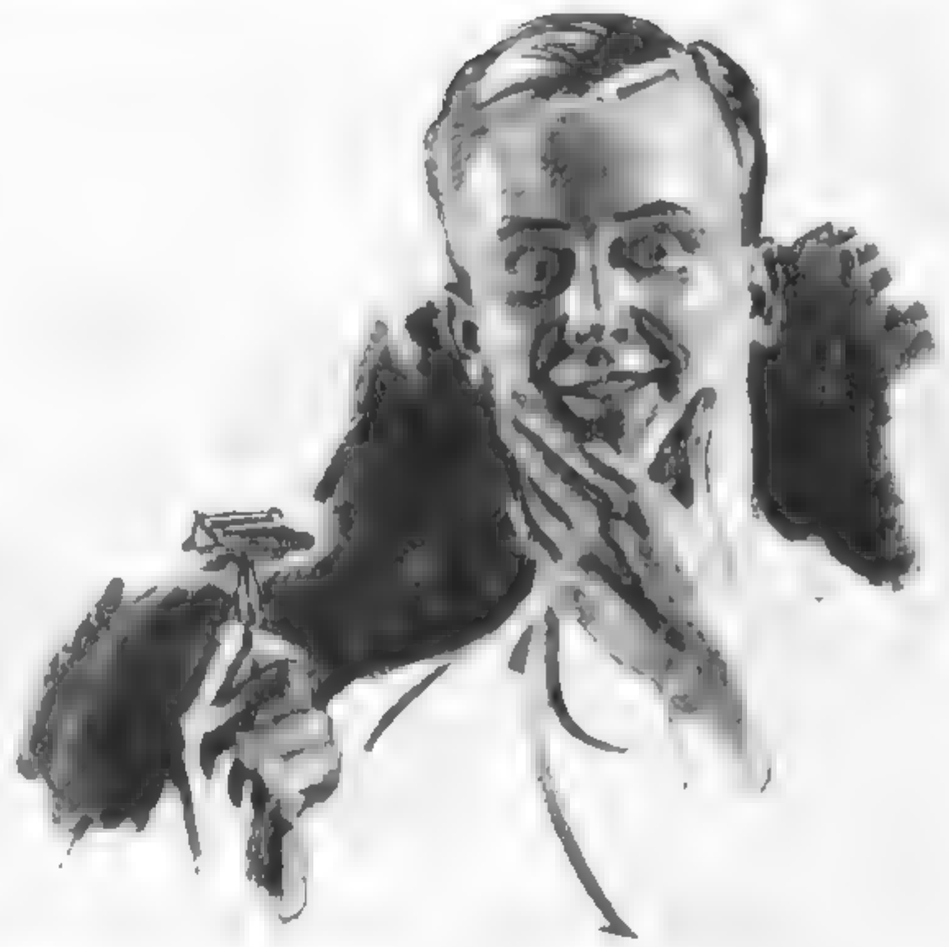
"While en route comparatively few seek to inform themselves of the resources or scenic attractions other than immediately along the road. The average traveler seeks to arrive at the earliest moment consistent with his own individual idea of comfort."

Now if the bulk of the travelers were on business bent it would be explicable. But they are vacationists out to see the attractions, or hunters of new homes and locations; or, as they themselves put it, "out to see the country," "just looking around," or moving about just because they want a change. Yet the proportion of vacationists who will not leave the main road for any attraction is large.

Many such parties will not go four or five miles off the main road to see what are among the best-known and easily the most accessible of cliff dwellings, perhaps because they have to climb up a little hill on foot; and fully half the through motorists on the Santa Fé Trail—National Old Trails Highway—do not take the trip to the Grand Cañon, well known as that spectacle is.

As for the location hunters, they are mostly on such a dead run to find locations that they do not take the time to look over the ground. As a class they can hardly wait for gas or to eat. In one of the great pine forests the writer saw a car filled with young men, apparently of this class, hurrying along the rough and narrow road, despite the shouts of a couple of workmen and of my son, who first saw them coming.

A huge skidding machine was pulling in by means of steel cables an enormous pile of giant logs from the near-by forest. The engine made a noise that could be heard for a mile or two, and even the crashing of the logs as they came tearing through the underbrush at terrific speed made a noise that could be heard a great distance. There was no curve in the road for several hundred feet, and yet the car tore on toward the



How a super-keen razor keeps the face young

A dull blade ages the skin

By O. C. STACKHOUSE, M. D., C. M.
(Director of Lynbrook Sanitarium,
a famous Institute devoted exclusively to facial rejuvenation)

"Many men feel they are getting old before their time. They come to me for advice—they want to stay young.

"I have seen thousands of such men—men who at twenty-one had the smooth and unwrinkled skin of youth. And at thirty-five, a coarse, rough skin with well-pronounced wrinkles.

"Wrong shaving causes much of this. A dull blade, slowly pulling and scraping each hair from the face, opens and enlarges the tiny pores and daily coarsens the skin. Wrinkles are bound to result.

To keep the face young

"I have for many years studied correct shaving. A fast shave, once over the face, with a keen blade, acts as a stimulant to the skin. It is like a daily massage—*it keeps the face young.*

"Wrong shaving harms and ages the skin.

"I have investigated all razors, and unqualifiedly recommend the Valet AutoStrop Razor to men who desire to shave correctly. It's all in the super-keen blade, which gives a fast shave, once over the face without pulling, and prevents those abrasions which result in tiny scars and skin irregularities."

Start right today!

Dr. Stackhouse is an internationally famous skin specialist and his advice is sought by people throughout the world. It is given here free to you. The new Valet AutoStrop Razor offers you the utmost in speed and comfort. Only 78 seconds from lather to towel! It has been perfected only after many years of study and research. 1923 sales have smashed all records.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor comes in sets at $1 to $25. All models have the same super-keen blades. A new blade can be inserted when needed or the blade can be resharpened by the patented self-stropping feature. The easiest razor to clean, the keenest of blades—speed, comfort and health—these we offer you.

Buy a Valet AutoStrop Razor today—for sale at all dealers'—or send the coupon below. Then note the speed, the added comfort and the glow of a healthy skin.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ORDER *direct if your dealer cannot supply you.*

AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
646 First Avenue, New York City

Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete.

Name _____

Street Address _____

City and State _____

"What's he trying to do?" they asked each other

They were all talking about him in the little Swiss village—whispering, laughing—

"What's he trying to do," said the villagers, "sticking in his kitchen all the time?"

But Daniel Peter was too absorbed to notice or care. He was hot on the track of his big idea.

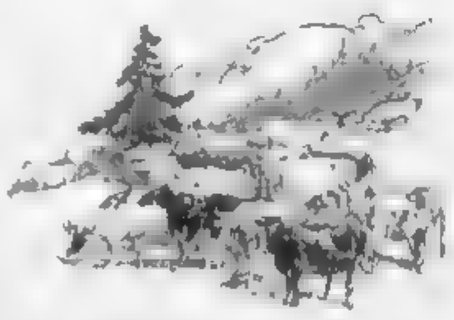
And at last he won out. He not only *invented milk chocolate* but he perfected the *Peter's blend.*

It's the same fine blend that you get in *Peter's* today—a secret process still, and in charge of experienced foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods. Only in Peter's do you get that rare, satisfying flavor that Daniel Peter originated 50 years ago.

Out of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans, only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. The richest, purest milk from selected cows is turned into milk chocolate within a few hours after it's produced.

If you haven't tried *Peter's*, you should. It's different—distinctive—*good.* You'll like the fine, rare flavor of it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 131 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents.



Milch cows of highest grade—4,000 of them—supply the milk used in Peter's. Pure, fresh, rich milk every day

High as the Alps in Quality

plain, almond bars & croquettes

point where the logs were crossing the road, stopping just in time to avoid what would probably have been a fatal collision.

Of course the time to see the tourist in a real hurry is when he is stuck in the rain, mud or snow. No matter even if he has no destination and possesses all the time there is, he will often sell an expensive car for a trifle to any native who comes along with ready cash and a vehicle to take the traveler back to the nearest town. Naturally all the native does is to leave the car where it is for a day or two, or often for only a few hours, and then drive it off. For though the storms are exceedingly furious in this country, the ground dries with extraordinary rapidity afterwards, and the wise traveler is he who has drinking water and provisions enough to wait.

Another representative of the automobile club whose field secretary was quoted in a foregoing paragraph, Mr. O. W. Lewis, comanager of the touring bureau, insists that the average motorist does desire to see other states, other cities, strange people and, most of all, scenery. He will, says Mr. Lewis, spend all the time he can examining and wondering what freak of Nature produced the petrified forest and exploring for days the wonders of the Grand Cañon.

But Mr. Lewis adds, "He does not care much about the products or resources of the various communities through which he passes."

He certainly does not!

"What's the matter with Massachusetts, that you are leaving it so cold?" I inquired of a young man in a car from that state.

"Nothing," he replied. "We're just looking around. Massachusetts is the finest state we've seen yet. But there's nothing here in New Mexico and Arizona except desert. I don't see why anyone wants to live here."

"Big lumber industry in this part of the state," I rather timidly suggested.

"That doesn't interest me at all," said the young man with great superciliousness.

Perhaps this case was hardly typical because of the aggressive nature of my own initial inquiry. But there were plenty of others. One young collegian asked me what the people lived on in this Western country. He had come through more than 1000 miles of cattle ranges, the breeding ground of the whole meat and packing industry. He must have passed bands of 2000 sheep many times on the road, and right here in the last few miles he had passed numbers of great sawmills. But, of course, he had not seen them. He was hopeless.

"Our sole means of livelihood here is the tourist," I gravely assured him.

"I'm no sucker," was his quick answer as he looked at me suspiciously.

One characteristic of far too many tourists in passing through the smaller places of the West is to assume a patronizing attitude. In too many cases the traveler shows plainly in his manner that he regards them as hick towns.

"Which is curious," as a local business man observed, "considering the fact that practically everyone in these Western towns came from the East, and in many cases from much larger cities than do most of the tourists who are passing through."

Divergent Opinions

There is a marked difference of opinion among observers along the highroads as to whether farmers or workmen, skilled or unskilled, predominate among the stream of those in search of betterment. Of course, among the millions of farmers throughout the country there are always those who cannot make a go of it, and with the widespread ownership of automobiles the tendency is to move on a little farther west. This is perhaps especially true of those who are already pretty far west and have failed at homesteading. It is very common to meet a farmer, with wife and many children, who explains that he couldn't make a living back in such and such a state, and had to sell out.

But the writer is inclined to believe that workmen, skilled and unskilled, form the largest single class on four wheels. C. C. Compton, an experienced and observant Westerner, who for several years was custodian of the Flagstaff, Arizona, camp ground, and who has come into direct personal contact with the occupants of nearly all the 20,000 cars which stopped there during his régime, asserts that about 30 per cent of the travelers he has met have enough money and are largely of the tourist type, and that another 30 per cent are a sort of middle class with perhaps $200 or $300 in total liquid resources, on the lookout for something that will suit them better.

This class which is seriously trying to better itself comes mostly, he says, from the Middle West, and proves industrious and progressive when settled right, but, generally speaking, has no very definite objective. They are on the move because of reverses in their former occupations.

"The other 40 per cent," this informant adds, "are just naturally drifters; that's the best you can make of it. They are a sort of poor white trash that will stay in the free camp grounds as long as you will let them. They are men who have failed six or seven times in whatever they have attempted. The only difference between them and the old-fashioned railroad hobo is that they take their families and possessions along.

"Why, in the city of Blank the police visit the camp grounds regularly and ask every man whether he has money and gas. If he says no they fill up his car with gas and tell him to move on. Nor do these people care, once their tank is filled, for then they can go. Gas is the great essential. Repairs they or their fellow campers can make themselves. Food can be begged, but gas as a rule must be paid for."

On the other hand, a representative of an automobile touring club states that not more than 5 per cent of those on the overland highways are nomads.

"Nearly two-thirds of all motor travelers," says this authority, "are tourists spending a portion of the year on the Pacific Coast."

Travelers' Banking Plans

But one garage owner along the way said that not more than 10 per cent of all the travelers could be considered real tourists. Still another garage owner declared that 60 per cent have practically nothing. Still another proprietor declared that the travelers are "mostly poor and many tell you they are broke."

"Seventy per cent are hunting new locations," said a fourth man in the same business. "Sixty per cent have barely enough money to get through, probably 30 per cent have enough money to keep them for a little while. Only 10 per cent have what you would really call money."

It is probably true that the majority of cars which travel across continent get through without serious mechanical difficulty and without being delayed to any extent. Likewise it is no doubt true that the majority of cars go through without their owners being obliged to beg for gas, tires and food, or obliged to work temporarily for them, or obliged to abandon their cars or sell them for small sums.

As regards the mechanical condition of the cars, it should be remembered that most of the drifting type of motorists are themselves mechanics. To take a flivver down and put it up again is child's play for them. It is common for such people to enter a camp ground late in the afternoon after an all-day trip, take the car apart and start out by nine the following morning. If they forget how to put something in, the men in the tent next to them will be able to do it.

Nevertheless, there is a very real, a very substantial minority who are reduced to every conceivable strait. Nor am I referring to those who find themselves in temporary difficulties merely through having made ill-advised banking arrangements for the trip. Travelers must not expect banks along the highways to cash personal checks without ample identification. A letter from the traveler's bank, with a seal over the signature, or a passport with photograph may prove of help. But obviously travelers' checks issued by such agencies as carry on this business on a nation-wide scale are most suitable for the trip.

There are cases every now and then of travelers with ample resources at home, or which have been sent on ahead of them, who for lack of identification may be obliged to hang around in some small town for a week. But those who really have money do not suffer long.

A car which could go no farther because the tires were worn out contained a couple and three small children. The man presented his personal check, but the bank refused to honor it. Insisting that he could get all he needed at home, the man wired back, and after waiting all day in the hot sun his message came: "Pay this man seventeen dollars." Which was like the

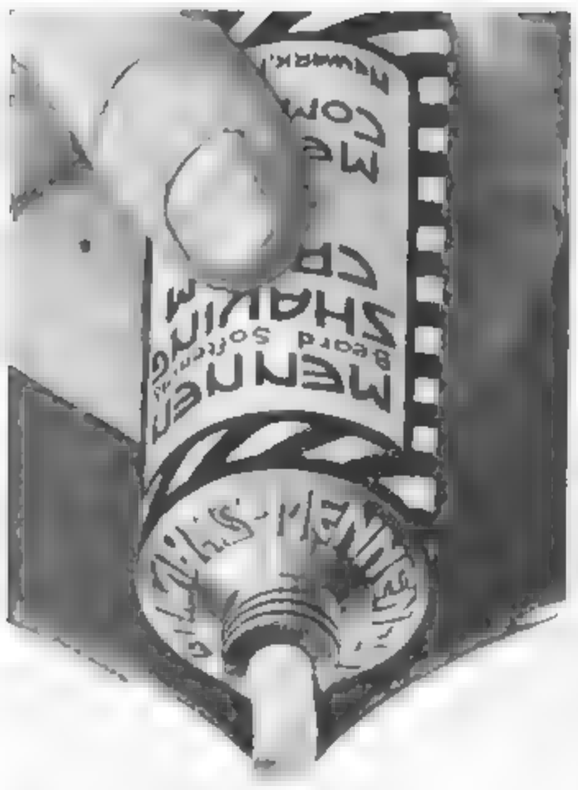
(Continued on Page 72)

Sound footing! When you put your best foot forward it ought to be silk shod. For not only is silk the accepted fabric of elegance throughout the world, but when it is made into hand-finished hosiery by Phoenix methods, it has a long-mileage endurance that makes it a downright *economy*. Luxurious hosiery-travel at small cost! Sturdy beauty that commands leadership everywhere! These are compelling reasons why you should find *sound footing* in Phoenix hosiery now.

PHOENIX

HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE



"Best for Me"

One of my friends recently wrote me as follows:

"Dear Jim:—I notice that you never come right out in your advertising with the unqualified statement that Mennen's is the finest shaving cream in the world.

"I don't believe that your restraint is wholly sincere for you know as well as I do that no other cream is even comparable to Mennen's.

"I've tried them all and believe me my beard offers a real test. It isn't one of these silky affairs that almost rubs off on the towel. It consists of he-bristles that wouldn't shame a wild boar.

"Mennen's is the only Cream I know that softens my beard perfectly for painless removal and it certainly does keep my skin in grand condition.

"You can be as modest as you like but I'll tell the world that Mennen's is *best for me.*"

In spite of my enthusiastic correspondent, I shall continue to confine my advertising to statements of what Mennen's will do and leave the superlatives to you users.

Mennen's will soften any beard that ever grew so that the razoring is speedy, without a trace of painful sensation and so close that you can rub your hand against the beard without a suggestion of scratching.

Boro-glycerine, the wonderful emollient in Mennen's, does keep your skin in splendid condition—soft, free from pimples or irritating rashes, and healthy.

Mennen's works perfectly with cold or hard water.

The full-bodied, firm, creamy lather is literally non-drying.

You don't have to rub in the lather with your fingers.

It comes in two sizes: the big 50 cent tube for home use and the 35 cent convenient size for traveling.

If after a week's trial you don't agree with my friend that Mennen's is "best for you," send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 70)

family that started from Kentucky to the Grand Cañon with a total liquid capital of forty-seven dollars.

Now it is well known that many people take long motor trips and have marvelous luck not only in the matter of engine trouble but as regards tires. But it is equally well known that many others have bad luck, or perhaps they are bad drivers, or perhaps the cars and tires are so old to begin with that trouble is inevitable. In any case, the instances of poverty along the road show up mostly in regard to travelers who have more hard luck than they anticipate. The unexpected expenses are what catch them.

"But I do not think the class this year is as poor as in 1921 and 1922," said a garage owner whose testimony differed from that of most other men in the same line. "Perhaps the poorer ones have run off all four tires and have had to stop traveling. They may be camping somewhere. I have had only two cases this week of people who had to stop because their tires were worn out and who didn't have money enough to buy new ones, thus being obliged to send their families to the camp ground while they looked for work."

Trading Anything for Gas

The writer can only say that he has hardly met a person of any description who lives along or near the highway who has not had numerous personal experiences with the poverty of automobile travelers.

"A man came in here the other day," said a garage owner, "and complained bitterly because he had spent four hours trying to get someone to stop and lend him a jack. 'Why, I've come all the way from New York,' he declared, 'and this is the first time I haven't been able to borrow a jack!'

"Frequently people traveling even in large cars try to sell us parts, or try to exchange the large cars for small ones with cash to boot, to help them on their way."

"There are several people right here in the courthouse who have bought good cars cheap from tourists who had to sell them," said a county employe.

"I nearly always give them gas," said the generous manager of a sawmill by the roadside. "The night watchman woke me up at three this morning and said there was a party with little children outside, with no gas and no money to pay for it."

"We always give anyone food who asks for it," said the chief engineer of a road-building gang; "but I absolutely refuse to give them gas, although we have many requests. We would soon use up a drum if we helped these people out, and we are too far out of town for that."

"I always carry extra gas, not so much for myself, but to help people out," said a taxi driver. "They don't try to bum it in town much, but out on the road their chances are better."

"I acquired an eighty-dollar magneto, a twenty-eight-dollar camera and a fifteen-dollar pair of binoculars from one auto party in return for $1.50 cash," said a state employe who travels about from ranch to ranch. "One party offered me an overcoat in return for gas."

"I helped a party who had tire trouble," said a salesman for a tobacco concern; "yet while I was picking up my things they stole my jack."

"One party offered me a dollar fountain pen in return for gas," said a life-insurance agent, "and another I allowed to help himself to gas in my tank, but on condition that he suck it out himself through a rubber tube he had. It was the only way he could get it, and he didn't seem to mind the taste a bit, while I did."

"I have actually met tourists who boasted they had not bought a gallon of gas all the way across country," said an automobile salesman. "They carry a siphon and bum one gallon at a time from passing motorists. They may not admit it to you, but there are garages which demand cash first from a certain class of traveler before putting in the gas."

"Two men came in this morning and asked for work," said a druggist. "I had no work for them, but gave them a dollar when they said they were hungry. I live near the camp grounds and see many people turn away when they read the big sign that says twenty-five cents a night"—a statement confirmed by the writer, who has seen car after car turn away at this appalling expense.

"When there is only an inch or two in the tank people say one or two gallons will do," said a garage owner, "although they have 600 or 700 miles to go and gas will be no cheaper for hundreds of miles."

"Bob Mitchell was waiting on gas customers at Babbitt's garage on Sunday," is the story told by Del Strong, a newspaper man along the trail. "Seven cars were waiting their turn. The last one was a steaming little flivver, vintage of 1916, with six rattles and a button.

"Finally its turn came and Bob asked, 'How many gallons?'

"The driver of Eliza held up one finger.

"Bob snapped, 'Wot yer tryin' ter do, wean it?'"

"A man with wife and three children in an old car missed the road and landed way up at our place," said the principal of an Indian school in the Painted Desert, a hundred miles from the road. "He broke an axle just before he reached the school and we took one out of a government car. He started off and had a blow-out. We gave him a new tire. He cost us between thirty and forty dollars, but it was cheaper than boarding them. He promised to send us the money, but never did. It is true, he left an old rifle as security, but upon close inspection it proved to be no good."

"A young man stopped here for a week without asking the price of the room," said a hotel owner. "When he came to leave he was nine dollars short. He got a job as a clerk in a local store, and has a wife, a child and, of course, a car. He hasn't paid the nine dollars yet."

"They go in on our rangers, who have none too much themselves, upon poor ranchmen and Indian-service employes, and eat like wolves," said the supervising officer of a national forest. "They'll get sixty or seventy miles off the road and away from town, with half a dozen kids, no food, water or gas. Yet now and then when the rangers or ranchmen help them out, unwilling to see them starve, they steal the blankets.

"One car fifty miles from town, off the main road and in the forest, burned out its brakes. None of the three men in the car could fix it, and they urged our ranger, who was busy at the time, to make the repairs. He had no time, but offered to lend them the tools and show them how. Two of the men were tubercular and said they would soon die if they didn't get out of the high altitude, around 8000 feet at that place. Neither of them had any money. Finally the third man said he had enough money to bring a mechanic out from town."

"Yes, we have a couple of cases of poverty-stricken tourists in here every day," said the manager of a branch of a great chain-store system, and the assistant confirmed the statement. "Two young fellows came in a few days ago and said they had been pushed off the road into the ditch a little way out of town and couldn't get back on the road. They said they had paid only forty dollars for the car in the first place, that it was nearly worn out; and as it would cost twenty-five dollars to pull it out of the ditch, which sum they didn't have, they considered themselves lucky to sell it for twenty dollars to a native who came along. They walked into town, bought themselves some cheap but sturdy shoes and started hoofing it across."

"Is your Eastern home in New York?" the assistant then asked me as I stood near the counter.

The Gloomy Old Settler

As I replied that it was near New York, a young workman with a bright, pleasant smile and honest face, who had stepped up to buy something, turned and said he had come from New York too.

"Do you live here now?" I asked.

"No," he replied laughingly; "but my pal and I are here for a while. We hocked our car at one of the garages, and I'm working out here for a surveying party until I get enough money to go on to the coast. No, I haven't any trade," he said when I asked him what it was.

"Eighty per cent of the tourists are no good," said an emphatic and gloomy old settler who is postmaster, storekeeper, service-station proprietor and boarding-house keeper in a tiny settlement which stands alone in a great flat space at the top of a mountain range. It is a lonely, desolate spot, where the mercury seldom climbs as high as zero in wintertime, where the only sight one can see is the logs on their way to the mill, and whose only other excuse for existence is the fact that it nestles close to both the highway and the main transcontinental railroad.

"Perhaps 80 per cent is too high," said the old fellow, relenting a bit. "But remember that I live by the highway. My home is here. It is a constant battle to maintain oneself against these people. I don't mind their helping themselves to my water, but I do object to their breaking the hydrant. When they take rooms in the house sometimes they steal the towels, pillows and blankets. They run over my chickens and turkeys and laugh when they do it. In the winter, to get around a snowdrift, they break down my wire fences.

"The men come in and say their children are starving; and after the war I fed great numbers of men and their families free. They all promised to pay me later, but 85 per cent I have never heard from. Nothing is safe for a moment by the roadside—not for a moment. For the greater part it is a riffraff crowd that goes through."

This is an extreme statement and, as such, should be discounted. But there is no doubt that petty thievery and pilfering have increased markedly with the traffic. Cars injured and left on the road are stripped overnight. Highway signs are torn down or shot full of holes. Tools left in various places by the forest service to fight fires have to be locked up in steel boxes, whereas formerly they were not guarded at all. Yet the steel boxes are broken open.

It is quite possible that this petty thievery has not increased more rapidly than or disproportionately to the traffic. Indeed, it is not unlikely that the increase has been less than the traffic itself; but it is bad enough at that. It is the more marked because there is a striking absence of the really serious crimes in the desert and mountain states of the Far West.

Railway and Highway Hobos

Now and then, of course, there is a murder or even a highway robbery, but only rarely as compared with the populous regions. The professional criminal shuns these deserted spaces. There are not enough people to make a living for him. He goes through very frequently on the highroad, but is on his way to the great cities east and west.

"Nearly all the crime here is petty stuff," said one town marshal. "It arises solely because people are broke and stranded and become desperate for money. The professional looks upon these places with contempt."

Though many tramps move by auto, it is a curious fact that no great corresponding decrease in railroad hobos has been noted—at least in the region where the writer has been living for a year, which is traversed by two of the main transcontinental lines. Most authorities say there are fewer hobos than in hard times, but the number is still very great. In addition, several observers comment on the number of those who are walking overland.

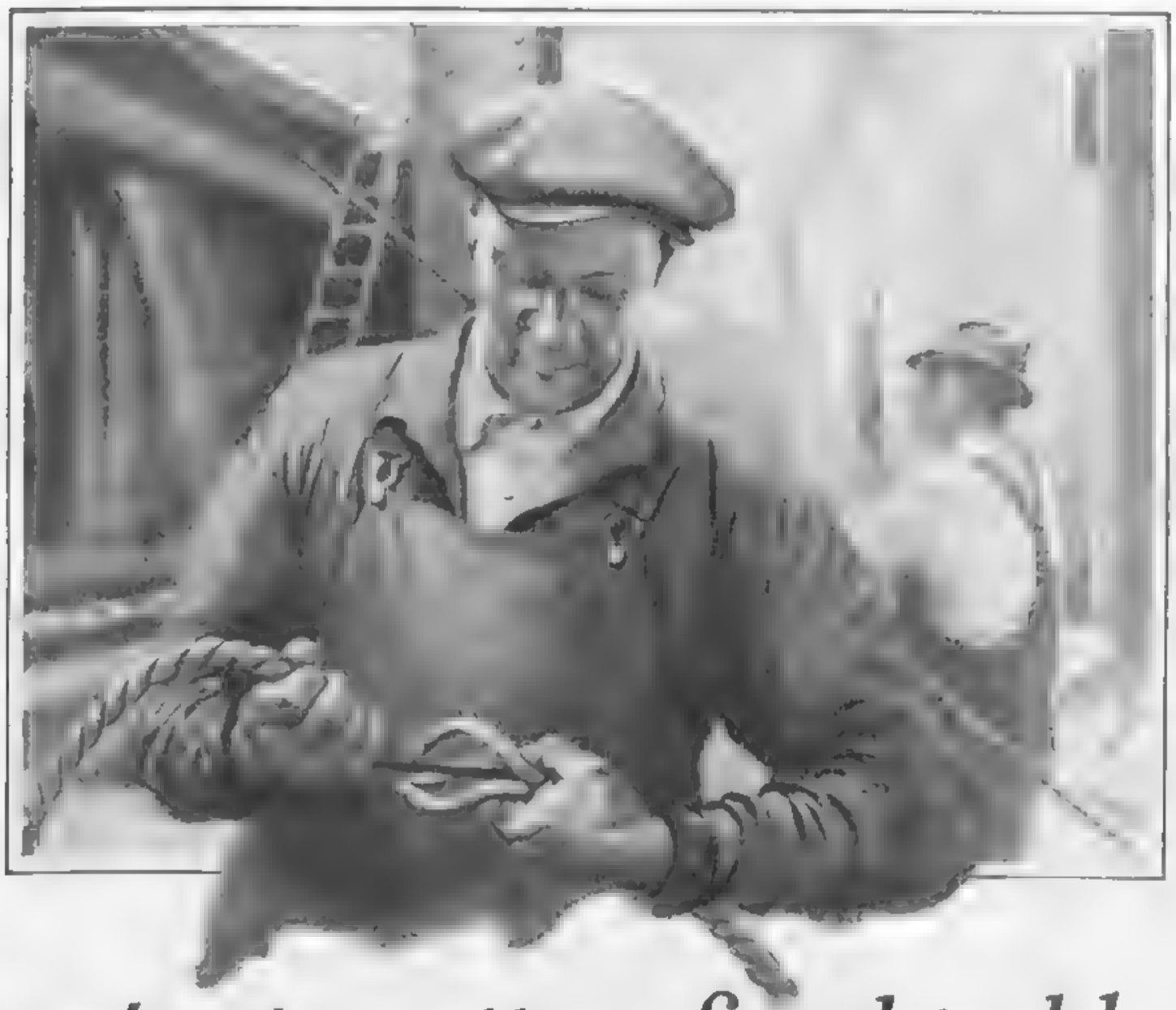
A sheriff told me that his men frequently pick up railroad hobos with $200 and $300 cash, and a ticket agent for the railroad made this statement:

"An old fellow held me up on the street last winter for a feed as I was returning to the station from lunch. A few minutes later he came up to the window apparently without recognizing me. 'Give me eleven dollars' jump west,' he shot at me, pulling out a big wad. In the winter forty or fifty men will gather in the waiting room and argue over the merits of Chicago, Kansas City and Los Angeles. Those that know the East damn it and those that know the West damn the West. Between them they burn up the road, back and forth.

"Lots of these bums are extremely intelligent. They know a lot more about the passenger-rate structure than we ticket agents, and can tell us offhand many facts which we have to look up in our rate books. Yet they are just drifting back and forth. One reason you notice so many hard-looking specimens in automobiles out here is that passenger rates are very high in the inter-mountain region, and these drifters go by motor through the mountains, taking the trains farther east where rates are lower."

It seems to me that most people overlook the fact that the by no means new and always fundamental problem of casual labor has been given a new meaning and a new aspect by the increased ownership of automobiles. In other words, the old and always serious question of casual labor has been put onto four wheels; that is all.

(Continued on Page 74)



The important matter of a thin blue thread

JUST a thin blue thread running between the strands of a rope. It looks exactly like a common piece of wrapping string dyed blue.

And yet—wherever rope is used, men who know are in the habit of untwisting the strands and looking for this thin, blue thread of cotton.

Because everywhere this "Blue Heart" trade-mark can be recognized and *depended upon* as a *pledge* of unfailing strength and service.

What the "Blue Heart" signifies

The "Blue Heart" marker means:

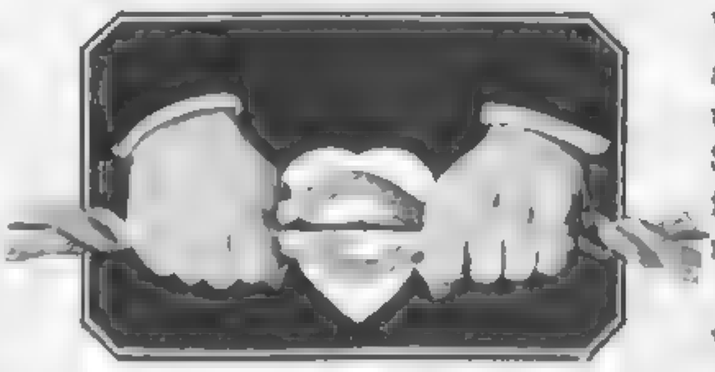
(1) That the rope is genuine H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope—spun from high grade pure selected manila fibre.

(2) That it is spun by rope makers of the highest skill, possessed of the accumulated experience of more than half a century.

(3) That, in any size, on any job, it will deliver without fail the strength you have a right to expect.

And long wear

In addition to its great strength,



Untwist the strands—the "Blue Heart" shows. Our pledge of high grade pure manila fibre, skilled workmanship, and strength you can depend upon.

you get a rope that will outwear the ordinary kind. One that, throughout its long term of service, will resist water and weather. And a rope laid so that it is very pliable and easy to work with, even in very large sizes.

Buy rope scientifically. Know what you are getting. Look for the "Blue Heart" trade-mark that assures you of dependable rope value.

Where manila rope is not required and a high grade sisal rope is wanted, use the best—H. & A. "Red Heart" Sisal Rope, spun from selected sisal fibre by the same skilled rope makers.

A rope for every purpose

Whatever may be your need, you will find an H. & A. brand of cordage that will exactly meet your requirements. Ask for it at hardware stores, farm implement stores, builders' supply dealers', mill and mine supply concerns. Our full line of Oil Well Cordage is distributed through regular representatives in the oil and gas fields.

We also manufacture a complete line of the following items:

Fine and coarse commercial twines of jute and hemp. Hard and soft fibre balings

Clothesalines	Lath yarn
Tarred twines	Packing and Oakum

H. & A. "Star Brand" Binder Twine

GUARANTEE!

H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope is guaranteed to equal in yardage and exceed in tensile strength the specifications of the U. S. Government Bureau of Standards. Any H. & A. "Blue Heart" Manila Rope found to be not as represented will be replaced.

THE HOOVEN & ALLISON COMPANY
"Spinners of fine cordage since 1869"
XENIA, OHIO

H&A

H&A "Blue Heart" Manila Rope

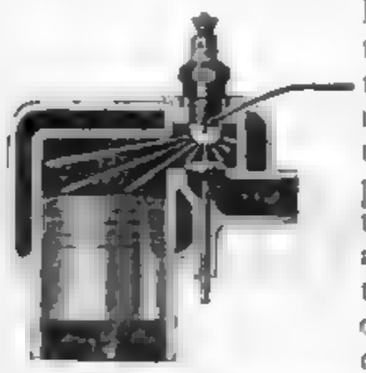
Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

© by The Hooven & Allison Co., 1923

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder

Without a good spark in each cylinder it is impossible for your engine to run properly. The function of the spark plug is to deliver the current in the form of a *full* spark at the gap between the two firing points.



It follows that if part of the current never reaches the spark plug points due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

Why You Should Change Your Spark Plugs

Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick up and get away as it once did.

Put in a set of AC's—accept no other kind—and you will observe an immediate all-around improvement in performance and easier starting.

Something You Have Always Wanted

Carrying spare plugs without risk of damage is now provided for by the *AC Plug Kit*—a compact, substantial metal box, illustrated below. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC's; then when your motor misses or performs poorly, how convenient it is to take your *AC Plug Kit* and change all your plugs. At your convenience, clean and test the removed plugs and put them back into the *AC Plug Kit* ready for future use.

The AC Plug Kit to carry your spare plugs

AC Spark Plug Company

FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,717, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No 1,216,190, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 72)

It is true that most of the towns on the highways west of Kansas City are too small to give employment to any large number of transient tourists. Nevertheless, all these places contain people who never expected to live there, and probably never even heard of these towns until they were stranded in them. They are engaged in all kinds of work. For instance, at the Grand Cañon, so I was informed by Col. W. W. Crosby, superintendent of the park, many if not most of the laborers in the Park Service are casuals or transients who will probably move on in their cars as soon as they weary of the work or the cold weather sets in.

"We wanted some temporary buildings put up near town for our headquarters camp," said a scientist who, with one of the towns on the railroad and highway as a center, is studying the Pueblo ruins, which are from thirty-five to a hundred miles distant. "So I went to the public camp ground one evening, and seeing a group of women about the fire asked them if there was any man there who could do carpenter work.

"'Yes,' replied one of the women, 'all the men here are carpenters. Try that man cooking bacon over there.' Sure enough, he was a carpenter. He came out with his family for a month, did my work, lived in a tent, and when he was finished moved on, I know not where."

Floating Labor

In one of the public camp grounds the first person I spoke to was a woman whose husband was working on the new municipal grand stand. The family had been there a month and expected to go to some town in Nevada when the work was finished. Of the next seven or eight families, which were all I had time to talk with that afternoon, only one was touring in any strict sense of the word. All the rest were there for a few weeks or a month or two while the men found work, with the exception of one couple, the woman of which said she was traveling for her health.

Most of the employers along the road complain that the drifting casual laborers are of little value because they take no interest in their work, and move on as soon as they get a stake.

"We just can't keep men after they get fifty or a hundred dollars," said the manager of a mine in the Oatman gold district of Arizona.

"Do we care for these floaters?" repeated the manager of a big sawmill that employs large numbers of casual laborers when I asked the question. "It does not matter whether we care for them; they do not care for us. They don't stay long enough to give us a chance to show them what we are like. They work just long enough to move on."

A middle-aged man applied at one of the mills, saying he was a sawyer. This is highly expert work, and although the company needed a sawyer badly, they employed him with serious misgivings. He quickly proved, however, that he had told the truth; and then, having established himself, he stated that he had five sons, all of whom were expert sawmill workers, most of them in different lines. The mill needed men in all these departments and hired the five sons.

It then developed that the six men had started in a small car from the South to get work in the far Northwest, but had run out of money on the road.

"It's fine as long as they stay," said one of the managers; "but I don't know what will happen to the mills if they decide to move on. We are trying hard in this mill to make working and living conditions as agreeable as possible."

In another sawmill a traveling carpenter applied for a job. He had a wife and several children, and the company offered him a house; but he said no, his family preferred the dog tent beside the car. He worked a month and moved on.

"You are pretty safe in assuming that if you hire a man in a battered old flivver, with a wife and three or four children, you are taking a chance," is the view of several of the more cynical of the permanent residents. "Such people usually work only long enough to get gas for the next spasm."

Likewise, there is complaint along the overland route, as everywhere else, that many men would rather beg in the wintertime than work, and that men whose families are almost starving would rather keep on to the next town than work for five dollars a day if at any time in the past they have received ten dollars. But this article is no place for a detailed study of the labor problem, of why so many workers tire of one place after a few weeks. I merely want to emphasize the fact that, having acquired a small stake by working for a month or so, the widespread ownership of cheap second-hand automobiles facilitates the restless movement onward. There is no denying the element of restlessness and discontent in the motor migration.

"What's the matter with Illinois?" I asked.

"Nothing," came back the reply; "but we want a change."

A huge young fellow apparently of Scandinavian extraction worked under an equally huge car. He was intelligent, well read and carried on a long verbal fence with me. He had been a foreman, perhaps even a superintendent on important work, and claimed to have no illusions.

"There are 35,000 people on the road every day hunting new locations," he said, "and if you asked every one why they are moving you would get as many different answers. I could travel cheaper in the Pullmans on the limited trains than in this big car."

"But you evidently have enough money," I said, "or you wouldn't travel that way."

"I thought I did until I had to buy four new tires at thirty-five dollars each. Back in Kansas we were stuck in the mud one day and I asked a farmer if we might pitch our tent near his house. We talked together for hours, and he asked my opinion about taking a correspondence course in electrical engineering. 'That is only the beginning,' I told him. 'I got that far myself years ago.' Then he said he had read that carpenters were getting $1.25 an hour in Chicago, and how about it? I told him that though they worked only eight hours, they had to work every minute, and couldn't sit down to rest as he could. Besides, the rents were high there, and he had something real in his farm which no one could take away from him.

"'Stay here,' I told him.

"Then he asked about farming in California, and I told him he didn't have to irrigate in Kansas—it rained for him all the time, while out there they had to irrigate all the time. 'Stay here,' I repeated."

Why They Go to California

After learning that he was advising other people to stay at home, my curiosity as to why the big fellow himself was roving about was greater than ever, but it took an hour's conversation to get any light on the subject. It appeared finally that he was drifting about the circle, as it were, of four great cities—New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and San Francisco. But rents were too high in New York, the wind and cold too great in Chicago, and though he liked one of the Pacific Coast cities and his wife liked one, they did not both happen to like the same one.

"I suppose really to find out why all these people are on the road I would have to ask them all," I remarked disconsolately to a police officer.

"That wouldn't help you a bit," was his reply, "because they don't know themselves. All they know is that they want to get away from the place where they are and go somewhere else."

"Where are you going?" I asked one man.

"I don't just know," he said.

"Where is your home?" I asked another tourist.

"My last home was in Illinois," he answered.

"I don't know where I and my wife'll fetch up," wrote a former camp-ground visitor to the friendly custodian; "but we're just traveling."

"These people own nothing in front of them, they own nothing behind them and they own nothing beside them," was the novel explanation of a mill owner who lives and works beside the road, and he is probably right as regards a small percentage of the travelers.

"If you break people's pride and courage they become nomadic," said a police officer who talks with the occupants of many cars each day. "The discontented roving class that is never satisfied ranges from people with money all the way down to those who might almost be called people without a country," continued the police officer. "Many are sore at any community which has the slightest traffic restrictions of any kind, and when you make the most minor and courteous request they let loose a volume of Bolshevik abuse."

"First they go this way and then they go that," said the owner of one of the garages on the road.

"I have asked hundreds of them why they are going to California," said a cynical and embittered old settler who lives by the roadside, "and most of them say they just want to go there and see it. Well, they can't go any farther west by auto, and so that is the great turn-about, the eddy, the swirl. I have watched ants go this way and then that, and we humans can't make out what they are up to. First the line goes one way and then it goes another. Some of these people are no good where they came from, and there is no reason why they should be any good where they are going."

"Most of these people should be home, working," said a storekeeper whose attitude is equally unfriendly and uncompromising. "They should be working at common labor, and the real reason some of them start out is to keep from working. They say they are going to better themselves, and they start because they are discontented, because distant pastures always look green. I began working when I was eleven years old. I am not fifty yet and I have almost enough to retire on because I have always worked. But these people won't ever be able to retire. They are spending all they have."

The Gypsy Complex Outlet

"Is this movement a good or a bad thing?" I asked one thoughtful garage owner.

"I don't believe it will injure the grown-ups much," he replied; "but it is apt to turn the children into toughs. They will have very few home or school associations. If this thing keeps up we will become a race of gypsies. People will live in auto houses, and move about, working only when they have to work. What I can't understand is so many young fellows moving about at the very time of life when they should be getting a start. Are we becoming a floating race of mere rainbow chasers?"

It is certainly a fair question to raise whether the man who merely roves about carries his fair share of civic duties and responsibilities. In a sense he is quite a bit of a slacker and puts a heavier burden upon those who remain at home.

In conclusion, it is no light task to evaluate the migration which is the subject of this article. On the one hand there is the broadening, educative effect of travel, and the fact that great numbers of people do settle in newer sections of the country and are happy and prosperous there. On the other side, there is the admitted evil of the drifting nomad. With the increasing ownership of automobiles it becomes almost daily easier to start out at any time and go anywhere, without a fixed destination or purpose in mind. One does not need a ticket any more.

Perhaps the automobile has generated a spirit of unrest in a certain type of mentality that is quickly fed up on any locality or with any occupation.

Or it might be more accurate to express the idea in the words of Gordon Gassaway, a representative of one of the automobile clubs, who says:

"I do not believe that this movement creates a gypsy race; but it does prove to be an outlet for the gypsy complex. Furthermore, it provides an opportunity to find the proper environment for those restless souls who are not content in their home towns. It is the boiling process of the melting pot of America. It shifts the population—shakes it down—so that it finds its proper groove. Commensurate with this movement is the fact that a gypsy temperament, having found its proper environment, takes a very keen interest in civic duties and creative work."

In the last preceding sentence is to be found, so it seems to the writer, the most constructive idea in this article. There are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Western communities which can perform a great work in attracting to more or less permanent residence the traveler who seems to be a mere nomad and tramp. The average motor traveler enters a strange town in complete ignorance of what it is like. If the effect is favorable he may stay, and in many cases turn from a wanderer into a valuable citizen.

In any case, one of the greatest civic opportunities in this country today is to care for, and turn into a citizen, the motor wanderer. His story is often one of hard luck; but it is a human tale, and may be changed into one of well-being for himself and for the town in which he settles.

100-watt Bowl-enameled MAZDA C Lamp.

50-watt White MAZDA C Lamp.

40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps.

40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps.

75-watt White MAZDA C Lamp or 40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps.

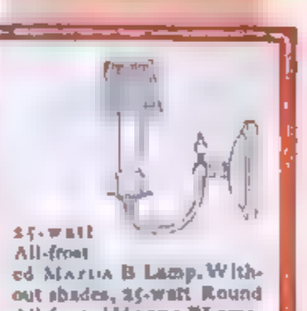
50-watt White MAZDA C Lamp or 40-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps.

25-watt MAZDA B Lamp.

25-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps. Without shades, 25-watt Round All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps.

50-watt White MAZDA C Lamp, or 25 watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp, if used with ceiling fixture

100-watt clear MAZDA C Lamp or 40-watt MAZDA B Lamps.



25-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp. Without shades, 25-watt Round All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp.

25-watt All-frosted MAZDA B Lamps, with 100-watt MAZDA C Lamp (indirect bowl).

200-watt Clear MAZDA C Lamp.

50-watt MAZDA B Lamp.

MOVING? Here is the *right* lamp for each lighting fixture in your new home

EVERY LIGHTING FIXTURE requires a particular type and size of Edison MAZDA Lamp to give it the best lighting effect. Make the best of your present fixtures and you will make the best of your home. For the *right* lamp in *every* socket will help to eliminate the glare and shadows that distort furnishings, strain the eye and interfere with household tasks.

ON THIS PAGE are shown typical fixtures in most common use and the particular Edison MAZDA Lamps which should be installed. Compare the fixtures shown with your approximately corresponding fixtures and make a list of the proper lamps. *Note that where two kinds of lamps are specified for the same fixture, the first is for a one-socket outlet; the second for several sockets.*

Then take your list to the Edison MAZDA Lamp representative in your neighborhood and get the right lamps. Whether you own your home or merely rent it, ask him to show you how additional outlets and new fixtures of the latest type will further improve your home. For Light is the least expensive interior decorator and home comfort; use it freely but use it *right*.

White MAZDA C Lamp

All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp

Round All-frosted MAZDA B Lamp

Clear MAZDA C Lamp

Bowl-enameled MAZDA C Lamp

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

Object—Matrimony

R-S-V-P

The importance of making the right impression at the right moment! To prove to her that *you* are the right man! With what subtleness must one proceed.

To help in these delicate matters, we've devised R-S-V-P—a candy for use in affairs of the heart. Discreetly asking your question, *répondez s'il vous plaît?*, this box of sweet magic naïvely entices—smoothing the path and softening the heart at just the moment the giver appears.

Purity

Johnston's chocolates are *famous* for their purity.

Made to the most exacting standards, even the very air is washed before it enters the room in which Johnston's dainties are created.

The Choice Box is for sale in most good stores in one, two, three and five pound sizes. You will be delighted with its goodness.

Johnston's

BABES AND SUCKLINGS

(Continued from Page 21)

"Exactly," said Mr. Leach with evident approval. "Good! Go on!"

Bobby looked at him reproachfully.

"Nothing troubling my mind," he said. "I mean no trouble; it's a pleasure. I mean to say —— Catherine—I came to speak to you about Catherine. I—I thought I'd tell you ——"

"I'm glad you did," said Mr. Leach gravely. "I'm her father, but I can't close my eyes to the fact that her behavior isn't always what her mother and I think it should be. What has she been doing, Bobby?"

Bobby suddenly got himself in hand.

"She's been engaging herself to me, sir," he said with a firmness that he felt would have its weight. "To be married," he added.

Catherine's father laughed outright and then apologized for it.

"I know it must have been very annoying to you," he said; "but then you understand she's just a child. Don't let it worry you, my boy. I'll have her mother give her a little talking to. Will that do?"

Bobby straightened in his chair and spoke with an air of pained dignity tempered by forbearance.

"You don't seem quite to understand, sir," he said. "Catherine is not a child—and I'm not either. We love each other and we want your consent to our engagement."

Mr. Leach seemed genuinely sorry to have misunderstood him.

"I beg your pardon, my boy," he explained. "Stupid of me! You see, we parents are always slow to realize that our children are growing up. I had supposed Catherine to be somewhere about seventeen; and you—you are approaching thirty, I suppose?"

"I'm twenty-one—over," said Bobby.

"A very respectable age," said Mr. Leach with a polite inclination of his head. "And having arrived at maturity, and loving my daughter, as you intimate, you honorably and in due form come to me with a proposal of an alliance between the houses of Leach and Peters? Is that right? Yes? Then I suppose it is incumbent upon me, as a prudent parent, to ask if you are in a position to support my daughter in the manner to which she has been accustomed."

"Perhaps not that exactly," Bobby answered, sensing irony, but keeping himself in hand. "You've made your pile and I've got mine to make. There's a difference, of course—bound to be. But we've talked it over, and Catherine is willing to give up a little, and I feel pretty confident of succeeding in business. In a way, I may say that I have already ——"

The old gentleman interrupted him.

"How much are you already drawing down?" he asked sharply.

"Riley & Kemp are at present paying me a hundred a month; but I anticipate a substantial increase of salary, and a commission besides."

"Why, that's splendid!" said Mr. Leach, brightening. "If you go on at that rate, in ten years' time you'll be making perhaps twice that, and no limit whatever to your anticipations. I don't see how I can refuse to consent, Bobby. I won't either. It's too —— I think that is my daughter Catherine's eye that I notice shining through the keyhole; or perhaps I fancy it. Anyway, you two can run along now and play on the porch, or if you go into the kitchen the cook may give you some sugar and let you make candy. We'll talk this all over again in—say, ten years. Roll your hoop, Bobby. If you'll excuse me now I'll take that little snooze."

Bobby Peters would not have been the successful salesman that he was if he had allowed himself to be discouraged by one rebuff. He might have insisted on telling Mr. Leach about the Macrae deal and the commission that was actually earned—no mere anticipation—but the time seemed unpropitious. There had been a certain finality in Mr. Leach's manner, and a graceful retreat in such circumstances seemed as important as an engaging approach. The attack could be, and would be, renewed—with reenforcements. At all events, the campaign was opened and he had an idea of the enemy's line of defense.

"They think we're kids," he told Catherine as they sat on the porch and discussed the situation. "Well, we'll show them."

"I heard him," said Catherine. "Aren't they funny! But I told you that after dinner was the best time."

"You see, I want to get everything settled," Bobby declared. "I hate to have a deal hanging fire. What I'll do, I'll get dad to talk to him. Dad's usually pretty reasonable, and I'll tell him how things are. He won't choke me off until I've had my say; I know that. Maybe I'll bring him over here after dinner and we can have a family powwow and make out a running schedule. You can talk with your mother in the meanwhile."

"I hope she will hear reason," said Catherine; "but she doesn't always see eye to eye with me. I had to fight to get my hair bobbed. But I got it bobbed," she added, a gleam of determination in her eye.

Bobby looked at his watch.

"Three minutes to get to the station," he announced briskly. "I'll just make it. Look for the Peters family tonight. Same place tomorrow afternoon if I don't show. 'By!"

A hurried glance around, and then five seconds of the three minutes were consumed in a tender if condensed farewell. Before two more were ticked off he had vaulted the porch railing and was running like a deer in the direction of the railway station. He had to chase the departing train, as it was well under way; but, with a sprint, he overtook it and swung aboard, to the admiration of all beholders.

The first stop was his, and as he dropped off at the crossing he was aware of a serviceable looking gray roadster waiting behind the striped barrier for the train to pass. An elderly gentleman, massive and of a jovial expression and attired in golfing clothes, was at the wheel. Bobby threw a limber leg over the car door and, pushing a bag of clubs aside, slipped into the seat beside the sportsman.

"Hello, dad! I've got some news for you"

The noise of the passing train obliged him to pause. As the barrier creaked up and the car moved slowly forward he finished his disclosure.

"Dad, I'm going to get married."

"Ye-ah?" responded his parent absently as he swung into the highway. "Have you had your lunch?"

"I've been too busy. I'll get a sandwich at the club, if that's where you're headed for. Well, dad, how about it?"

"What? Oh, I guess you can get a bite. I wish, though, you'd try to get in to your meals on time. It puts your mother out."

"The lady is Miss Catherine Leach," said Bobby. "I saw Mr. Leach about an hour ago and had a talk with him, but he doesn't seem to want any engagement just now. Say, dad, couldn't I get you and mother to drive out after dinner and put in a good word for me—character and general reliability—a good son makes a good husband—all that? And, by the way, I closed a deal this morning that will bring me a commission from your friend Riley fat enough to grease the ways."

"What in Sam Hill are you talking about?" demanded Mr. Peters, turning for a hasty glance at the boy.

"I thought I told you," said Bobby rather stiffly. "I'm engaged to be married to Catherine Leach. I hurried on to catch you after I'd ——"

He stopped and glared at his father indignantly. The old gentleman had uttered a loud snort, followed by a rumbling of repressed mirth, during which his face became a deep crimson and the car lurched dangerously.

"I don't see anything so darned funny about it," Bobby remonstrated with dignity.

His father's merriment increased to such a degree that he was obliged to draw up to the side of the road and switch off the engine. Then he abandoned all restraint and roared with stentorian laughter, slapping his thigh energetically with one hand as he fumbled for his pocket handkerchief with the other, shouting so that passing cars slowed up at their approach and their occupants stared and grinned with curious sympathy.

In a gasping, eye-wiping interval Bobby got up and unfastened the door.

"I'll walk back home," he said shortly.

His parent put out a detaining hand and panted, "Wait! Don't go off—mad. Gimme a moment. I —— Oh, ho! ho, ho, ho! There! Now sit down and I won't la-laugh any more. Tell me all about it, son. Wait until I get started."

He pressed the starter button and the car went jerkily forward, as if it, too, were affected spasmodically by the tidings.

Mr. Peters played nine holes very badly in what remained of the afternoon, and returned home barely in time for dinner. Bobby had preceded him by a couple of hours and was talking earnestly with his mother when Mr. Peters entered the dining room, upon which their conversation stopped abruptly. Then came Lynette Coleman, Bobby's elder and married sister, and Owen, her husband. They lived a few blocks away and were theater bound that evening, so that the table talk was mostly stagy, with side excursions between mother and daughter into the realm of dress fashions and construction, when Mr. Peters and Owen talked golf. Bobby was so silent as to excite remark.

"He's thinking about his girl," Lynette surmised. "Is it still Pauline Hart, Bobby?"

"You make me sick!" Bobby declared.

"I don't know why. It's nothing to be ashamed of, is it, Owen?"

"So far as I can remember, it rather tickled me to have 'em kid me. I don't know why," Owen answered soberly.

"I'll pay you for that." She looked at Bobby maliciously. "Mother, do you know it's perfectly amazing the way that boy's growing. No joking! In two or three years he'll be ——"

"Aw, lay off!" Bobby growled balefully. "Who did you leave your cross-eyed brat with?"

The diversion was effectual. After Mrs. Peters had restored peace the family arose from the table and straggled into the living room. Bobby trailed along. He had no intention of allowing any premature disclosures in his absence, and he kept his sister reminded of the flight of time until she and her husband finally departed. After they were gone he took his hat and strolled out into the waning twilight. He had not the courage to return to the Leaches', although he was rather tempted to do so. At all events, he would be seeing Catherine tomorrow, and now he wanted to think—in solitude. Heaven be praised, there were still solitudes on the North Shore!

The door had hardly closed behind him when Mr. Peters turned, smiling, to his wife.

"Well, I suppose he has told you," he said.

Mrs. Peters returned the smile faintly, but sighed.

"Yes, he told me. But you shouldn't have laughed at him, father."

"Not laugh?" Mr. Peters chuckled.

"No. You want to remember that this seems very serious and real to him. And he's — really, you know, he's a man. Young, of course, but —— No, I don't think you should have laughed."

"I suppose," said Mr. Peters, "that we should go up and see the Leaches. Well, it isn't too late. Get your hat and wrap and we'll drive up in state and see about the settlements. I guess I ought to wear my top hat and frock coat for such an occasion"

"Don't be absurd, dear; but you might have been a little tactful. I told him that Catherine was a very sweet, dear little girl—and she is, Dick—but that both she and he were far, far too young to think of marriage or a serious engagement. I told him how often young men and girls had wrecked their lives by hasty marriages. I told him about Hollis James—you recollect? And then I told him just to put it out of his head and be sensible. I said 'Put that nonsense out of your head'; but I shouldn't have said that. After all, it's very sweet nonsense, Dick."

"Make any impression on him?"

"I'm afraid not much. But perhaps when he thinks it over he'll see that it's the wise thing to do. You know, Bobby has lots of sense; you've said so yourself."

"In some things he's got a pretty level head, I admit, and that's what makes this puppy love all the more exasperating. When I was his age ——"

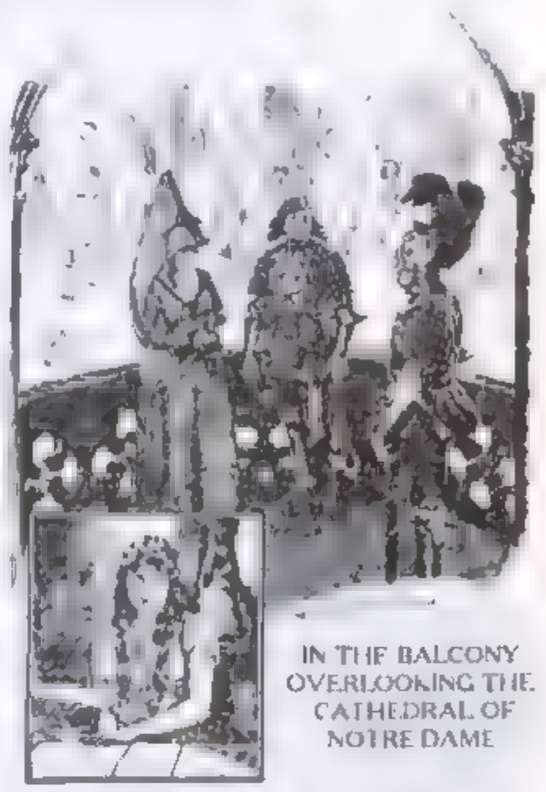
"Don't get into that habit," Mrs. Leach cautioned. "But what are we to do?"

"Do? Let it run its course. But I'll see old Leach and hear what he has to say."

Watch This Column

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame" creates a profound sensation

Esmeralda, a beautiful dancing girl of unknown origin, was the innocent cause of a great outbreak in Paris in which the wild rabble and habitués of the underworld nearly destroyed the magnificent Cathedral of Notre Dame. She was loved by four notables of the period—Clopin, king of the beggars; Phoebus, a nobleman; Jehan, evil brother of the Archdeacon, and the grotesque hunchback, Quasimodo, ringer of the Cathedral bells.



IN THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME

It was around this novel situation that Victor Hugo wove the immortal classic, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** which UNIVERSAL has put into a moving-picture spectacle of extraordinary beauty and action—reproducing the great cathedral and surroundings as they existed then, re-enacting the stormy scenes just as described by Hugo. The play has created a great sensation in New York where it is having its premier showing.

* * *

The cast is very notable—including LON CHANEY as the Hunchback; PATSY RUTH MILLER as Esmeralda; NORMAN KERRY as the nobleman; ERNEST TORRANCE as Clopin; TULLY MARSHALL as King Louis, and KATE LESTER, WINIFRED BRYSON, GLADYS BROCKWELL, NIGEL DE BRULIER, BRANDON HURST, RAYMOND HATTON, HARRY VAN METER, NICK DE RUIZ, EULALIE JENSEN, ROY LAIDLOW, W. RAY MYERS, WILLIAM PARKE and approximately three thousand others.

* * *

Keep a lookout for ***"Merry Go Round."*** Critics say that if you fail to see it, "you miss the greatest love-story ever filmed." Keep watch also for ***"A Lady of Quality,"*** presenting VIRGINIA VALLI with MILTON SILLS. The picture is from the great play and book by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and was directed by Hobart Henley. Don't fail to see ***"Blinky,"*** HOOT GIBSON'S first big special production.

* * *

When you have seen all these, and other UNIVERSAL productions, you will realize that it is impossible to see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS. Don't forget to write me about them.

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"I was very careful to be nice about Catherine. You keep that in mind, Dick."

It was Sunday morning, and after the loss of nearly two nights' sleep Bobby was down late to a lukewarm breakfast. His appetite, however, was unimpaired, and he rose from the table quite free from the depression of spirit that the events of the preceding evening had brought about. He lit a cigarette and, strolling to the window, looked out on another perfect spring day, a slender, graceful young figure in the short-sleeved white shirt, duck trousers and tennis shoes that he had put on as a delicate intimation to his mother that he had no churchgoing intentions. Mrs. Peters was in her room completing her churchgoing toilet, and, sauntering past the library, Bobby saw his father immersed in a sea of Sunday supplement.

He went outdoors and stood on the porch for a minute or two, considering. He wanted to talk to someone who wasn't a parent; someone likely to take a broad, unprejudiced view of things; the view that he himself took. There was Owen. Yes, Owen was a good old scout and had some sense. He was a parent, true, but with only one three-year-old kid; not enough of a parent to hurt. He would amble over and buzz old Owen.

He found his brother-in-law tinkering a lawn mower by the cellar steps, and after greeting him in a casual, offhand sort of way, he seated himself on the cellar door and filled his pipe.

"Owen," he said presently, "what do you think of me getting married?"

If the question surprised Owen he did not show it. He was one of these sad-faced sort of chaps, smiling rarely and drawling in his speech. He squirted some oil on the thread of a bolt and tried a battered nut on it before he spoke.

"You been getting married?" he asked.

"Not yet, but soon," Bobby answered. "At what age do you think a man ought to marry?"

"Hand me that wrench. Thanks. . . . Why, at the age of discretion, I should say."

"Now you're talking," said Bobby. "At the age of discretion is right. Some people want to look up the birth record in the family Bible before they'll admit that a man knows what's good for himself, and if the date's later than 1902 they won't believe that he does. Take me, for instance. I've knocked about quite a little, and there's never been anything the matter with my eyesight or hearing. I guess I know a thing or two."

"I guess you do," Owen assented. "Bobby Peters, beans and putty expert."

"Yes, I know that much; but you can't make father or mother believe it, and her dad is the same way. This bunk about early marriages and want of experience! 'Wait until you have more experience!' Wouldn't that bump you? How are you going to get experience? How much experience with married life did you have before you married Lynette? I'm asking you."

"I was more or less of an amateur, sure enough," Owen admitted.

"Sure! I guess by the time I'm forty, and my hair and teeth are beginning to fall out, they'll conclude I've got experience. I've known men who waited until they were around thirty or forty to get married, and didn't do so darned well at that. I may not say much, but I take notice. . . . Say, a couple of washers will fix that bolt all right."

"Never thought of that," said Owen. "So you're up against it, are you? Who's the girl—Pauline Hart?"

"Pauline nothing! That was just kid stuff. Where do you get that? Just because I rushed her a little, over a year ago! No, it's Catherine Leach. Get me, Owen! She's the only woman ever understood me. Nothing squashy. She's got just as much sense as I have—a darned sight more than Lynette ever had. I don't mean —— Excuse me."

"Don't mention it," said Owen. "Lynette's your sister and you ought to know. Well, I suppose the old folks are a little unreasonable. Maybe they think you ought to be earning enough to live on."

"There you are again! They can't understand that Catherine and I don't want to live like millionaires. Don't you think we haven't figured on expense! A little four-room flat will do us as well as a palace. We won't keep any car at first, so there'll be no need of a garage. Cathy's some little housekeeper, too; and as for cooking, I've tasted a chocolate cake she made that mother couldn't beat."

"Mighty nourishing, too, chocolate cake," Owen observed. "How is she on fudge? Fudge makes a nice little change sometimes when you get fed up on cake. . . . Well, let's see about this, old man. I guess that rattletrap will hold together now."

He shoved the lawnmower backward and forward a time or two and then sent it trundling out of the way. Wiping his hands on his overalls, he sat on the opposite cellar door from Bobby and lit his neglected pipe.

"Your idea seems quite good, Bobby," he said, with a judicial air. "As you say, you don't want anything luxurious at the start. You might get a fairly decent little unfurnished flat, if you're not particular about the neighborhood, for, say, thirty-five dollars. I don't know, but put it at that. Your grocery bills might run to another thirty. Laundry—but then Cathy could do her own little washing, I suppose. You could get an electric iron, you know, and it would be fun—sort of. Then there would be gas and electric light. Well, five dollars ought to cover the gas, and, say, a couple more for electricity if you run the iron. Your car fare to the office—if you're in the seven-cent zone you could walk back, perhaps. Well, we'll put it at four and a half for the two of you and be safe. Oh, there's milk I didn't think of, and ice. Put the two at eight dollars. Are you keeping track?"

"Eighty-four-fifty."

"You won't spend any money for picture shows or anything of that kind, of course, because being all in all to each other you won't need any other entertainment. After you've got the supper dishes out of the way you can sit on the sofa in the pretty little living room and hold hands and have a whale of a time. You can switch off the light, too, and be cutting down the light bill at the same time. You won't mind these little economies after you get thoroughly used to them. For instance, you don't have to buy newspapers. You can always pick one up in the street car or hotel lobby somewhere if you keep your eyes open. And you'll cut out smoking, of course."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Bobby. But with the spirit of self-sacrifice in his eyes, he added, "You bet I can, though!"

"And you can take a little lunch downtown with you in your pocket. You won't need any clothes, either of you, because you've got plenty to run you a year or two; and Cathy—you don't mind me calling her Cathy, as she's so soon to be a member of the family?"

"That's all right," Bobby conceded.

"Cathy won't mind being a few seasons behind the styles. As long as you're satisfied with her looks, what does she care? You won't need insurance, either, because she couldn't live a single minute without you, any more than you could without her. Well, you're getting a hundred, aren't you? So that gives you a margin of fifteen a month for unforeseen contingencies. Oh, I forgot! There will be your meat bill, and in the winter there will be coal and there's tooth powder and shaving soap and—let's see ——"

He took the pipe from his mouth and rubbed his chin musingly; but looking up, he caught Bobby's eye regarding him with something more than suspicion, and thereupon showed some slight signs of confusion.

"You're a great kidder, aren't you?" said Bobby sarcastically. "Oh, I've got your number all right. Trouble with you is you think you're darned smart. Lynette's been talking to you, and she's got you right under her thumb. I was going to tell you something, but you're just like the rest of them. You make me sick!"

He arose in disgust. Owen tried to detain him, but he would listen to no apologies or protestations. As he slammed the back gate he saw his brother-in-law go into the house and heard him call "Oh, Lynette!" in the voice of one impatient to share a rich and juicy jest.

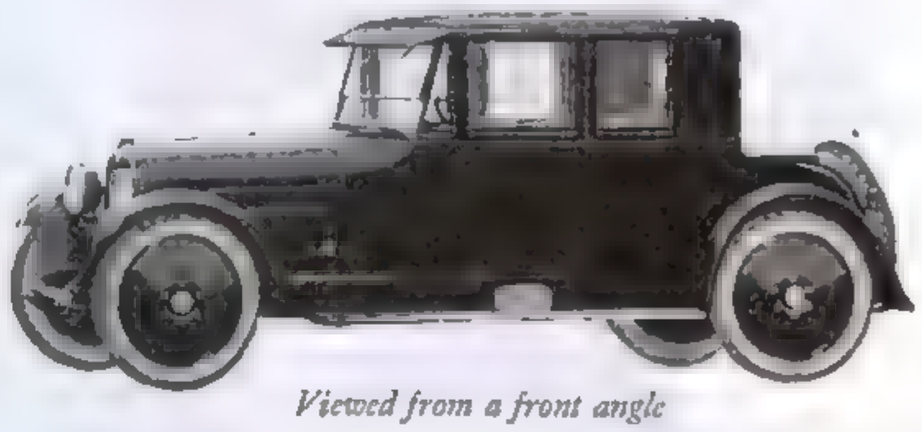
"'Oh, Min!'" the young man quoted bitterly. "Now Lynette will have it all over town. I should worry, though. Fools! Boneheads! Mossbacks! They can all go straight to! I thought Owen had a little sense."

It was discouraging, because, however confident a man may be, however clear his vision, it is natural for him to want the confidence and sympathy of those near to him. A cold douche doesn't hurt a man;

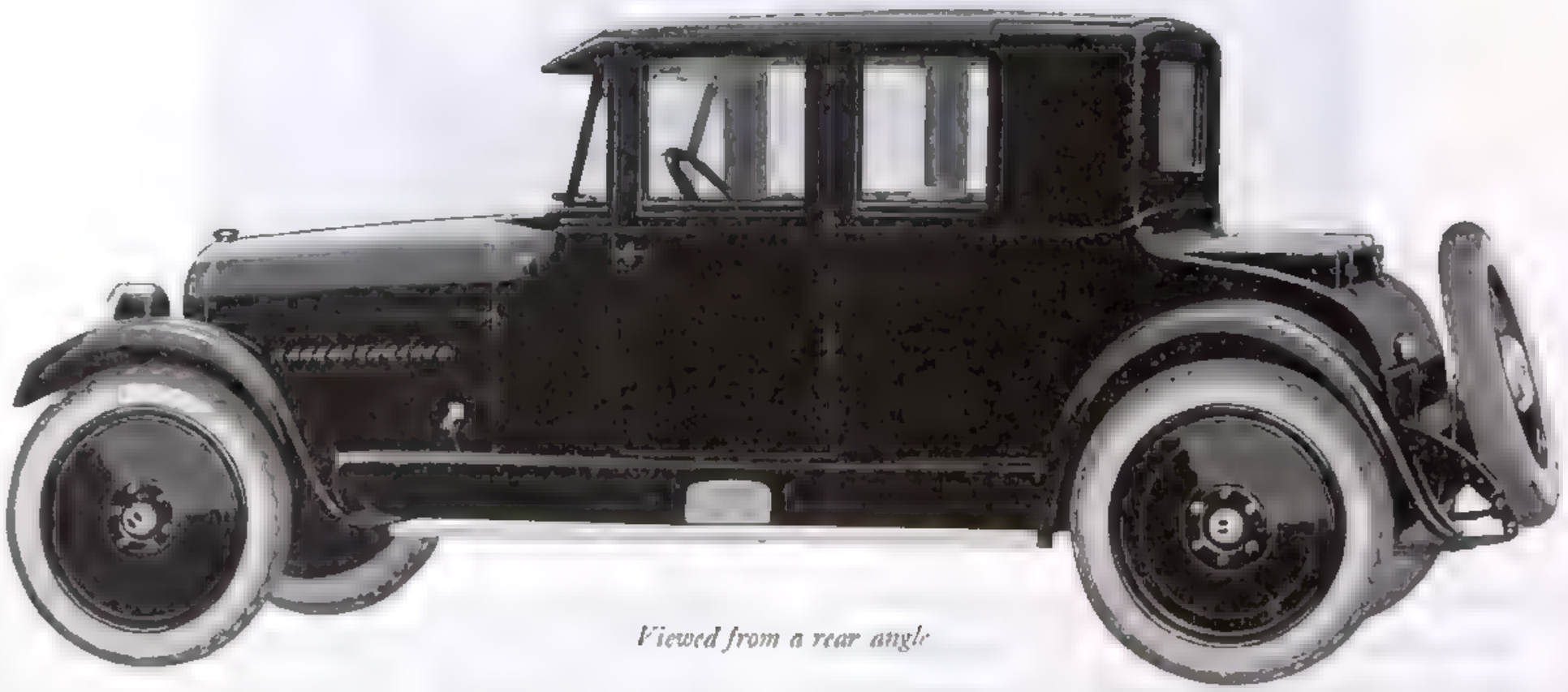
(Continued on Page 81)

NASH

Picturing the New Nash Six Victoria



Viewed from a front angle



Viewed from a rear angle

The introduction by Nash of this new Victoria is of profound importance to that vast American public eager for the most exclusive enclosed car excellence yet anxious to restrain its expenditure to a moderate figure.

Both in beauty of body and brilliance of performance this new model is without precedent or parallel in its field.

It stands out vividly and compellingly as a value so unique and dominant as to assure it from the outset an overwhelming welcome.

The new-type windshield, slanted rearward with consummate artistry, broadens the driver's area of vision and with the long, rolling sweep of the new-type fenders serves to heighten even further the distinctive smartness of the car.

Features and appointments of the new Victoria

127-inch wheelbase Toned Nash Blue. New slanted-type windshield. Broader driving vision. Long rear deck with built-in trunk set low in deck. Seats for four full-grown passengers, and a child's seat just behind the driver. Nickeled guard bars on top of trunk. Kick plates to protect paint from heel and toe. Rear-view mirror that gives view of road behind. Lengthened full-sweeping fenders. Rubber-filled running boards. New grouping of instruments under glass panels. Flush type vanity case and smoking set Fine quality clock on dash. Automatic windshield wiper. Heater. Reading lights. Dome light. Foot rest. Vase. Taupe mohair upholstery.

The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

(1823)

Capitol Boilers

The most important thing to look for in any manufactured product is Reputation. The fixed opinion of many thousands of people is an infallible index of quality.

Heating Contractors, you will find, are ready to specify Capitol Boilers without hesitation. They know, from a service record of thirty years, that Capitols will justify their own faith and that of the owner.

Furthermore, they know that every Capitol is covered by the broadest written guarantee in the boiler field. Where our own responsibility is so clearly defined there can be no element of speculation.

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(Continued from Page 78)

it is, on the contrary, rather stimulating after the first shock; but to have the hose turned on continuously, incessantly, four or five nozzles playing from different directions, is calculated to raise goose flesh on any but the hardiest.

After returning to the house he began to wonder how Catherine had come out with her mother. He felt a little hopeful in that quarter. Mrs. Leach had always seemed to him a mighty intelligent woman. President of the Woman's Club and the Village Improvement Society; an up-to-date sort of person, and, withal, well disposed toward one Robert Walmsley Peters. She had rather petted him since he had been calling at the house, and had shown no irritating propensity to play gooseberry. He imagined that she was wise to the way things were going, and approved. Being a sensible woman, with the best interests of her daughter at heart, she naturally would approve. She had plenty of influence over her husband, too, to say nothing of Catherine's influence with both of them. Nobody could resist Catherine very long.

He was impatient to see Catherine and talk things over. There was somebody with sense, with clear vision! How was it that decay of the mental faculties seemed to set in with elderly people so early, rendering them incapable of seeing an inch ahead of their bespectacled old noses? After all, it was the young men who did things, and thought them out, and all the old knew was conserving what the youth of their generation had accomplished. "Out of the mouth of ——" Well, that was the idea. It probably wasn't "babes and sucklings" in the original Hebrew or Greek or whatever Solomon wrote—or was it Solomon? Anyway, it meant that wisdom came from the young. As for Owen, he was just a natural-born fool—a smart-Aleck.

All the same, it might be a good idea to figure the thing out rationally. Hitherto he had only made a rough calculation. Then he and Catherine could discuss the figures and know exactly where they stood.

"Whirr-r-r-r-ang!" went the alarm clock, announcing Monday morning. "Uhr-r-r-ah!" responded Bobby, forcing open leaden eyelids; and then stretching an arm from cover, he seized the jangling thing and shut off its clamor. For a moment or two he struggled against the inclination to take ten minutes more, and terminated it by a supreme muscular effort that brought him bolt upright with his feet on the floor. This was his regular weekday procedure. Always the struggle, always the temptation, but never once defeat and surrender. Since he had gone into Riley & Kemp's he had never once failed to catch the 7:30 into town. Punctuality was his middle name and he prided himself on it.

Soon he was splashing in his bath, and he emerged glowing and full of the invincible pep that had come to him in such overflowing measure since his engagement to Catherine—the ginger that had impelled him to beard Riley in his den and win out on the Macrae proposition. Here was another day of limitless possibilities before him, and he whistled as he buckled on his armor for the fray.

Another day—and no balmy, sunshiny day either. Spring was reverting to normal, with a sky overcast by dark saturated clouds. Even as he brushed and hand-polished his hair a vicious flurry of rain and hail spatted against the windowpane. Not much outside work if that kept up! Still, it was likely as not to clear off in an hour or two, and the rain would give suburban realty an added freshness and attractiveness. In the meantime hot coffee, hot buttered toast and ham and eggs tasted all the better for the chill in the air. Jake—perfectly jake!

His mother looked at him anxiously as he came into the breakfast room, but his brisk and cheerful air relieved her. It did her good to see him eat. She had been half afraid that he would come down sad and haggard, looking at her reproachfully or averting his eyes as he trifled perfunctorily with his food. Not that Bobby had ever been sullen or reproachful. No, indeed! But there was no doubt that he had been keenly disappointed by her attitude toward this foolish fancy of his, poor boy! But no; not a sign of resentment or of melancholy that her careful maternal scrutiny could detect. What a splendid fellow he was! What a man he was going to make! She would have to take this affair as a warning, though, and when the time came, pick out a nice, sweet girl for him. Perhaps this Catherine—she didn't know Catherine very well, but she might develop in time; and if Bobby's fancy lasted ——

"Well, that ought to sustain life until lunch," said Bobby at last, pushing back his chair. "'By, mom."

He gave her a quick hug and a kiss.

"Don't forget your umbrella," she reminded him, and followed him into the hall to see that he didn't.

Off he set. She watched him from the window, striding along in the face of the beating rain, making nothing of it, wishing that the gusty wind were a gale for the joy of facing it, forcing his way through it, as he meant to force his way through all obstacles to the goal of his desire.

And, considering Catherine's dolorous report that her mother had been even more unreasonable than her father, going so far as to say that she intended to ask Bobby to discontinue his visits to the house for a time; considering that Catherine herself had thought things looked pretty hopeless—why, Bobby's cheerfulness this brute of a morning was something rather remarkable. But he himself had taken the jolt bravely and had made Catherine see that it wasn't at all hopeless. He had taken pencil and paper from his pocket and proved to her that it was an absolute cinch. It was a pipe that Riley would boost his salary. To be conservative, say, twenty-five dollars for a start. It would only be a start too.

"If I don't get two more good raises before the year's out, I'll—I'll go jump in the lake and say, 'Here goes nothing.'"

"Oh, Bobby, don't say anything so dreadful!"

"Well, I won't have to jump. Then there's the commission on the Macrae deal, and other commissions to follow. Watch my smoke! And I've got the five hundred Aunt Abby left me tucked away in the Commercial, drawing interest. Why, goodness goshness!"

All this, and more tender recollections of their meeting, Bobby mulled over in his mind on his way to the station, and little recked he of the weather. Not a single, solitary reck about any old thing. When he got down to the office he would collect on that commission and salt it down in the Commercial. Or it might be as well to let it go until pay day, which would only be eight days to wait.

"Of course, Mr. Riley, you understand that when I went to work for you at a hundred a month it was with the idea of demonstrating that I was worth something more than a nominal salary. I hope that you will think that I have succeeded."

That would be the way to put it. Then, if the folks wanted to be reasonable, all right. If not ——

Here was the station, and the groups of men and women workers, city bound, in sodden raincoats and with dripping umbrellas, were huddled under the platform shelter awaiting the arrival of the train. Bobby bought his morning Trib and joined his own bunch—young business men all. He was greeted with a unanimity of welcome that spoke loudly—even noisily—for his popularity. Nevertheless, when the train did come in, Bobby left this lot to storm the smoking car and found himself an empty seat in the somewhat purer atmosphere of the car behind. He wasn't smoking these days. He had practically quit. The contents of his elegant cigarette case would last him two days at the rate of one cigarette after each meal. Another thing, he had neglected to look through Sunday's real-estate supplement and had that to consider as well as the morning crumbs. No more daydreaming for him. The day's work had begun in earnest. Business!

Out of the station and hotfoot across the bridge, a straight shoot for LaSalle and thence north to the office. On time to the dot; even a little before time. Waiting for the elevator was a man that he knew well by sight—a bulky, middle-aged man with a big, clean-shaven face, expensive clothes of striking pattern, and a diamond that instantly arrested attention in his vividly colored necktie. This individual favored Bobby with two or three furtively scrutinizing glances and, finally catching his eye, nodded.

"Morning!" he said curtly.

"Good morning, Mr. Daggett," Bobby returned pleasantly. "Fine morning."

"If you don't care a damn what you say," growled the big man. "You're working for Riley & Kemp's, aren't you?" he asked as they entered the elevator.

When Your Ship Comes in What Will Its Cargo be?

When your ship drops anchor in the harbor of your hopes will it be laden with golden returns from opportunities seized and improved? On the course you choose and chart for it the results of the voyage depend.

The opportunity is here, and you can put Uncle Sam at the helm today. You can put part of your earnings under his care and he will bring your treasure safely into port.

Invest $20.50 now in a $25 United States Treasury Savings Certificate and receive $25 at the end of five years. Invest $82 now in a $100 Certificate and receive $100 at the end of five years. Or invest $820 now in a $1,000 Certificate and receive $1,000 at the end of five years. If you need your money sooner your Certificate can be cashed at any time.

Read the nine great advantages of Treasury Savings Certificates listed in the next column. What other investment offers you equal earnings with equal security?

Set sail with Uncle Sam today. Let him guide you past the rocks of dangerous speculation to the port you want to reach. Apply for as many Certificates as you can pay for *now*. Plan to buy one or more every month. Fill out the coupon for descriptive booklet, "How Other People Get Ahead."

Nine Advantages

1. Treasury Savings Certificates are direct obligations of the United States Government and are absolutely safe.

☆

2. Mature five years from date of issue, but may be cashed at any time if you need the money.

☆

3. Issued in denominations of $25, $100 and $1,000, and sold on a discount basis for $20.50, $82, $820, respectively.

☆

4. Yield about 4 per cent, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity, or about 3 per cent simple interest if cashed before maturity.

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5. Registered in your name at the Treasury Department in Washington, and absolutely secure against loss or theft.

☆

6. Exempt from normal Federal Income Tax, and from all State, county and local taxation—except estate and inheritance taxes.

☆

7. Cannot be called before maturity.

☆

8. Not subject to market fluctuations, but constantly increase in value.

☆

9. Offer an excellent way to invest a definite part of your salary. An application blank will be sent you the first of each month upon request.

UNITED·STATES·GOVERNMENT SAVINGS·SYSTEM

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D C.

☆ ☆

Three Ways to Buy Treasury Savings Certificates

1. Buy them from the U. S. Government Savings System, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

2. Buy them at your Post Office.

3. Buy them through your bank or at any Federal Reserve Bank or branch.

Fill out and mail this Opportunity Coupon today

U. S. Government Savings System,
Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Please send me the new booklet, "*How Other People Get Ahead*"

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Carry it home in a

Sealright

Liquid Tight

Paper Container

"I'd stand on any burning deck, Eating ICE CREAM by the peck."

ICE CREAM'S the one SURE bet

Ice cream is the most democratic of all desserts. It fits *smoothly* into every occasion and *mixes with anything or anybody! Cool*, creamy, *delicious*, refreshing and *healthful*. Fifth Avenue loves it! Riverside Drive adores it! The East Side is "daffy" about it!

Carry home enough ice cream for the whole family *tonight* from your confectioner or drug store. But ask them to pack it in a Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Container. So much easier to carry. No danger of leaking, dripping or crushing. Handiest for children, too.

Ice cream packed in Sealright Liquid-Tight Paper Containers keeps in better condition—is easily removed and looks more inviting. Can be served more attractively by cutting into round, even slices. Always ask for your favorite brand packed in a Sealright Container. All convenient sizes up to a gallon—half-pints, pints or quarts. Many dealers have it already packed for you—firm, fresh and sanitary.

SEALRIGHT CO., INC.
Dept. 551, Fulton, N. Y.

Also makers of SEALRIGHT "Pouring-Pail" and Ordinary Flat or Common Milk Bottle Caps

To remove ice cream, hold container under cold water spigot for a few seconds. Then remove cream by pressing on bottom of container with thumbs, and cut cream in attractive round slices.

© S. Co. Inc. 1923

"Yes," Bobby answered, smiling. "They have that honor."

"Fifth!" boomed Mr. Daggett. To Bobby he said, "Come into my office if you've got a minute or two to spare."

"I'm sorry, but I haven't just now," Bobby told him as the elevator stopped.

"Sometime when you have, then—any old time," said Daggett; and roughly shouldering his way through, left the car, which then shot up to the ninth and let Bobby out.

"I wonder what he wants," Bobby thought; and then, as he didn't particularly care, he dismissed Mr. Daggett from his mind. It was the first time the man had ever spoken to him, although they had frequently met in the vestibule of the building. Always Daggett had looked at him in that same stealthy, appraising way.

The Daggett Realty and Investment Company were Riley & Kemp's sore spot. Riley & Kemp were old, established, sound, reliable, conservative and responsible; Daggett's were people nobody ever heard of a year ago. Fly-by-nights, Riley called them. They did business with a brass band. They organized excursions with free refreshment, they filled the papers with blatant advertising. Heaven only knew what they didn't or wouldn't do—Riley didn't. They had the nerve to rent offices that would have served a big bank and had filled them with mahogany and rosewood, plate glass, dictating devices and every known kind of graph. They went in for Oriental rugs and stenographers who looked as if they couldn't possibly be any better than they should have been; whereas Riley's contented themselves with decent quarters for the transaction of sober business and none but the essential appurtenances. The two institutions differed as radically as the resplendent Mr. Daggett and the soberly attired, even slightly threadbare Mr. Riley. Notwithstanding, Riley could have plastered himself over with diamonds if his taste had run that way. Riley & Kemp's were prosperous enough, even if Daggett's had, by their own methods, cut into their clientage to a certain extent.

Well, Riley didn't show up that morning. No morning for an elderly man subject to rheumatism. Bobby was disappointed, but he reported his brilliant sale to Kemp and laid the documents on that gentleman's desk. Kemp, you could see, was surprised and pleased. One of his sandy eyebrows twitched upward slightly and he grunted something that sounded like "Very good." Bobby wasn't quite sure that he realized the magnitude of the achievement; but Kemp was never demonstrative, and he was preoccupied at the moment with an abstract of title that he was examining with care.

But there was no pretense of indifference on the part of Sanson or Brodie or Wilkes. They were clearly astounded and greatly impressed, questioning Bobby eagerly and closely. Particularly Brodie, the glib and confident Brodie, who had fallen down ignominiously on that very little job.

"How did you do it, Bobby?"

"Easy," replied Bobby in his airiest manner. "I pointed out the advantages of the buy, overcame the buyer's objections and showed him the dotted line for his John Hancock."

"Oh, that was the way!"

"Sure! You try it the next time. It works like a charm."

Gosh, that did Bobby good! To put one over on Brodie! To see the reluctant respect in Brodie's eyes! To know that they all three envied him!

"Riley said I could get the commission if I put it across," he volunteered.

It seemed too bad to rub it in on them, but the sensation the announcement created appeared to justify it. Brodie whistled.

"Quite a piece of jack! I could have used that myself."

"It's nothing in his young life though. He's got a rich father and private means."

"It begins to look as if we were going to lunch sumptuous today—what?"

"I don't expect to, myself," said Bobby. "I'm becoming convinced that as a nation we eat too much. A modest glass of milk and a wedge of pie on the old armchair will be my frugal repast; but you fellows can go as far as you like if you want to spend your money that way."

Kemp appeared suddenly at the door of his den and called Wilkes. Simultaneously the other men became extremely busy, and the stutter of Miss Rodman's machine that had temporarily ceased as the lady strained her by no means shell-like ears, now recommenced with a phenomenal acceleration of speed. In a few minutes Wilkes came out, and he imparted to Bobby the information that Riley had just called up and was to be expected sometime during the afternoon. Bobby's spirits rose higher still. There would be a big surprise for the old man when he did come. One thing, Riley wasn't anything like that clam Kemp, and if he thought a man had done good work he didn't mind saying he thought so. Just as frankly, perhaps even more so, he would point out to a man any shortcomings that he had detected or fancied. Funny, though, that Kemp hadn't said something by this time. Still, this was Riley's particular affair; and, thought Bobby, the other fellows had given him an agreeable foretaste of triumph. Enough to keep warm the inward glow.

One thing weighed on Bobby a trifle—the refusal of the lunch. He felt it must seem niggardly and there certainly was excuse for a little celebration. Still, he had resolved to practice economy in every direction and he couldn't turn over his new leaf too soon. Yes, he would have to give up being a good fellow.

Two or three hours to Riley! Hard to wait, but what he was to get was worth waiting patiently for. Ammunition for the next attack. No mere anticipation of a substantial increase of salary to shoot at old Leach and the rest of them but the increase itself, plus the commission. If that wouldn't break their line nothing would.

But this wouldn't do! Business!

Hello, here was the sun again. Clearing up! And here was Kemp again!

Kemp caught the young man's eye as he looked up from the card index he was consulting. Kemp grinned; a sardonic sort of grin, but Bobby guessed that it was meant to be congratulatory and grinned back. Was Kemp going to call him in? Kemp wasn't. He called Brodie, and Bobby went on with his drudgery until lunch time. As he was leaving the building, pieward bound, he felt a touch on his shoulder and looking around, saw that it was Daggett.

"Going my way?" asked Daggett.

"If this is it, I'm going half a block of it," Bobby answered politely and agreeably as always.

"What are they paying you?" asked Daggett abruptly.

Bobby looked at him a little surprised.

"Nothing near what I'm worth; but that would be too much to expect, wouldn't it?" he replied. He added, "Still, I'm not complaining."

"I never pay a man all he's worth to me; but I'm no hog, and I pay him well," said Daggett. "The more I have to pay him the better I like it—get me? If he makes me pay him five thousand a year I'll maybe keep him; if I have to dig up twice that I'm twice as well suited; and if his sales bring in fifteen or twenty grand I know I've got the man I want—understand me? You won't do that the first year, but you'll do well. I want a young man with your class. I got a bunch of roughnecks that are all right as far as they go, but not for the high-class business. I'm weeding out some of them and that gives you a chance for some real money. You're on the job—I've noticed that; and one of your old customers gave me some dope on you, so ——"

"I'm sorry, but I'm pretty well satisfied where I am," Bobby told him. "Much obliged to you just the same, Mr. Daggett. Here's where I have to leave you."

"Think it over. Think it over," said Daggett. "No rush. Come and see us anyway."

"I'll think it over, then," said Bobby.

He turned into the dairy-lunch room and religiously ordered his milk and pie. As he ate it he thought over Mr. Daggett's proposition.

"The big cheese!" Bobby thought. "I think I see myself working for that outfit! Fishing for more Riley & Kemp business, and he thinks I'm going to fall for it! Real money! I could get a piece of lead pipe and go out and collect some of that kind any day."

On the other hand, it was to be admitted that it is was no insult the way Daggett had put it. That old customer would be Mrs. Gursen-Chase. It was office talk that she had given Daggett her Deepdene lots to handle, after quarreling with Riley, who had refused to sell them for her on a sure-rising market—which it was, only the woman couldn't see it. He, Bobby, had looked after some of her Wilson Avenue apartment-house business and the old girl had taken quite a notion to him. Then Daggett's got her. Then, too, Daggett might have heard of the Macrae deal and recognized the ability of the salesman. Anyway, it wasn't worth thinking of.

Now for the cigarette ration! Ah-h-h!

Percival, the office boy, greeted him on his return.

"D' woiks has been hollering for youse," Percival said. "He blew in about twenty minutes ago and—hullity gee! Sandy must have been saying something to him. He's simmered down some now, but when he got to smashin' furniture I wuz going to ring up central and call fer d' wagon."

Bobby smiled. "D' woiks" had no doubt made noisy demonstrations of joy over the Macrae matter and had probably reviled Sandy Kemp for his lack of enthusiasm.

"I'll go in and see what he wants," said Bobby.

Percival caught his arm.

"Gotta gun?" he inquired solicitously.

Bobby knocked at Mr. Riley's door and entered. The old man was sitting at his desk peacefully enough, but on Bobby's entrance he whirled around in his swivel chair and, bending forward, almost in a crouch and with his hands on his knees, stared at the young man.

It would have been a discomposing sort of a stare to most people—intense, frowning, searching. But Bobby was used to eccentricities of manner upon the part of his employer; and, adopting just the right kind of a cheerful tone, carefully restraining the overtriumphant note, he said, "Good afternoon, Mr. Riley. Did you see I put that Macrae deal through?"

Riley made no response, but continued to stare. His lips were so tightly shut that they bulged above and below. He had reddish hazel eyes and it seemed to Bobby that the red had deepened in them. The young man began to feel vaguely uncomfortable.

"I gave the check and the duplicate short-form contract to Mr. Kemp, but he was busy at the time."

Old Riley's lips inclosed and emitted a bitter laugh.

"Yes," he snarled, "I have them." He took the papers from his desk, held them a moment and then thrust them at Bobby as if he meant to stab him. "I see you've left nothing undone to make a thorough, complete jackass of yourself. Take them! Look at them! What price was set on that tract—tell me?"

Bobby looked at the check; he looked at the duplicate short form. He looked long, because they seemed to dance in a sort of haze. Slowly his face whitened.

"Why—why ——"

"That's what I'm asking," rasped Mr. Riley. "Why? Why? Why in —— Heaven help me! I'm near profane language when I think of it. Why? Were you drunk? No, I reckon it was plain imbecility. Twenty-five hundred for a twenty-five thousand property! Oh, you put it through all right! Put it through and clinched it on the other side! Did you have trouble persuading him? Do you think you could persuade a hungry dog to swallow a chunk of raw meat, you —— Excuse my warmth, will you, Mr. Peters. I was near being abusive that time."

"But twenty-five thousand was the price I told him," Bobby protested shakily. "It was the understood price. He repeated it when he took up the pen to make out his check and I repeated it after him. He said, 'Well, I'll take it. You said twent——'"

A flash of recollection came to Bobby and he was too honest to suppress it.

"Or did he say twenty-five hundred? I won't swear to it, and I might have got a little mixed and repeated it after him. But he knew it was twenty-five thousand. Mr. Riley, he'll certainly put it right. I'll go and see him—now."

"You relieve my mind," said Riley, but with the same bitter, sarcastic rasp in his voice. "A mere clerical error, easily corrected, was it? Do you know Macrae? I do!"

"He's a thoroughly square man," said Bobby.

"I'm glad to have your assurance of that. Now, let me tell you: I got the better of Mr. Macrae in a business transaction thirty years ago—a perfectly fair transaction, but he got sore and promised to get even with me. I'd forgotten that, but he's just reminded me of it. I called up this thoroughly square man ten minutes ago—as soon as I heard of your brilliant piece of

Continued on Page 85)

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

A DEPARTURE

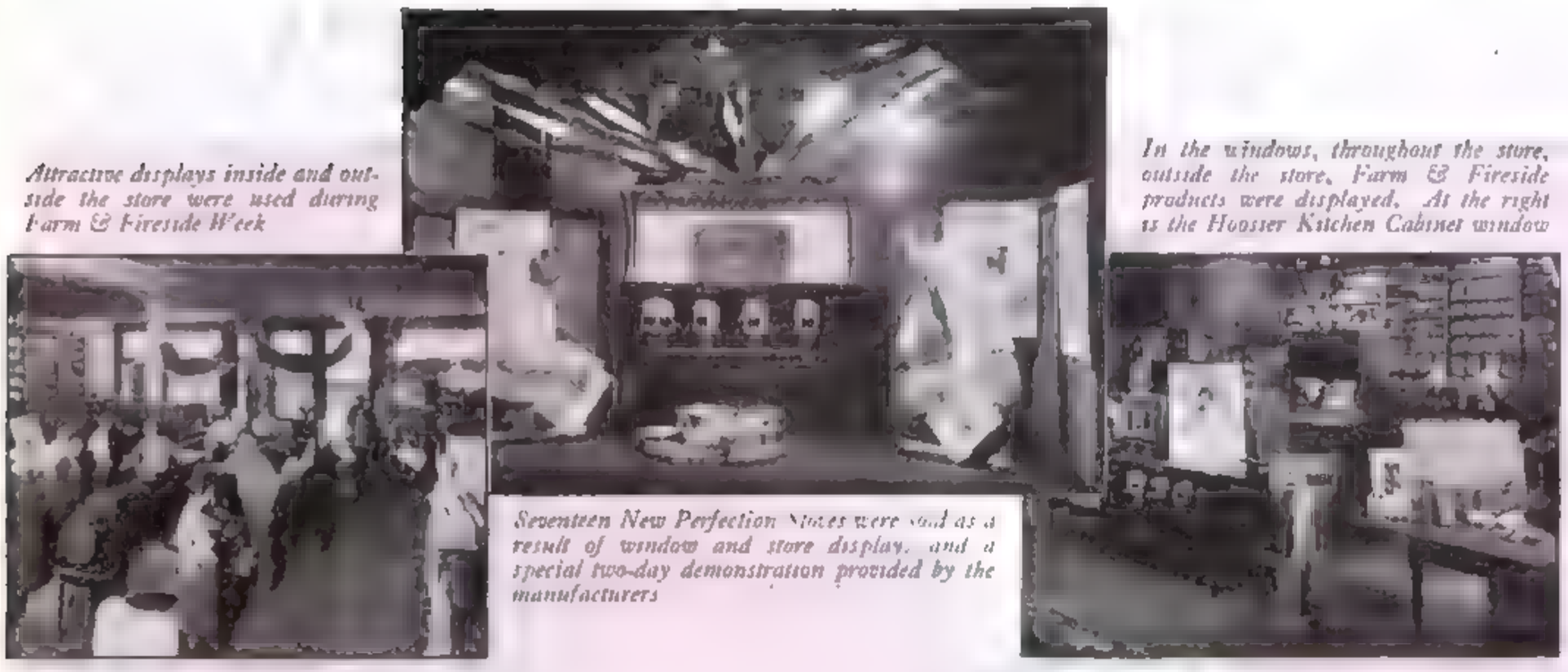
A STYLE CORRECTLY INDICATED BY THE COPLEY AND ROYAL SUIT DEVELOPMENTS OF THE FASHION PARK DESIGNING ROOMS.

WAISTLINES ARE LOWER, COATS FULLER, COLLARS LONGER. CHANGES THAT ARE BECOMING. $45 AND MORE AT ACCREDITED AGENTS'.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

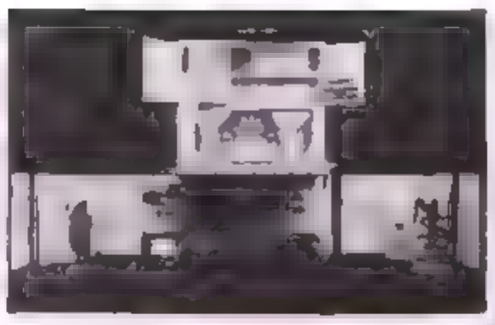
Rochester, New York



Attractive displays inside and outside the store were used during Farm & Fireside Week

Seventeen New Perfection Stoves were sold as a result of window and store display, and a special two-day demonstration provided by the manufacturers

In the windows, throughout the store, outside the store, Farm & Fireside products were displayed. At the right is the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet window



RETAIL MERCHANTS!

When you read this interesting story of Chandler's wonderful success, read it with this question in mind: "How can I increase my business in the same way?" Then write to the Retail Sales Director of Farm & Fireside (Suite 3A at the address below), and he will tell you how to do it

A $12,000 week in a 1,200 town

Merchants, read how the Chandler Hardware Company, Sylvania, Ohio, tried out a new plan—a plan which you can easily apply in your store—and did the largest week's business in their history

IN Sylvania, Ohio (pop., 1,222), there's a store—the Chandler Hardware Company—which refuses to be overawed by the big stores in Toledo (pop., 243,164), only ten miles away.

"Where service counts, we win," proclaims the Chandler store. And for thirty-three years they have been winning—with the result that today this store has built up a business exceeding $200,000 annually, requiring the services of eighteen sales and service people, and has merely "scratched the surface," in the words of Mr. Chandler.

Recently they won again. With the aid of a Farm & Fireside Week, a week devoted to intensive advertising and displaying and selling of eight of the products which are advertised in Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, they registered the biggest week and the biggest month they have ever had. But let Mr. Chandler tell the story:

One week's sales—$12,078

"Farm and Fireside Week proved a fitting climax to the biggest month in the history of our business.

"The month of June, 1923, exceeded in point of sales our best previous month by over $2,000. Farm & Fireside Week was the best single week we have ever had by more than $3,000.

"Sales during June, 1923, were $12,875, as compared to $23,587 during June, 1922. Sales during Farm & Fireside Week were $12,078, as compared to $6,543.91 the preceding week and $6,797 for the same week last year. Individual sales of the eight products we featured during Farm & Fireside Week, as compared with the same week in 1922, are as follows:

These eighteen people comprise the sales and service force of the Chandler Hardware Company. Below, reading from left to right: L. C. Hubbard, vice president; B. W. Hittler, service manager; A. R. Chandler, president; R. A. Chandler, secretary and treasurer

Product	1922	1923
American Fence	$ 71.85	$ 132.50
De Laval Milkers	None	375.00
Dietz Lanterns	2.50	4.50
Edison Lamps	5.75	7.42
Goodrich Tires	204.32	293.89
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets	None	65.00
Ingersoll Watches	6.50	13.75
International Farm Operating Equipment	1,765.00	7,115.65
New Perfection Oil Stoves	238.00	491.70
Q'Cedar Polish	2.40	3.60
Total	$2,297.32	$8,502.41
Gain attributable to Farm & Fireside Week		$6,205.09

"On top of this we were handicapped all during the week by very cold and rainy weather which needs to be taken into consideration when comparing results.

Another one next year

"All of our organization were more than pleased with the way things went during the week. Personally, it went way above my highest expectations. We want another one next year."

A $12,000 week in a 1,200 town! And the plan which brought this tremendous sales volume can be used by any merchant who will set aside a Farm & Fireside Week, put some enthusiasm behind it, advertise it locally, feature Farm & Fireside products in window and store displays, sell these products intensively during the week.

Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, has already told the story of this merchandise to the leading farm families of your community. When you hold a Farm & Fireside Week, you tell these families—one hundred, two hundred, a thousand or more in the better farming regions—where they can see and examine and buy this merchandise.

It's worth trying, surely. And we will gladly help you. Just write, "How may we put on a Farm & Fireside Week," and name the products in the list below which you carry, and we will tell you how to do it. Please write to Retail Sales Director, Suite 3A, at address below.

The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Farm & Fireside The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Fence
American Pad & Textile Company
American Radiator Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Anthony Fence
Bean Spray Pumps
Black Flag Insect Powder
Brown's Beach Jacket
Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Sure-Jell)
Chandler Motor Cars
Cheesebrough Vaseline Products
Chevrolet Cars
Clark Grave Vaults
Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Congoleum Rugs
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Diamond Tires
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L. Shoes
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A
Duro Residence Water Systems
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobaccos
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Freezone
General Motors Corporation
Gibson Musical Instruments
Ghost Liberty Underwear
Goodrich Tires
Great Northern Ry.
Green Mountain Worm Tea
Hansen's Dairy Preparations
Harley Davidson Motorcycles
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Henderson Seeds
Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Magnavox Company
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Cocoanut Oil
National Electric Light Assn.
New Perfection Oil Ranges
Northern Pacific Ry.
O'Cedar Polish
Oliver Oil Gas Burners
Overland Cars
Papec Ensilage Cutters
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Pillsbury's Flour
Plano Jr. Implements
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products
President Suspenders
Rat Nip
Reo Cars
Royal Fence
Sapolio
Sealed Solid Buttermilk
Singer Vulcanizer
Smith & Barnes and Strobber Pianos and Player Pianos
Stark Bros Fruit Trees
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories
Swift's Products
Vapo Stove Company
Vanta Underwear
Victor Talking Machine
Will's Overland Inc.
Wright's Boss Gold Tape

(Continued from Page 82)

salesmanship. Well, he tells me politely to go to hell, and he holds us to our bargain. So you won't have to trouble to see him."

"I'm sorrier than I can say," Bobby began miserably. "But ——"

"Don't apologize," Riley sneered. "It was my fault entirely in trusting babes and sucklings with a man's business. It is not what a prudent person should do. Well, get back to your work." Moved, possibly, by compassion at the sight of Bobby's face, he added, "Maybe I can make some sort of a compromise."

Alas for Bobby's beautiful castle! Its heaven-piercing, pennoned peaks and gayly bannered outer walls, its stately towers and battlements all crumbled and fallen! That fair edifice planned so lovingly, reared so carefully, in one fell moment was heaped in hideous ruin! Could you beat it? Just because in the elation of hard-won victory — not until then, mind—he had allowed his vigilance to relax, and all his eloquence, all his masterly skill and patience had gone for nothing! For worse than nothing! Yes, it came to him now from the depths of his treacherously belated unconscious: "Twenty-five hundred, you say. Won't shade it a cent, eh?"

"Twenty-five hundred," he had answered firmly. "And you're getting a bargain, Mr. Macrae." Incredible stupidity!

"I'll take it, then."

And he had noticed Macrae's peculiar smile as he wrote the check, but attributed it to the old scoundrel's inward conviction that he was getting a bargain.

Percival came. Percival was sympathetic. He was fond of Bobby.

"Did he fire you?"

Bobby shook his head forbiddingly and the youngster tactfully withdrew to his desk by the long counter.

Brodie and Sanson came back from their lunch. Bobby saw by their faces that they had heard the news. They were grinning as they approached him. Brodie had just about slackened his jocular jaw to speak when he got Bobby's look and judged it well to heed it and change his expression. When a husky lad in good health and condition has turned an ashen countenance upon you suddenly, and his eyes have blazed out of that grayness as if the devil had stoked them, it is as well to be conciliatory.

"Tough luck, old scout!" said Brodie kindly.

"Anybody's likely to make a slip," Sanson murmured.

"Let it go at that," said Bobby in a voice that was almost guttural, and they let it go at that.

Mrs. Peters was very much concerned about Bobby. Mr. Peters pooh-poohed and tut-tutted and otherwise scouted the idea that there could be anything to worry about; but by the end of the week he admitted to himself that his son was showing decided symptoms of the pip. Loss of appetite, dark circles under the eyes, an unwonted taciturnity, with long fits of absent-mindedness during which his brow became furrowed with deep lines of thought. Also, he was not only absent of mind but of body to an extent never before known, and exercised his privilege of the latchkey freely, vouchsafing to his mother's tactful questions no more explicit information than that he had been out. He only laughed at her when she persisted, and made his escape as soon as might be.

"Where are you going, Bobby?"

"Oh, just there and back to see how far it is"—with a pat on her shoulder and a smile that took the sting from the impertinence.

It was exasperating, to say the least; and if he had been ugly about it, it would have been different. He was just as sweet as a boy could be, only there was a sort of hardness in his expression that the mother had never noticed before.

"I don't think it can have anything to do with Catherine Leach either," Mrs. Peters told her husband for the twentieth time. "He was just as cheerful as possible when he started for town on Monday morning, and when he came back—well, you know how he looked. It was something that happened to him that day."

"I saw Leach this afternoon," said Mr. Peters. "He agrees with me that it's not to be thought of now. He's going to send Catherine to college—Madison. Her mother's getting her outfit ready now. I understand the girl's quite willing to go."

"I don't see how she can be!" said Mrs. Peters resentfully. "Well, I'm glad. She must be a shallow little thing. Poor Bobby! I expect it's that, then."

At the office, too, everybody noticed the change in Bobby. For one thing, he worked like a nailer, without any of the breathing spaces of friendly and social converse that he had hitherto allowed himself. He was pleasantly chilly in his intercourse with his colleagues; politely reserved. Only with the clients did he at all unbend. The odd thing was that along toward lunch time he seemed to work with one eye on the clock and was off and out of the office at the instant of the hour. If there was a descending elevator he waited for it; if not, he took the stairs at top speed and, when he reached the street, set out at a pace that marked him for a man whose time was valuable. On the other hand, he seemed to be in no equal hurry to get back. At all events, he was consistently late.

On the Tuesday after the fateful Monday he mustered courage to knock uninvited at Riley's door and ask him if there was anything new in the Macrae matter. Riley looked at him rather less severely than before and said gruffly but not so raspingly that there was some prospect of a compromise settlement.

"I'm busy," he added.

"I'll be glad to know if you make it, sir," said Bobby, and as Riley merely nodded he withdrew a little, but a very little, relieved in his mind.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Peters, looking out of the window as usual on her son's departure, noticed that he was carrying his suitcase. She rather wondered what particular function was going to require evening things and was naturally hurt that Bobby had not told her. It meant that he would not be home until the last train, and if she had not happened to look out at that moment she would have been worrying about him all evening—as he must have known. That wasn't like Bobby.

She ran upstairs to Bobby's room and opened his clothes closet. Yes, his dinner suit was gone. She sighed and, returning to the breakfast room, told Mr. Peters about it. Mr. Peters told her not to worry.

"It seems almost as if we had lost our boy," she said brokenly; and then she cried a little, because it's rather tough on a mother to feel that her one and only son is becoming estranged.

She cheered up a little after a while, apparently; enough to get into her very prettiest and put on white gloves; and after Mr. Peters had departed for his golf she drove her electric over to Mrs. Leach's. She hadn't seen Mrs. Leach for an age and they had a nice little visit; not at all a formal call, for she must have stayed nearly a couple of hours. Catherine was not at home, but at her cousin's in Hyde Park. Her mother expected her almost any minute, but Mrs. Peters didn't stay, thinking that the meeting might be a little embarrassing.

Oh, of course, they talked about that. Mrs. Leach was very lovely and said some nice things about Bobby; but at their age it was rather ridiculous, wasn't it?

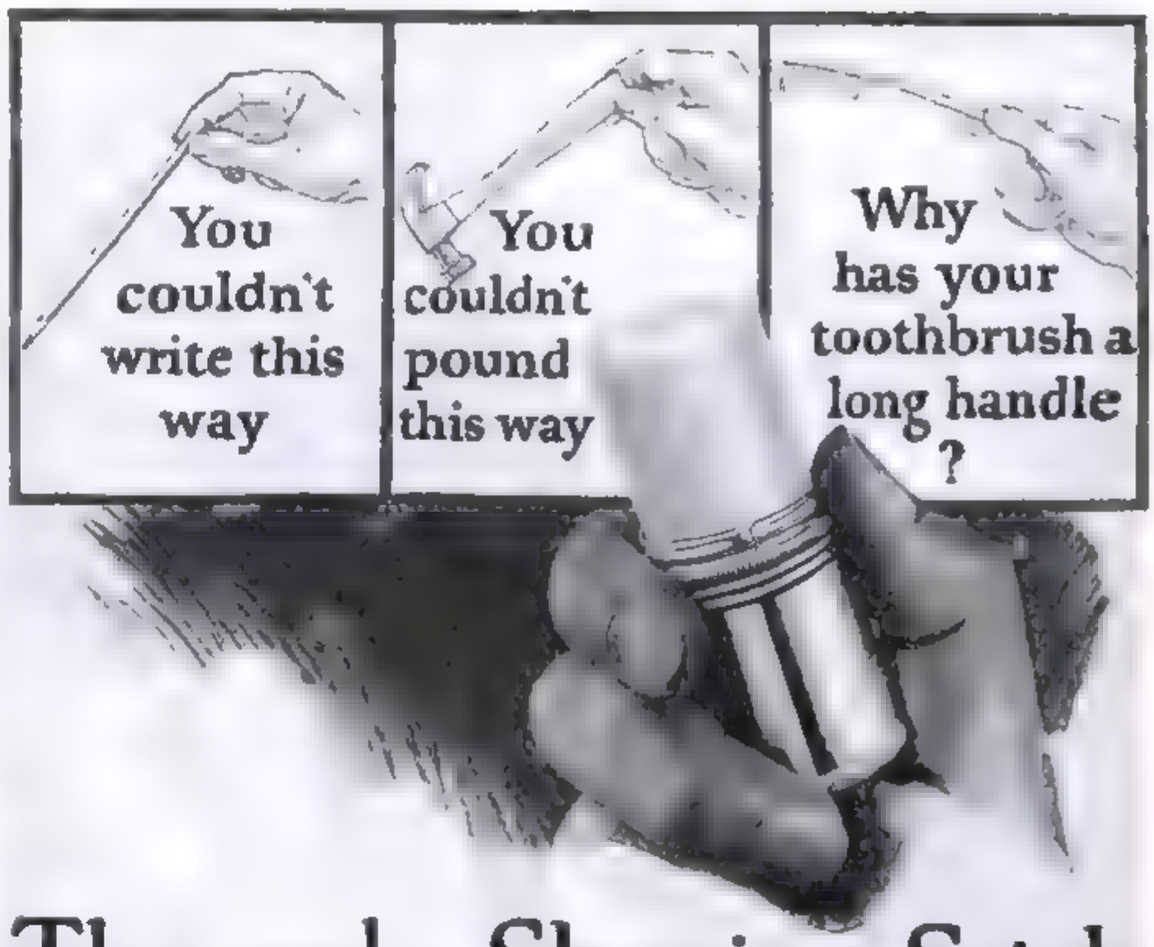
"If they were both older and Bobby in a position to support a wife—it's best to speak quite frankly, isn't it, dear Mrs. Peters?—why, then, I can sincerely say that of all the young men I know there is none I should prefer to that dear boy of yours."

As for Catherine, she, Mrs. Leach, was happy to say that she had her daughter's entire confidence. She had reasoned with Catherine, and Catherine had been amenable to reason; but she didn't forbid her to correspond with Bobby, because, in the first place, they would correspond with or without permission; and in the second place, it was far easier for young people to quarrel by letter than in any other way.

"A mighty smart woman," commented Mr. Peters when, after dinner, his wife told him all this. "And now I'll give you a little piece of news," he went on with a wide smile. "Old Jim Riley and Donald Macrae were playing a foursome at Deepdene this afternoon. You don't know Macrae, of course. Well, Riley told me what was the matter with Bobby."

Mr. Peters made a rather long story of the Macrae deal and then continued:

"At first Macrae made Riley believe that he was going to hold him to the bargain. There was some old score between the two of them, and Mac's a dry kidder, so he rubbed it into Bobby's boss for a day or two and then made him buy an expensive lunch before he tore up the old check and



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wrote another for twenty-five thousand. 'Your son is to get a rake-off on that,' Riley tells me. Not a bad piece of work for a kid, eh?"

"But ——"

"Don't interrupt. Macrae said that Bobby was one crackajack salesman. He says he never had a man come to him on any proposition who was better posted at every point or put up a better talk. He said he was sold at the twenty-five thousand figure in less than fifteen minutes, and he had made up his mind before then that he wouldn't touch the deal. Then—just kidding—he said 'Twenty-five hundred,' and when poor Bobby repeated it, he wrote the check for that amount, taking a chance to make Riley sweat. We all had lots of fun over it. Macrae said that Bobby could have a corking good job with him any time he wanted it, and Riley says, 'I don't think you'll get him, Mac. I need him myself.' What do you think of that, woman?"

Mr. Peters beamed with pride.

"But you haven't told me yet what has been making Bobby act ——"

"Woman, you don't give me a chance with your interruptions. Riley, being made to sweat himself, naturally made Bobby sweat. He thought it would be good for the boy, anyway, in case he might get a swelled head, so he let Bobby think the firm had got to take its loss. No wonder the kid has been acting, as you call it; but it's had nothing to do with little Catherine, as I told you. Now wait!

"Here's the funny thing: Riley told me this privately. Bobby came into his room this morning and wanted to know if he had settled with Macrae yet. Riley owned up that a settlement had been made. 'How much did it cost?' Bobby asks. Riley wanted to know why, and what do you think Bobby told him? He said he wanted to know, because he expected to pay it back and that as he would be about a hundred years doing it on the salary he was getting, he wanted two hundred dollars a month and another whack at the big stuff on commission. He said he knew where he could do better than that for a time, but he hated to make a change and would sooner stay on and make good where he was. Mind you, he didn't know anything about the settlement except that there had been one!

"Riley told him he would think it over and give him an answer on Monday morning. He tells me that he intends to give our son what he asks for and see how it works out. You see, my dear ——"

Owen had come hastily into the room, gloved and overcoated, and with something in his manner that made Mrs. Peters at once cry out her fear for the baby or Lynette

"No," replied Owen, "it's not the kid and it's not Lynette. Calm yourself, mother—it's only Bobby, and he's quite well and happy. I suppose he would say this is the happiest day of his life. Haven't heard anything?"

They had heard nothing, and for heaven's sake ——

"It's like this, good people," said Owen. "I was at the office at a conference most of the afternoon, and on my way to the station after it was over I met a man I used to know. He's with a furniture house on the West Side. Well, I won't go into details; but the sum of it is he told me that our Bobby and a girl have been buying furniture and household implements at his store the last two or three days, and having it delivered to an apartment house in Wilson Avenue. Now keep calm! Bobby—I suppose Lynette told you—was talking to me on Sunday morning about getting married, and when I heard this news I had a hunch, and I nipped into a taxi and broke into the city hall by the kindness of a political friend. Keep calm now, please! Well, sure enough, there it was! License to Robert Walmsley Peters and Catherine Charlotte Leach—marriage license!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Peters in an agonized tone. "My dear boy! My dear boy!"

Mr. Peters started from his chair, his face crimson, but Owen held up his hand and he subsided into his seat.

"Do wait and let me finish," Owen begged. "You won't get anywhere by throwing fits.

"I got the address," Owen continued, "and drove over to Wilson Avenue. Four-room apartment—locked. Janitor out. Found the address of the owner—Mrs. Gursen-Chase, on Lake Shore Drive. Went out there. Saw the lady. She's a friend of Bobby's, it seems. Romantic old fool! Couldn't get anything out of her; but I'll bet she knows all about it. Well, that's all: and the question is, what are you going to do about it?"

In the blank silence that followed, Mr. Peters muttered that it wasn't legal. The girl was under age.

"Just of age, according to the record," said Owen. "No, I guess you'll just have to make the best of it. It may not turn out so badly after all. I'll say that Bobby has been showing some activity, though, and some resource. For one thing, I think I know where I can get him a more paying job."

"He's attended to that little detail himself," said Mr. Peters shortly, but not without an inward sense of satisfaction. "Two hundred a month and commissions on sales. Riley told me today. Bobby asked for it and he's got it. He could do better."

Owen whistled.

"Good for the boy!" he said generously. "Now look here, folks! Of course, everybody but us must have seen their names in the list of licenses in the papers, so I advise ——"

"Well, everybody hasn't," a voice interrupted from the doorway. "It was kept out of the papers. I attended to that little detail myself too."

"Bobby!" cried Mrs. Peters, and flung herself at him.

And not only Bobby but Catherine, the prettiest, most pathetic and appealing picture of blushing and trembling confusion that ever won two hostile hearts at a single imploring glance. Score a triumph for little Cathy, for, turning to her, Mrs. Peters was so instantly melted that she had gathered the small figure to her maternal bosom before Mr. Peters had taken two steps with the identical set purpose. And when, breathless, half laughing, half crying, she was at last released, and after Bobby's hand had suffered in the grips of his father and brother-in-law, wasn't she a bee-autiful little bride?

Not at all!

Listen to Bobby. He is talking.

"We did intend to get married, but we weakened. Maybe we weakened before the last moment, but we didn't own up to each other that we had until pretty near then." Bobby paused and colored a little as he looked at his father and mother. "You see, Cathy had been feeling a little bad about her folks, and how they'd take it—us running off that way—and I—well, it looked sort of—anyway, we thought we'd give you people another chance to be sensible and consent to our engagement."

"Holding a club behind your back," suggested Mr. Peters.

"That's right, too, dad," Bobby admitted with a grin. "But there was more to it than that, so we concluded that the furniture could be stored for a while. I've fixed that and ——"

The doorbell rang and he took Catherine's hand.

"Come on, Cathy."

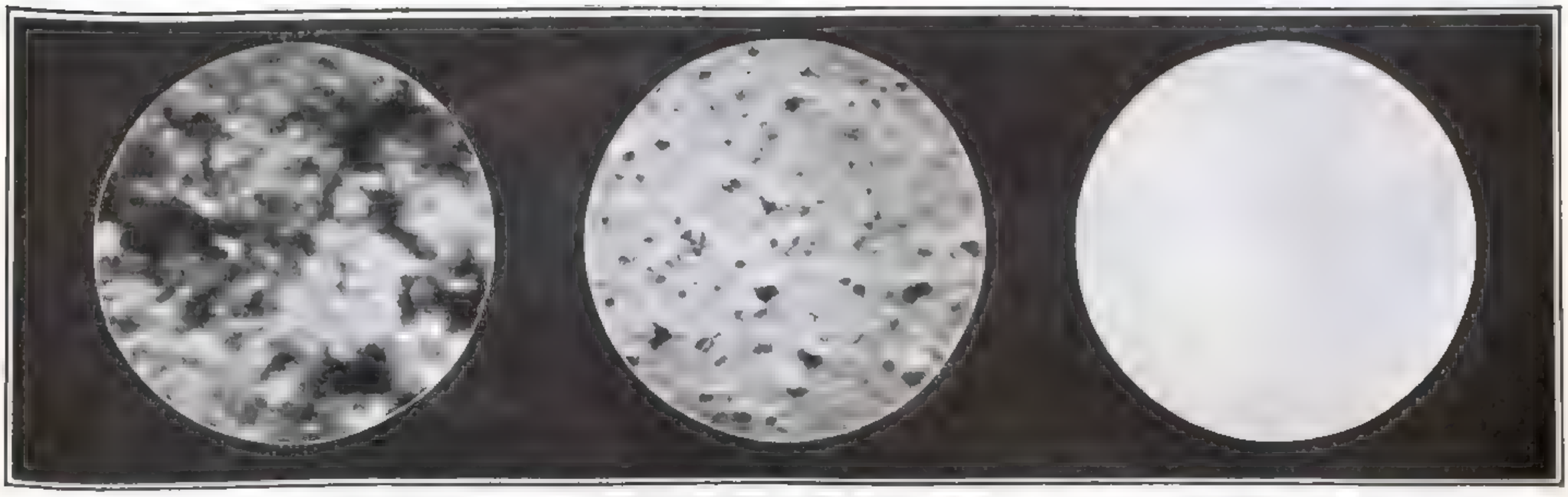
"Where are you going, dears?" inquired Mrs. Peters.

"That's Cathy's father and mother at the door," Bobby explained. "They've concluded to let us get engaged, but they're going to talk it over with you. We said we'd go on ahead."

He looked at Owen with a smile not altogether forgiving.

"So we're going into the next room to sit on the sofa and hold hands and have a whale of a time."

In each of these circles is a photograph of WHITE PAINT



ORDINARY FLAT FINISH WHITE PAINT — ORDINARY EGG-SHELL FINISH WHITE PAINT — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The above photographs were taken through a microscope—each paint surface being photographed under the same conditions and magnified to the same degree. They show clearly why the surface of ordinary flat finish white paints soils so easily. It is actually rough, uneven, porous. The smooth finish of Barreled Sunlight resists dirt and can be washed like tile.

The astonishing difference shows why Barreled Sunlight is now being used for interiors everywhere

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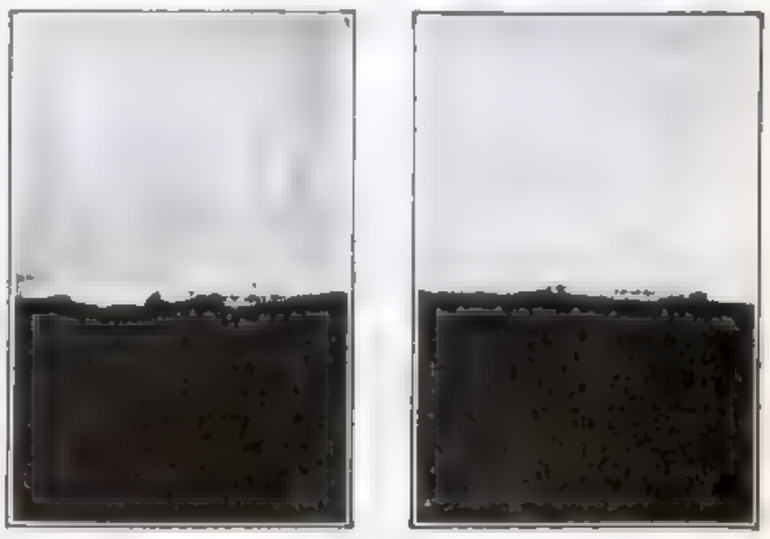

ORDINARY ENAMEL — BARRELED SUNLIGHT

The upper part of the black board on the left was painted with a single coat of ordinary enamel—the one on the right with a single coat of Barreled Sunlight. Note the remarkable covering power of Barreled Sunlight.

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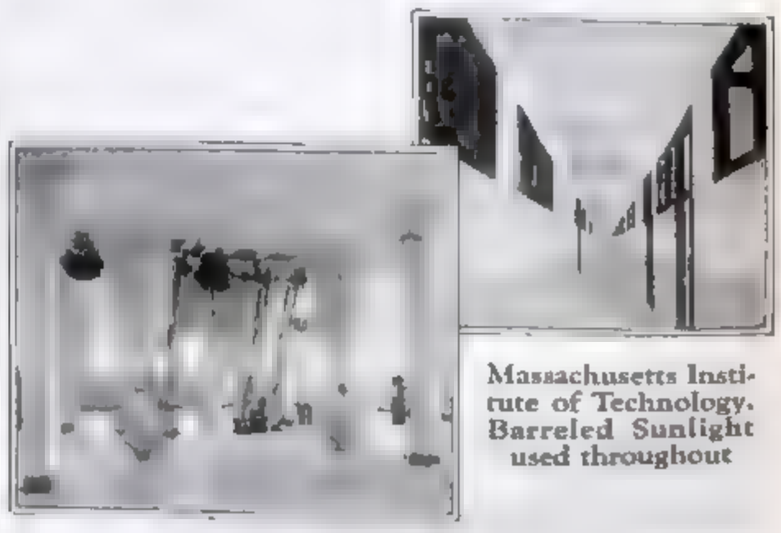
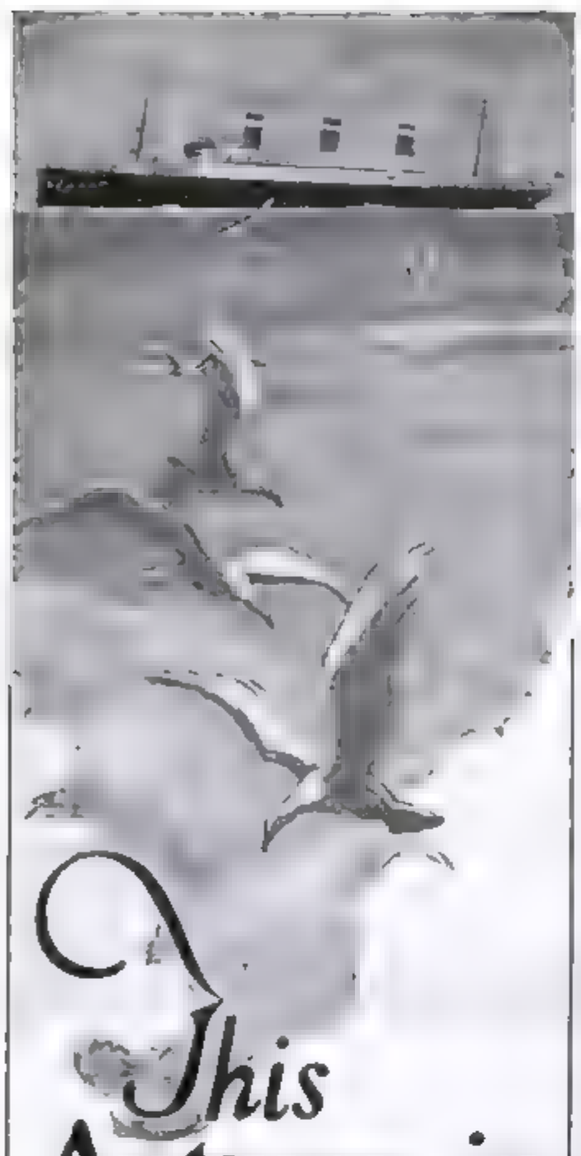


FACTORY
Home of "Life Savers"—showing use of Barreled Sunlight

Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Barreled Sunlight used throughout



This Autumn in EUROPE

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FAT TIM SHOOTS POLARIS

(Continued from Page 15)

And it was. For months of high-pressure work there was not the sign of an error; for months every piece of steel as it came to the field dropped into its place as slick as a greased pig's tail.

And Brownie Burns got fired.

Don Merced's voice was a little thick and his eye a bit glisteny when he broke the bad news to Brownie.

"Chief says I got to let you go account of that mess at the new structural mill, Brownie," said Don. "I'd never have done it myself, Brownie, although that was a bad one. You're too good a kid to let out. But the chief promised to tie it onto the next man that made a survey mistake. Think I could 'a' talked him out of it at that. I tried. But it seems that just when we got the bull points and torches going good the general supe comes ambling along with Sleeman and sees the works. He goes straight up, and when he comes down he's headed toward the chief's office. So off goes your head, Brownie—and if you can make any use of a recommendation from me say the word. We all make bulls. So long and good luck."

Witness the indignation meeting then when a howling sleet storm drives the boys off the job the day of Brownie's demise. Righteous anger is rampant in the little field shanty. Brownie Burns has been fired—Brownie who not three months ago had been given a transit after five years of steady plugging from rodman up—Brownie the sturdy—Brownie the best beloved—Brownie the steady. Nothing brilliant about him like Josh; nothing speedy about him like Aman; but careful, and absolutely dependable—and fearless. Who saved the level that time Doggy Bight's men let the big girder get away from them? And the time they wanted a sight on the very top of Number Four's top rigging, when they thought she was starting to lean toward the river after the big gas explosion? Who hung a plumb bob steadily, leaning against the wind on a ten-inch I beam up aloft there in the fumes?

Something darn funny about those finishing-shed foundation bolts. Something darn funny about these survey errors of late. Under the rush of work was anyone failing to check? No! in a roaring chorus. Not a man there who would leave one job before it was properly checked to that old red hair to go to the next piece of work; not even if the chief himself were hollerin' his head off. Let the mixer boss wait twenty minutes. While the foundation bolts are being checked and until a corps can get over to level and line the big power engine's base plate, let the outside machinists sit and swap lies; they are good at that. Sure, there's the devil to pay for delays like these; but better a good rawhiding from the chief than to hurt the rep of the corps and cast a reflection on the honorable business of engineering by making a survey error.

Fat Tim was declaring himself:

"Sumpin damn funny. Brownie told me he checked that line of bolts back to both base lines before he left the job. Showed me his field book to prove it. But I've noticed something about these survey bulls. Wouldn't think anything about it if it only happened once; but it's happened every time. They all show up on jobs that's stood overnight. Set bolts one evening—pour concrete next morning—night in between—sumpin damn funny!"

Noises in the jammed little survey office suddenly stopped. Steel tapes ceased being polished. Blue prints ceased rustling in and out of their roughly carpentered file drawers. Pencils ceased scratching in field books. Pipes ceased being puffed. No one spoke for a space.

"Sumpin damn funny," repeated Tim.

Long Josh Daley looked up from the transit whose soft luster was gleaming immaculate under his square of chamois. He laid his corncob down on the unplaned table before him and enveloped his shining instrument in a cloud of smoke.

"Just what do you mean by that?" asked Josh.

"Sleeman," said Tim; and again the little office was quiet. Again it was Long Josh Daley who broke the silence.

"Aw, hell!" was all he said; and he spat in a sawdust-filled box, picked up his pipe and turned to his transit again.

"All right!" burst out Tim. "You're next! Hear me chirp? First Brownie makes that little bull at the iron foundry, then Aman falls down at the machine-shop extension. Then the chief says the next man gets canned. Brownie comes through with a mess and the boss snitzes his ears. It's moving up. You're next, Josh. Mind my word!"

"When my stuff goes wrong I'll know there's something crooked afoot." Josh said it without a trace of conceit, simply stating a fact. "I check till a mistake is a mathematical impossibility. I can't be wrong."

"What good's it gonna do you to know you were mathematically right after you're fired?" Fat Tim came back. "Sleeman's a slick one—hear me chirp?"

The silence in which these two had been talking came to a sudden end. The rude little field headquarters roared, incredulity and relief sounding in the laughter.

"Yes!" shouted someone. "Listen to the pot calling the kettle pot-bellied!" And the tar-papered sides of the crowded shanty shook.

Ridiculous, sure enough. There sat Tim on an empty rivet keg, luxuriously wedged back into a corner, cigarette butts and a scattering of makin's tobacco ringing him round, nursing a mighty girth in interlaced fingers, watching the rest of the party work and calling fat people hard names.

"Go sit on a wasp," Long Josh told him when the flood of raillery subsided at last. "Sleeman's a polecat, and he doesn't like Don ever since Don chased his mud slingers off the foundation work; but he wouldn't do that. He wouldn't dare. He's a slick one, even if you do say it as shouldn't, Tim. Too slick; too wise to try to pull anything like that. Listen, gang! From now on every man of us triple checks. Mighty hard on Brownie, that bump; but the chief had to do it. I'll bet money it marks an end of survey mistakes."

Perhaps this story would have been more fitly entitled Fat Tim Cleans House, for he did. But that would have given you, right off the bat, a wrong impression of Tim. For Tim couldn't scrap, not a mark's worth. But he certainly could make a transit theodolite speak its piece. He could shoot Polaris to within fifteen seconds every crack of the box.

Tim Mulligan's real name was John—Jawn, properly, to rime with Shawn, that other 100 per cent Celtic handle. Jawn Mulligan, ochone!

And he couldn't fight!

Tim, then, if you must know it, was short for Timid—disgrace his mates had put on him back in high-school days after they had found it impossible, by any means whatsoever, to persuade or coerce Fat Tim to plug up a desperate hole at guard with the two hundred and forty-odd quaking pounds of him. Timid Mulligan! Imagine that if you can! But, lucky for John, the abbreviation of that wretched sobriquet fitted his surname to perfection; and so Tim Mulligan it was, the shame of it known to but few, the nicknamers foiled, having bestowed on the object of their contumely as fighting an epithet as they could have arrived at with a twelvemonth of study. For who has ever thought of any Tim as timid? A warrior's name is Tim. Timothy. Timotheus. Fearing God, it means; and they who rightly fear God fear nothing else.

But whether the true significance of his nickname was ever to become known at Conemaugh Coke and Iron or not, Tim's reputation for courage had reached in that institution the same low estate it had occupied at Ovenville High. For Tim, in a moment of stress, had deserted his level—and worse.

You'd not think the job of an instrument man a dangerous one; but then like as not you've only seen the county surveyors at work. The chances are that you've never observed a steel-plant party earning its keep. Ordinarily your instrument man has the whole out of doors about him. Plenty of chance to see danger should danger impend, and plenty of space for a leap into clear should danger arrive. Not very likely that there will be any such leaping to do; but if there is, you can make this safe little bet—that the instrument jumps with the man. It's a rule of the game.

In a steel plant's maze of mills and crane runways and tracks, every instrument set up is more or less of a hazard. Hot pots, slopping their devil soup over, lumber past within bowing distance of you and your transit. One leg of the scrap gantry rumbles close by; the scrap gantry which carries its loads with invisible lashings, with magnetic lines of force as reliable as steel cables, but invisible nevertheless. With a ton of bloom butts or some other open-hearth fodder stuck thus mysteriously on its magnet, the gantry lugs its bundle over the gun you may not desert. Single-file parades of red ingots and molds wabble top-heavily past, close to your line of sight. And down at the end of the old slab mill they are transferring molten steel—not iron; steel, save the mark—from the Bessemer over to the old open hearth by means of flat-bottomed ladles perched precariously on little narrow-gauge trucks. Over clacking switches and rackety crossings and lurching round makeshift curves the big pots go; as rattle-brained a way of wheeling liquid death about among men as any steel plant's officials ever conceived. Sometime one of those narrow-gauge trucks is going to pick a loose switch, and when it does, you and I, for two, don't want any transit or level gumming our four-hundred-and-forty-yard technic. But if you're an instrument man worth your salt, when you hop off your set-up the gun hops with you. A transit may cost half a thousand, a level much less; and a life, it is to be hoped, is worth considerably more than either; but the instrument jumps when you jump. It's a rule of the game.

Under the charging floor of the new open hearth Fat Tim and a rodman were leveling gas-valve seats one day. Above them the steel erector's traveler rattled and roared, making quiver the mighty fabric it built and advanced upon. Pandemonium rang in the hoist's exhaust, in the clangor of maul on beam, in the beat of a score of pneumatic hammers nailing that great steel house together with the sizzling nails that the rivet gangs drive. Above that outlandish racket there rose now and then a bellow; some such air-shaking thing, as much to be felt as heard, as made young Battling Theseus sweat ice water deep in the Cretan labyrinth. But even the Minotaur's roar would never have made itself heard above the ear-cracking tattoo of twenty air guns. The Minotaur, however, didn't have to raise a couple of hundred tons of structural steel in a day; and Mr. Bill Bight, pusher extraordinary—known better to bridgemen as Doggy—did. So no order of Mr. Bill Bight's was ever allowed to go unheard no matter how thunderous the steel-plant music about him.

But suddenly now Mr. Bill Bight's voice came down to Tim and his buddy with a high blare of warning in it.

"Below!"

The tremendous shout tore a hole through the din. A wild yell of alarm from many throats followed it, and the clash of flying chains ripped the air wickedly.

With a hair-raising clang, a big girder that had escaped a bad hitch came plunging down between the still-unplated beams of the charging floor. It dropped like a mortar's projectile into the cellar below, hit fair on end not a yard away from Fat Tim and his level, balanced upright a second, and then toppled slowly toward him.

The corps boss, a young man who only the day before had given up a soft job on the board-of-public-works survey force to dedicate energies chafing at political restraint to the more strenuous tasks of steel, was seated on the top of a valve chamber, figuring levels, when the girder crashed through the floor above him; and there he continued to sit as the girder swayed over toward the level. Paralyzed stiff, he stayed where he dog-gone was till it all was over—and then he went away. Discarding such impedimenta as pencils and field books, he zoomed for the gate, a wide streak of saffron climbing his backbone higher and higher at every jump; and so, without quit notice to his boss or so much as a fond fare-thee to his new corps buddies, he disappeared, leaving the steel industry flat on its back, hot-footing it back to the good old political fold again.

Fat Tim Mulligan, accustomed to taking such incidents as part of the order of the day, did not stand frozen. Tim kept a weather eye peeled for dropping girders and suchlike every hour of his trick. It was January; but an August suppleness

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How Electricity is Made

1. *Power Transformers* raise the voltage from the generating station to a high pressure to drive the electric current hundreds of miles over small wires.

2. *Transmission Lines* consisting of wires and their supporting towers and insulators conduct the current to the zones where it is to be used.

3. *Sub-Stations* reduce the voltage to a pressure convenient for distribution to homes and factories; and, when desirable, change the *alternating* to *direct* current for operating street cars, and for other purposes.

4. *Distribution Systems* consisting of a network of wires and small distributing transformers mounted on poles, bring the current into our homes, offices and factories ready for direct use for light, heat and power.

Electricity—the Great Progressive Impulse—is not nearly so mysterious in manufacture and distribution as you may have thought.

No one knows just what it is; but we do know how to make and use it *safely* and *economically* and *conveniently;* for the development of apparatus and methods for these purposes has been the business of Westinghouse for over forty years.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Offices in all Principal Cities · Representatives Everywhere

Westinghouse

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What a busy broker thinks about shirts

"I'm not exactly ambitious to be a fashion-plate," said Robert Judson; "but I do like to feel properly dressed.

"I can't give much time or thought to selecting my shirts. That's why I always look for the Emery label. When I see that, I'm sure of getting new, correct style, generous fit, custom refinement of finish, worth-while fabric—in a word, thorough satisfaction.

"Why, it's merely a matter of choosing my right size and the most becoming color.

"Emery Shirts give me everything that the best custom-made shirts could—and at much lower prices."

Why Emery Shirts are equal to custom-made

Pattern in each shirt perfectly balanced—stripes matched in cuffs, front, etc.

Different sleeve lengths. Sleeve plackets buttoned above the cuff to prevent pulling sleeves and make cuffs set right.

Pre-shrunk neckbands. Neck-band adjusts for wearing collar buttons in back.

Closely-stitched seams. Clear pearl buttons. Unbreakable buttonholes. And many other refinements of finish.

Emery shirts are sold at better class shops—$2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and up. If there is no Emery dealer near you, we will see that you are served promptly on receipt of money order and name of your dealer. Give neckband size, sleeve length and color preferences. W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Makers of Emery Shirts, Philadelphia.

Emery Shirts

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lived in Fat Tim's well-sheathed muscles. Tim jumped. If you can vision the flying leap of a grasshopper weighing two hundred and forty-four pounds you can vision the startling abruptness of Tim's get-away.

It was young Brownie Burns, the rodman, who flashed in, snatched the level and jumped clear of the recoil upkick of the fallen girder by a scant foot.

Mr. Bill Bight, the steel pusher, shot down into the valve cellar via a hand line.

"Anyone hurt?"

Apprehension had smothered that bull roar down to a mouse squeak. And, inspired by that wee small voice, Fat Tim decided that here the chance offered to bolster up his own sorry part in the incident by bearding a roughneck right in his lair while the bearding was good. And so Tim completed the downfall of whatever part of his reputation for courage might have otherwise survived.

"Hey, Doggy," Tim blustered, "don't them snakes of yours know enough to put a stick of wood between your chains and a piece of fresh-painted steel? What you tryin' to do—get somebody killed? Next time them hobos of yours drop three or four tons o' steel into a corps I'm levelin' for I'm gonna mount the deck o' that traveler and bear down on somebody! Hear me chirp?"

But Mr. Bight's anxious eye had seen no pituful figure laid out flat, and that was all Mr. Bight gave two whoops in Tophet about. The mouse squeak went out of his throat as the pallor left his weather-burned face, and the daddy of all Minotaurs came bellowing back onto the job again.

"Aw, go take a flyin' kiss at Santy Claus, Poddo!" he advised Tim irreverently. "Watchu think you're staking out here, a red-necktie shop? You're on a job o' work. You're supposed to set up between showers: and when we rain a little steel down out o' schedule, you engineers is supposed to duck—like this."

He hooked a foot back of Tim's ankle and poked a broad bunch of knuckles into that part of Tim which stuck out the farthest toward him. And it, together with that part of Tim which stuck out the farthest away from Mr. Bight, went down with a rush. Great was the fall thereof; not only of those protuberances front and back which have already been mentioned. Great was the fall of all of Tim, who bulged far in every direction. A box of fire-clay mortar from which the masons were grouting up the valve seats as the engineers leveled them was directly back of Tim when the steel pusher pushed; and a tidal wave of slimy gray rose over the edge of the mixing box, and starting from a center of disturbance marked by the seat of Fat Tim's trousers, swept out toward the four points of the compass.

"Bear down in that for a while!" was Mr. Bight's friendly advice.

Halfway up his hand line, laughter sapped the strength from his muscles and he stopped and hung helpless a while. Then taking a huge breath and holding it, he hauled himself up hand over hand the rest of the way, and wriggled out of sight between the uncovered floor beams overhead.

Perhaps you can vision Fat Tim in grasshopper flight; but by no stretch of the imagination can you picture him following Doggy Bight up a hand line. Still, by a more circuitous way, the road to the traveler's deck was open to Tim. But he did not take it. And so, from the chief to the last bohunk on construction, the knowledge spread that Tim Mulligan hadn't the guts to fit out a tomtit. Fat Tim had deserted his level; and immeasurably more disgraceful in the eye of the layman, Fat Tim had failed to wipe out insult and ridicule by the simple process of taking an honorable body beating from an obviously better man.

Transit virumque cano, as Joe Boccaccio would say. Joe wrote that Vergil's Æneid thing, didn't he? Classical stuff we're putting over, at any rate. Freely translated, it means three mile-high whoops and a back handspring for the transit theodolite and the man behind it. I give you the engineer! The engineer, whom the layman sees as a fellow in high laced boots and flannel shirt, dimensioning the earth with his little nine-inch line of sight on its three-legged stool. He well represents the engineer, this laddie-buck back of the gun; for he's out in the field, in front of the press, pioneering. But put you a real engineer down anywhere, clap a green eye shield on his brow and jam him in back of a board and a blank square of rough sheet in the stuffiest drafting room in Manhattan, and if he's the goods he's out ahead, tramping new country; he's out ahead, smoothing the bumps on the road that his fellow critter must travel, making the going a bit less rough for the world and his wife and the kids. An infinite job is before him. His frontier is the last of the visible stars. He goes from there. That uttermost star, he assumes, was hung out there at the edge of the abyss as a challenge to him; a challenge which he accepts by sailing into each present job of work hell-bent, as though in fear that that far star will cease beckoning him if he fails to close up the task in hand on schedule.

We uncover a solid porphyry dome to the man behind the surveyor's gun—to all men behind it. To Old Man Grabjack with his clinking sinews of war, and to Ivan Puputzska with crowbar and sinews of meat; to the lanky lad humped over his T-square and vile-smelling unlighted pipe, and to tough little Rocco, the wop water boy who comes staggering up with buckets a-slop and dippers a-clank when glistening Cuffy, churning his long drill, wails, "Boy! Oh-h-h-h, boy! Aqua fris! Water me! Water me like a mule!"

But many a typewriter groomed to epic performance bringeth forth doggerel; so you'll find this little platen hitched to no star. No, sir! Right up to the end you'll find us sticking to Fat Tim Mulligan, late of Conemaugh Coke and Iron, the least heroic of instrument men.

Fat Tim tramped the feet of his tripod deeply into the ground. A rail butt, cross-marked on the end with a cold chisel and concreted solidly in place, lay directly under his transit. Tim slid his shift plate until the point of his plumb bob hung over the cross on the rail, and leveled his instrument roughly.

"Hey, kid, think I'm an owl or a tomcat? Hold that torch down closer here till I get her right on the dot."

Fat Tim was importance itself. Fat Tim was making ready to take a shot at Polaris. By the light of the chainman's torch Fat Tim hung his bob exactly over the cross in the end of the rail, tightened his level screws, moved about till his bulk shielded the bob string from a light wind that blew, and examined the bob point minutely again. Good! Tim swung his gun eight degrees east of the false north to which his needle declined at Ovenville, Pennsylvania, and tilted his tube up forty-sixteen as close as he could, which is Ovenville's latitude. Whether Einstein says light is bent or not, that tiny nine-inch line of sight in Fat Tim's transit, produced to a length of some sixty or more light years, would now pass somewhere close to the polestar's twinkling beacon.

The night was quiet and moonless and black. Winter's bright candles shimmered and dimmed on the inside curve of the infinite sphere. Off to Tim Mulligan's right the Bessemer blazed and hissed, reddening the night for miles when the vessels flamed at midblow. Off to Tim's left a line of blast furnaces bulked Cyclopean, lighting their stoves' terrific cylinders now and again with the glow of long runners flooded with swift-flowing iron. Up ahead of Tim the old slab mill clashed and snarled, smashing its big yellow ingots down. Back of Tim stretched stillness where no buildings loomed in the dark, but where holes went down and new forms awaited the day, when the construction gangs would swarm back on the new structural-mill job to fill up the empty boxes with concrete.

But Tim saw no glare of metallurgical fire, and heard no brute roaring of mills, and felt no thrill that he was a part of the great, sleeping, deserted construction job behind him, that would spring into chaotic life in the morning. Fat Tim was facing the stars.

Fat Tim was shooting Polaris. The chief wanted a true meridian through the new job; a true north-and-south line to run through the plant; a base line to check all other base lines against; an absolute something to tie to; a something to steady the corps that had lately seemed to waver in their precision. Nothing will give a party of engineers the perfect confidence they must feel like a true meridian close at hand to tie up to. And so Don Merced and Tim and Long Josh and the kid were out at one on that winter morning to aim their piece at Polaris; to pick up a line from the awful void of God and put it down on the earth; a line to which they might hitch their little man doings with accuracy. What instrument man so cloddish as not to forget for a moment the earth? The slab mill's mighty bluster is not the pipe of a midge against the harmony of the suns. The Bessemer's glow fades out in a few little miles; but Polaris' flame has entered Tim's little tube after spanning a void that is measurable only in light years.

Small wonder that Tim, locating the North Star's bright spark, should think of other things than the new mill job at his back and of his own little part in it. Streaming toward Tim's gun is light from the same sun that the Genoese sailor kept to starboard during the endless weeks. Yet even that sun is not a fixed north in a heaven itself so unfixed that its Maker shall some day roll it up like a scroll. Mariners four thousand years ago heeded it not, guiding their little coracles by Alpha Draconis then. And mariners twelve thousand years from tonight will steer their great air liners by brilliant Vega. All things are mutable; which may have much or nothing to do with today's strawberry shortcake and earning the same.

"Hey, kid, hold that torch over here a little closer so I can see these cross hairs. She reaches right elongation in about fifteen minutes. Want me to miss her?"

So now Fat Tim has followed Polaris eastward and watched it mount and leave his cross hairs, turning west about the heaven's pole; and Tim has plunged this line of sight which he has stolen out of the void down to Josh Daley and Don Merced, who have caught it with a flashlight and a piece of white paper and a plumb-bob string, a few hundred yards north of Tim, and have nailed it fast to the earth with an oak stake and a brad. Some night next week we will check the shot. Some night next summer we will catch Polaris at left elongation and check again, within twenty seconds if Fat Tim is running true to form.

But tonight our work is done. Fat Tim unclamps, and before he pulls up he swings his tube and takes a little peep into the black coal sack at the Swan; stands for a moment at the edge of that starless window looking outward into that which makes all human meannesses seem impossible; stands at the boundary of the universe we know, looking off into space where other universes hang, so far away that light from them may never reach us through that black and terrible casement in the Milky Way.

Then, moved by the wonders over him, Tim transited his instrument, slowly sweeping with his eye a mighty arc, sun-sprinkled and appalling, until he came down to his little earth again, looking almost due south. Idly Tim adjusted his focus to the plant lights that replaced the universe's fires: idly laid his line of sight across the black and deserted acreage of the structural-mill construction layout. And then, all in an instant, suddenly as though stricken, Tim Mulligan's huge body stiffened and idleness took quick wings. A new star shone into Tim's eye out of the shadows of the forsaken construction job—an earth star, bright one moment, gone the next. Tim watched it, eager and tense. An electric torch way down there in the cover of the night flashed on again and went out; but in the momentary glow of it Tim saw a template and the black hexagons of inch nuts topping the narrow boards; caught the gleam of new-cut steel that marked the threaded tops of the long bolts hanging down into the forms that next day would fill up with fluid masonry.

But something was trying to pluck Tim's attention away from the engrossing business before him; something annoying, something alarming. Why didn't it let him alone? He was busy. A voice yelling his name—that's what it was—a voice with sudden horror in it:

"Run, Tim, run! Run! Run! For God's sake, run!"

That was Long Josh's voice. Something wrong to make cool-headed, deliberate Long Josh yell like that.

But down at the structural-mill job someone was prowling with a flashlight; someone skulking, someone sneaking, someone who thought himself securely hidden by the night; someone unaware that Fat Tim Mulligan was on the plant with a little tube that had just reached out into blackness incalculable millions of miles. Some filthy afreet, maybe, had slunk up out of its lair in the great steamy sewer that ran from end to end of the long plant deep underground; one eye a-blink in its

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An Insurance Agent protects you in case of loss

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Founded 1792

Your safe reminds you of the value of your possessions. It reminds you of danger of loss. It reminds you, positively and definitely, of your need for insurance. Every safe says, "Consult an insurance agent for complete protection."

A North America agent can advise you as to the financial protection you should have when all other protections fail.

The wise man protects his possessions by insurance. Business, industry and commerce all secure insurance protection. The insurance agent is as necessary to your protection and prosperity as the doctor to your health and strength.

The Insurance Company of North America has guarded the property and possessions of the American people since the close of the eighteenth century.

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

and the

Indemnity Insurance Company of North America

write practically every form of insurance except life

Why the Nation trusts its Figure Problems to Burroughs

LOOKING backward over the forty years in which Burroughs has built up its silent partnership in the business of the Nation, it becomes apparent that there must be a reason other than simply the fact that Burroughs was the pioneer in the field.

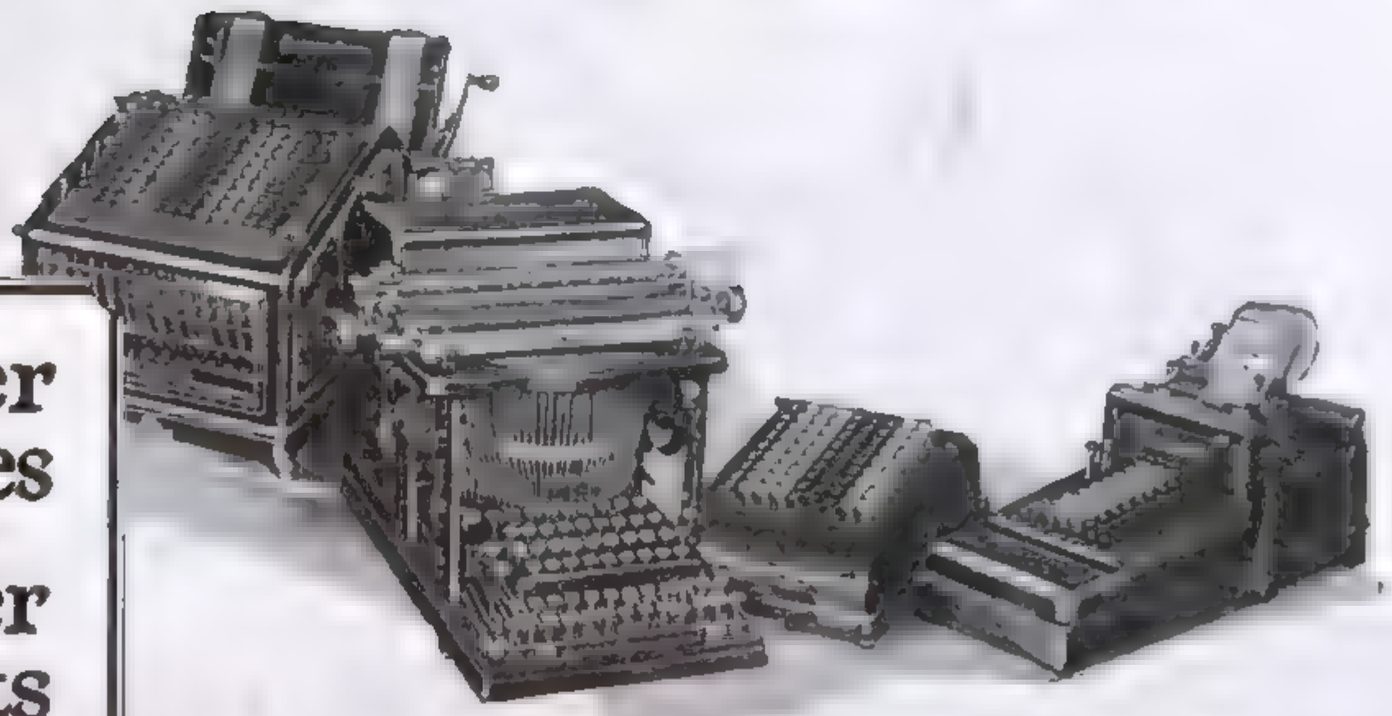
And as a matter of fact there are *three* reasons:

—the remarkable performance, day in and day out, of Burroughs figuring equipment

—the Burroughs development of ever better methods for solving figure problems and the corresponding invention of equipment to perform the mechanical work

—the making of equipment to fill *every figure need of every business.*

Think just a moment: *Could* there be any more weighty reasons why, in its figure needs, the Nation turns so confidently to Burroughs?



Better Figures *make* Bigger Profits

Burroughs

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-BILLING-CALCULATING MACHINES

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foul forehead, planning under the cover of that moonless winter morning some cowardly spoiling of the good work of good men.

A great crash rose above the plant's night noises. A withering flare of heat smote Tim's wide back one great blow and then died down to an endurable glow. A flame leaped hugely back of him, and also died down to a less bright but steadier radiance.

"Run, Tim, run! It's coming your way, Tim! Run, Tim! Run, Tim! Run, Tim! Run!"

But Tim's right brow was glued against his eyepiece. Soon that evil eye would wink again far down there in the darkness; and when it did, old Fat Tim Mulligan's honest, pale-blue, Irish optic would be right there waiting to see it.

Tim could have made a pretty good guess as to what had happened behind him. Many men on the plant had seen it coming, and Tim had too. A train of empty molds, flying from the slab mill to the old open hearth, had rammed a potful of molten Mayari. Just as the hot metal dinkey had shoved the stuff out from behind the Bessemer, the heavy mold buggies had hit it.

Tim could have made a pretty good guess at what had happened behind him. That flare of heat which had smote his back and then died down to an endurable glow was becoming rapidly intolerable again. A flaming serpent, breathing death, was creeping up on Fat Tim. But Fat Tim's eye was to the front. In front of Tim was vindication for little Brownie Burns. In front of Tim was Long Josh Daley's reputation as a survey man. In front of Tim was pride of craft; the honor of the good old engineering gang.

"Run, Tim! Run, Tim! Run!"

Run, hell!

And then far down Fat Tim's black line of sight; far down in the dark of the new mill job; down where that cockatrice eye had last blinked, a cautious little match flame flared and lifted inside cupped hands to put its fire to a cigarette.

Then Fat Tim ran. Close at his heels a hell river bubbled and spat when Tim left his mark. The broad expanse of Fat Tim's pants was smoking when he got away from that cross-marked rail butt. But it was his shoes that were smoking when Long Josh and Don located him at last, roughly a quarter of a mile from where he had started. He had done it in forty-nine-two: with a transit, by all that was holy, high and dry on his shoulder!

They checked the bolts for the finishing-shed foundations in the morning; held up a gang of thirty concrete hunyaks and a cursing boss for half an hour to do it. To Tim fell the honor; checking, mind you, the work of Long Josh Daley. They were all right for line; but every last bolt that Long Josh had set and checked forty ways the day before was two inches low of its proper elevation.

Fat Tim the night before had shot Polaris. He had stood at creation's edge, looking down into the black and empty coal sack at the Swan. And looking, there had come upon Fat Tim that thing which comes to men who know that the sincerest of all forms of worship is to look in silence at the stars. Let ever so little the fear of God enter a man, and other fears vanish; most certainly any fears of pot-bellied triumvirates and suchlike.

"Don," stated Tim when the bolts had all been brought up to level, and the mixer was merrily sloshing concrete around their anchor plates, "I'm going over to the labor shanty for a minute. I got to bear down on a guy over there."

And you can bet your neck nobody laughed.

It was a nice pe-rade. Party, attention! Shoulder transits! Forward march! Level legs pointing the way. Rods a-swing from the hip. Chains jangling. Canvas bags flopping. Three corps all in a bunch—a very impressive procession.

Doggy Bight, on his way back to his job from the railroad office, came to a halt.

"Wot t'hell!" bawled Mr. Bight amiably. "Lookit the mob o' photygraphers! Wotcha gonna do—stake out a new map o' Germany this morning?"

He got an answer from ten throats at once, each answer different, and not a one printable; but an elegant roar, sweet to the ears of men. Fat Tim waited until even Mr. Puputzaka, trailing the march with stakes and hammer, closed the remarks with a choice bit of Slavish obscenity. Then he stood still and looked Mr. Bull Bight square in the eye.

"You're next!" stated Fat Tim cryptically, and then led on his gang, leaving big Doggy standing slack-jawed and staring after them like a kind-faced cow.

The pilgrimage stopped in front of the labor shanty. Fat Tim peered in at a window.

"There's three of 'em settin' in there," Tim stated. "I think they've all dipped a talon into this filth. The way you can tell for sure is to count 'em as they come out. Don't you let anybody in that labor shanty till I say so, Don. And say, kid, you stand that level of mine a little further away from this here front door."

The labor-shanty door closed on Fat Tim, and they who formed a gleefully expectant cordon outside heard a sound as though a key turned in a lock.

Nobody knows for sure to this day who lit that cigarette on the structural-mill job on the night when Fat Tim shot Polaris. Fat Tim never told whose face, back of the tiny match flare, came up through the lenses of his transit out of the structural-mill job's blanketing shadows that winter morning. Nobody got fired. But when the first meat heap came flying out of the labor shanty into the bright sun of the following day, and lit on its face in the slush, not a man was satisfied until it had rolled up on an elbow and wiped the blood and mud off its countenance.

Then, "One!" roared up a joyful chorus as Mr. Manly Wimple's battered features came into view.

Mr. Wimple had made an exit of which Houdini himself might well have been proud. He had come through a locked door without so much as touching a knob or turning a key.

And now, more clearly through that shattered opening, there came the sound of mighty weights caroming. Through the splintered panels a vague centrifugal motion, as of worlds in birth, was to be seen; a sort of hazy spinning, a nebular whirl of papers and inkpots and chairs, out of which presently catapulted a huge, roughly spherical mass that slid on one convexity through clammy mud and brought up with a pulpy thud against the still-dazed Mr. Wimple.

"Two!"

Monte Cristo never told them off with half the pitiless glee.

But with lessening numbers the fury on the inside seemed on the increase. Great thumpings shivered the thin sides of the labor office. Huge grunts exploded, and the lightly built edifice trembled and creaked with the throes of its internal stresses. Then came the superbeat of crashes. Followed dead silence a second. Then a vast rushing. And lo! seated in a puddle of half-melted snow and greasy steel-plant muck, beside two other tallow heaps of similar shape and size, was a third—one whose brass knuckles had, on this occasion, utterly failed him.

A head came poking out through the shattered door, following the last fat projectile. A beautiful head it was, with one eye that peeked narrowly out of a puff which was rapidly taking on the tints of the spectrum. A lovely head, dripping a copious crimson streamlet from the proboscis, and mapped on the fair, broad brow with many a finger-nail-drawn road and detour. What of its hair had not been jerked out was flying storm signals; and under that tangled mop a cherubic face grinned open, displaying teeth of snow in a field gules, and in a voice as still and small as that which followed the strong wind and the earthquake and the fire, Fat Tim made gentle inquiry.

"How many?"

The boys in the drafting room at the far end of the plant at this juncture left their tables and rushed to the window to see the burning-coke rain and the great cloud of red ore darken the sky above Number Five. Old Number Five stack had been kicking like nine million mules all week. But no red cloud hovered above Number Five. It wasn't the roar of a blast-furnace kick that the drafting-room boys had heard. What they had heard was Fat Tim Mulligan's buddies gloatfully answering, "Three!"

"I lost count," grinned stout John Mulligan—stout Timothy Mulligan, if you like. Then Tim's grin went wider, as though at a sweet expectation. "Come on along over to the open hearth with me now, will you, gang?" requested Timotheus M. "I'm going over to get that lickin' from Doggy Bight I been dodgin' so long!"

Pipe corrosion is no respecter of persons or property

CORROSION is but another name for rust. In every hotel, home, office building and factory there are from hundreds to many thousands of feet of pipe, and along every foot of every pipe, corrosion is seeking for a weak spot—some flaw that will give it a foothold. And once corrosion gets a foothold, a leaky pipe is only a matter of time.

Tonight, somewhere, the gaily decorated ceiling of some hotel dining room may suddenly treat the comfortable diners to a shower bath—or your own dining room at home may be the scene of some such occurrence. Tomorrow morning you may find your office or your factory has sustained water damage from leaking pipes.

A pipe leak heretofore may have meant only a plumber's bill to you. Next time the damage may be more serious. You cannot *stop* pipe corrosion once started, but you *can* guard against it by the use of Reading Genuine Wrought Iron Pipe. "Reading" offers two to three times the resistance to rust that steel pipe does. "Reading's" life is two to three times as long. Its "per year" cost is one-half to one-third the price of steel.

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PRETTY BUSINESS

Continued from Page 7

and hear people say how brave and wonderful I'd been, and just cry and cry."

She laughed, and Mr. Lane thought she created quite enough beauty by sitting, as she did, before a dim portrait, her lips merry, her chestnut curls and bright cheeks splashed with candlelight. Narcissa saw his appreciative eyes.

"You're admiring great-grandmother," she said. "I'll show her better."

She slipped from her chair and held a candle before the painting.

"Isn't she pretty?"

The lady was fair in the melting fashion of the '40's, with lips to sing to a harp.

"So frail and lovely," Narcissa praised her softly. "You wouldn't think she would have had twelve children, would you?"

"Great guns! Did she?"

"Lots of them died too. You'd think a premonition would show in her face."

"Life is very merciful."

"Of course, I think large families are nice; but not so nice as just being in love with your husband and not having any children."

"What's this? What's to become of the race?"

"I think what would be nicest would be being in love with your husband for a long time, and then having him die and leave you posthumous triplets so you could devote all your time to them. Great-grandfather fell in love with her at a dance in Baltimore. He hadn't met her, and she fainted, and fell right in his arms. From that moment he never thought of another woman. Did you ever faint?"

"Not that I remember."

"Neither have I. I'm just dying to know how it feels; but I'm afraid I haven't inherited it. Margery tried it once at a dance, not really fainting; but she wanted to meet a Mr. McIntyre, and she remembered grandmother, so she swayed and fell. He'd turned his back and didn't catch her; and she fell in a big palm with spikes in it which hurt like fury. That was long ago, when she was quite wild."

"It was hard luck for Mr. McIntyre."

"He met her later and brought her home, but he turned out to be a pill."

"There seem to have been a good many."

"Poor Margery has thought she was in love lots of times."

"She always confides in you?"

"No; but I always can tell. When she's in love she sits in a window and polishes her nails all day long. . . . I'm glad you're interested in the portraits. I'll show you the rest. They're so safe. Margery says I talk about queer things as a rule; but I like to discuss vital subjects, don't you?"

"Nothing better."

"Then, if you're through, shall we go in the drawing-room?"

"First I want to hear the poem which caused the ink spot."

"That's not finished. But I'd love to recite an old one for you, if you're sure you don't mind."

"I am."

"This one hasn't any name:

"Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, my soul,
And all that is within me sing.
The dawn is like a crystal bowl,
Brimmed for the heart's refreshening;
And he who drinks, though he were old,
Shall feel the wings of youth unfold;
And he who drinks, though blind were he,
Though he were lame and blind, shall see;
Shall catch the wind's young hand, and run
Along the uplands of the sun
And down the valleys of the spring."

Narcissa stopped.

"That isn't a good ending; but it's all there is."

Mr. Lane's eyes had a kind of gravity she hadn't seen in them.

"What do you know about being in prison," he asked, "to have been able to write that?"

"That's true!" Narcissa cried delightedly. "I was just getting over mumps. I had them late. Do you suppose a magazine will take it? I'm trying to save a tuck in my soul so that it won't burst if one does."

Margery Rowan looked in on them.

"Are you ready?" she asked. "We might as well walk. It's not far."

The night sparkled to the sound of katydids.

In the wide, bright hall of the Dowling house, which gusts of music and brief glimpses of revelers proclaimed an antechamber of carnival, Margery Rowan and Mr. Lane separated.

"Males get the library," she said. "The coat room beyond is what I envy the Dowlings most in the world. Brass checks like a restaurant! The house was built for entertaining; but the girls turned out not to be, very."

An adolescent sat sniveling in a leather chair by the many-bottled table which served as bar, while a contemporary plied him with groggy questions.

"Wha chou cryin' for, Peewee?"

"'Cause I got to knock him down. He's my bes' frien', but I got to knock him down. He 'nsulted me."

"Have a nother drink."

"But I don't wanna knock him down."

A pink-and-white man of the world, in his early twenties, entered the conversation:

"Cheer up, Peewee. I never go to a dance myself without losing some man as a friend. It doesn't worry me. It's what you have to expect if the women like you."

It was said with such conscious perfection that Mr. Lane immediately wondered if he was the pluperfect Pat Deshon. Then someone laughed.

The laugh was such a good, healthy guffaw that the last speaker, who had just pulled down his very fitted waistcoat and prepared for departure, swung on its perpetrator.

"Well, what's funny?"

A tall, rugged-faced fellow who had been fixing his garter straightened himself.

"Did you think that was a laugh? It was a cry of pain. I don't know what gave me the pain unless it was the thought of how your friends must suffer."

The speaker's physique and the deep, imperturbable humor of his careless smile made Mr. Lane think of pictures and anecdotes of the young Abe Lincoln, an Abe Lincoln born under a decidedly indulgent star.

"I suppose that's funny."

The little man of the world was almost all pink.

"It was meant to be. Don't tell me I'm going to be the one who goes into the discard tonight. I can't bear it."

"Do you want to fight?"

The Abe Lincoln one grinned through the foot and a half of space between his eyes and the other's.

"Game," he commented, "if sincere. No, I don't want to fight. This isn't Duffy's road house, you know, even if these kids do act as though it were. So long."

The man-of-the-worldling valiantly informed his departing back that he could go to hell.

Mr. Lane, who had been enough amused by the little scene to pause and listen, went to deposit his coat.

The adolescent voices droned on:

"Wha'z Duffy's road house?"

"Don' you know wha' Duffy's roa' house is? 'At's the place at Grangeville where the wild women congregate. Toughes' place around. I been there lotsa times."

"Le's go there now."

"Too far. They're fixin' the road."

With a little gasp of pleasure at finding *le mot juste*, Miss Clarissa Thomas, of the Elmsley Courier, had set it down that the Dowlings' large room, as decorated for the festivities, was a veritable fairyland.

"Chrysanthemums in the autumn tints," she had written, "and vines"—the lovely tracery of the vines over the paneled walls had left her without adjectives—"vines," she had concluded, "in profusion."

Margery Rowan thoroughly enjoyed her entrance.

Mrs. Dowling was standing with Miss Dora Dowling and Miss Dora's affianced, by the east wall. It was quite a distance from the door.

"Any instructions?" Mr. Lane had asked at the threshold, while they waited for the music to stop.

Margery lifted a fan of scarlet feathers.

"Devotion," she pronounced.

The orchestra struck a final note. Margery made her way between the applauding dancers with nods of her bright head to her acquaintances, and with an unmistakable air of dragging in triumph.

"Mrs. Dowling, may I present Mr. Lane? I was so sorry I couldn't bring Mr. Lane

(Continued on Page 96)

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(Continued from Page 94)

over and present him this afternoon, but he wasn't sure until late that he could come to your party. Dora, my dear, you look adorable. This is Mr. Lane. How do you do, Mr. Tawes? I hope tomorrow will be as nice as this has been. That's the groom's day, isn't it? And this the bride's?"

She said it with the zest of a clever child playing lady-come-to-see.

"You're from Albany, Mr. Lane?" Mrs. Dowling contraltoed from the depths of her black and gold brocade.

"No, Mrs. Dowling."

"Oh, New York?"

"I'm just passing through Elmsley. What a charming place it is."

The music recommenced; Mr. Lane bowed deeply.

"Is this mine?" he asked Margery.

"Now you pick out the girls you want to meet," she directed as they began.

"Don't you think I'd be more effective as a mysterious stranger who danced with no one but you?"

"Wouldn't it bore you, though?"

"Not a bit."

"You're a tremendous success already. Bess Dowling, who is the one who planned that I shouldn't come, simply basilisked; and Dick Chambers opened his eyes. I wonder if you can pick out Dick. He's simply divine-looking."

Mr. Lane glanced over the assemblage, and as he saw no one who could match the distinction of the Abe Lincoln young man, said, "The tall one with the girl in yellow?"

"Great heavens!" said Margery. "You don't think he's handsome!"

"I'm sorry."

"I think he's the awfulest looking thing I ever saw. Dick is the blond with the girl in the gold dress."

It was inevitable. Even before he had followed Margery's glance, Mr. Lane had known what must be. Dick Chambers was the pink-and-white man of the world, and just at that moment he was doing something startlingly like stepping on his own feet in his efforts to decipher Margery Rowan's partner.

"Oh!" Mr. Lane remarked.

Margery had waved lightly at Mr. Chambers and then become unconscious of his presence.

"That's Brains with him," she explained, "in a dream of a new dress; and I'm not positive, but I think she's got it on wrong side before. Don't you think a disappearance would be a good move?"

"Extremely."

"We'll go up and look at the wedding presents."

"Good evening, Wells," Margery greeted a gentle-faced old man in livery, who stood near the hall door.

He smiled and said, "You're looking lovely this evening, Miss Margery."

"The Dowlings swiped Wells from us," Margery explained on the stairs. "Of course, we couldn't go on affording him, anyway. He's a lamb. He comes back and serves my birthday dinner every year."

A large upstairs living room was lined with tables covered in blue brocade, from which glittered and shone the wedding presents. At the far end stood a footman in dark blue with a bright waistcoat.

"An importation," Margery commented, eying him; "but more decorative than the local police. Heavens, what a lot of presents! Spoils of the Thirty Years' War."

Mr. Lane laughed.

"Have you ever heard such a poisonous cat as I?" Margery asked suddenly. "You know what it is, don't you? I'm just hopelessly jealous. Dora's a nice honest girl, and Bess isn't half bad; but, you know, they're both perfectly deadly. You see, there's no use my trying to be decent about them. I just can't."

"Why try?"

Margery looked through her lashes.

"Trying to make a good impression," she laughed. "Now, having clawed and backbitten Dora Dowling, I'm going to her rooms to open up her special dressing table, which she hasn't any idea of appreciating, turn on all the lights and study myself for five minutes. When I come out I'll know that I'm the best I'm capable of looking. Will you wait here?"

"I will; but I must say I think the project a waste of time."

"It would be if there were only men downstairs."

For lack of anything better to do, Mr. Lane wandered down the room, inspecting the contents of the tables. They were the conventional wedding gifts in surprising quantity. There were two services of high silver, a service of flat, an archipelago of platters and vegetable dishes, a card table devoted to stock certificates and Liberty Bonds, some jewelry, inconsiderable except for a sapphire-and-diamond pin, a table of china ——

"Well, if you asked me, I'd say a lot of nothing," a supercilious voice remarked close to Mr. Lane's ear.

Mr. Lane looked up. The footman was standing with a hand on one hip, disdaining the display with a thin-lipped smile.

It was the most damnable coincidence.

"Hello, Spike," the man pursued airily. "Welch send you up? He did me, and I think he's just crazy. I'd have gone right straight back when I saw this stuff if I hadn't had my eye on something else in town."

"Look here, Weggie ——" Mr Lane began; then he saw that Mr Dick Chambers had entered the room. "Cigarette, please," he ended, in the manner of a leading man addressing a stage valet.

"Is Miss Rowan here?" Dick Chambers asked.

"She will be very shortly, I think. My name's Lane. I'm here as her guest."

"Mine's Chambers." His tone was not one to warm the heart.

"Why, hello, Dick!" Margery's cool, pretty voice interrupted their perfunctory handshake.

"Can I have some of this dance, Margery?"

In the expectation of being free, Mr. Lane looked at the footman. The man's expression had changed; there was suspicion in it.

"Not unless Mr. Lane is tired of me," Margery said. "We haven't finished our first yet."

Mr. Chambers didn't like being refused.

"Everyone's cutting in," he declared.

"Cut in later then."

"Oh, all right."

Mr. Chambers meant it to be apparent from his tone that he had no intention of so doing.

"You see," Margery cajoled him, "I have to be awfully nice to Mr. Lane. It isn't often one can get a man to leave a whole railroad just for a dance."

"Later then."

Mr. Chambers' long, fierce look, as he withdrew, was intended to indicate great repressed passion.

"He's furious," Margery remarked happily. "Isn't he sweet?" Then, as she began to descend the stairs, "How do you like the railroad I gave you?"

"Immensely. Do I get a badge or a cap or something?"

"You didn't suspect I was such a liar, did you? But I couldn't resist doing it. I knew he'd be impressed, and he's been so casual that I wanted to jar him as much as possible."

"That doesn't sound as though you were blindly in love with him."

"All the girls are mad about him. He understands women so well. That's why it's a pleasure when you can disturb him a little."

They had reached the dancing room and moved out on the floor.

"He doesn't strike me," Mr. Lane admitted, "as a person to whom one would turn in trouble."

"Lordy!" said Margery. "I wouldn't turn to anyone; and one thing about Dick is that you'd always have to be fighting to keep his interest, because so many others would want it. Don't you think that would be stimulating?"

"It would be my idea of hell," said Mr. Lane, feeling very old.

At that moment the Abe Lincoln young man touched him on the shoulder and he released Margery and hurried back to the upstairs room. Just as he entered it a little sparrow of a woman bobbed up directly before him.

"Would you mind telling me your name?" she chirruped.

"It's Lane—Dean Lane."

"L-a-n-e. It's an awfully distinguished sounding name. What do you do, may I ask, Mr. Lane?"

"I'm afraid the name's misleading, then. I don't do much of anything."

"Are you from around here? I don't believe so. You talk like a real New Yorker."

"Is it important?"

"Oh, you don't know who I am. How silly of me! My name is Clarissa Thomas. I'm society editor of the Elmsley Courier. We have a little column called Chitchat and in it I like to put any gossip I can pick up about visiting celebrities."

"That lets me out."

"You're too modest. You came with Margery Rowan, didn't you? Are you staying in historic Rowan House?"

"No, I'm just passing through town. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to excuse me, Miss Thomas. I'm supposed to be meeting someone."

"Well, I'll finish doing the wedding presents. Afterwards I'll sit on the front stairs, and when I see you I'll just pounce. You'll forgive me, won't you? It's awfully hard to keep the column filled."

Mr. Lane extracted a cigarette from his case, and thrusting it between his lips called "Match" to the hovering footman.

"Isn't she just terrible?" the footman breathed, looking at Miss Thomas as he nursed the flame between his palms.

"Have to see you," Mr. Lane said, very low.

"Welch?" The man's pale eyes were sharply questioning.

"No; important, though."

The footman glanced toward a door at the rear of the room.

"Head of billiard room stairs," he said; "half past eleven."

"Right!"

The dance beat about the stag line like a high sea gaudy with sunset.

Mr. Lane reflected that the twelve years since his terpsichorean apprenticeship had produced a boneless generation. Youngsters twisted their partners into strange breast knots and shook them curiously to the throb of the music. There were pedal arabesques.

"Is this too much like a minuet?" he asked Margery when he cut in on her.

"There is a hint of stateliness about it which does date you a little."

"Was I wrong to cut in?"

"I was just going to signal if you hadn't."

"A twiddle will always bring me."

Someone claimed her.

Back in the stag line, Mr. Lane did his best to look Byronic, until he became conscious of Mrs. Dowling's eyes upon him. Mrs. Dowling sat in a great chair, booming to an obsequious crone, and waving a fan out of time to the music; but Mr. Lane knew that to avoid a commanding gesture of summons he must move quickly. Margery was with Dick Chambers. There was little prospect of a twiddle. Mr. Lane skirted the vine-festooned wall, making for the library.

"Oh, Mr. Lane," an anxious voice said. "Oh, Mr. Lane, please."

It wasn't Miss Thomas' voice. He stopped and looked about.

"I'm up here behind the vines on a window sill. Could you come outside and help me, please?"

He could see bright eyes between the leaves.

"Right away, Miss Narcissa," he said.

The window, quite high from the interior, was astonishingly far above the ground, which slanted away from the front of the house.

"I think my legs must have shrunk, for I can't find the coping I crawled along," Narcissa called. "I was waiting for you or Pat. Do you suppose you could find a ladder?"

"I think my shoulder would do, if you'll trust it."

Mr. Lane stood close to the wall. Narcissa lowered herself, holding the sill with hands and elbows.

"You see, I can't turn around," she explained. "It's so awful when you look."

Her feet touched his shoulder and he put up his hand to steady her.

"We could do this in vaudeville."

"That's twice today you've rescued me," she said. "It's just like being in difficulty when you were a special friend of King Arthur's. Only you're the whole Round Table. I hope they didn't hear me inside. It wasn't very dignified to come when I wasn't invited, but Rachel asked if she could come and look on. When I'd let her go, I began to worry about Margery and Dick. I had awful feelings, just like a presentiment; so I thought if Rachel could peek I might too. What do you think about them?"

"He certainly is paying her a great deal of attention."

"But Margery has that smile she usually gets just before a love affair is going to pieces, a smile with very careful corners. When I saw it I almost fell off the window sill."

"Surely you don't want her to marry him if she's stopped caring for him."

"It's getting to be so hopeless, though, if she's going to stop caring about people without anyone coming between them. You don't think there is someone, do you? I mean, you don't think possibly she's falling in love with you?"

"She hasn't given any indication of it."

"I wouldn't like that."

"Wouldn't you?" Mr. Lane asked, bending over her.

"No, because I'm responsible for you; and beautiful and accomplished as Margery is, it isn't a happy thing for a man to fall in love with her. At least, it never has been, and from that smile I'm afraid she's going right on. She's La Belle Dame sans Merci, and if she held you in thrall I should feel terribly."

"I'm not sure, of course, but I think I'm safe."

"Is there someone else—someone before you met her? I've no right to ask that. You must go back to the dance, Mr. Lane."

"I'm going to take you home."

"There's no need. It's perfectly safe for me."

"Then the pleasure it gives me will be the only reason."

"I suppose it was horrid and disloyal for me to say that about Margery. It's really nothing against her, you know. All girls would be La Belle Dame sans Merci if they could."

"I suppose that means you'll become one in a year or so."

"No; literary women are never successful socially. They just look on and ache, and that teaches them the words to tell about things. I remember once crying to mother and saying, 'I want to live too. I want to have emotions myself, and not just know what emotions everyone else is having.'"

"So you don't have emotions?"

"That was silly for me to say, wasn't it? I'm having lots tonight, for instance. I have the queerest feeling, like lots of worms inside my stomach, only it's perfectly wonderful. And when you said 'Wouldn't you?' just now, I felt just as though a bird were sitting on my heart. You know, when one sits on your finger and its little feet slip and clutch. I suppose it's being taken home from one's first dance. Only isn't it funny to have been taken home without having really been at the dance? Much nicer, really."

"Like the posthumous triplets. Do you suppose it will make a poem?"

"Not until it's so far away that it's a golden sorrow, because it will never come back again."

"And some day I'll open a magazine and find autumn moonlight, and wet cold grass, and trees dropping their last leaves, all packed between two pages, under your name."

"Maybe not in so many words; but they say any poem is a love letter to the world—I don't believe that really means a love letter, but just a message of remembrance—and any poem I write will be a message to you, whether it mentions autumn moonlight, and the smell of your cigarette on my fingers, or just other things. This is the side gate, Mr. Lane."

"Is it really?" Mr. Lane asked stupidly.

"You mustn't come any farther. Good by."

"Good night, Miss Narcissa."

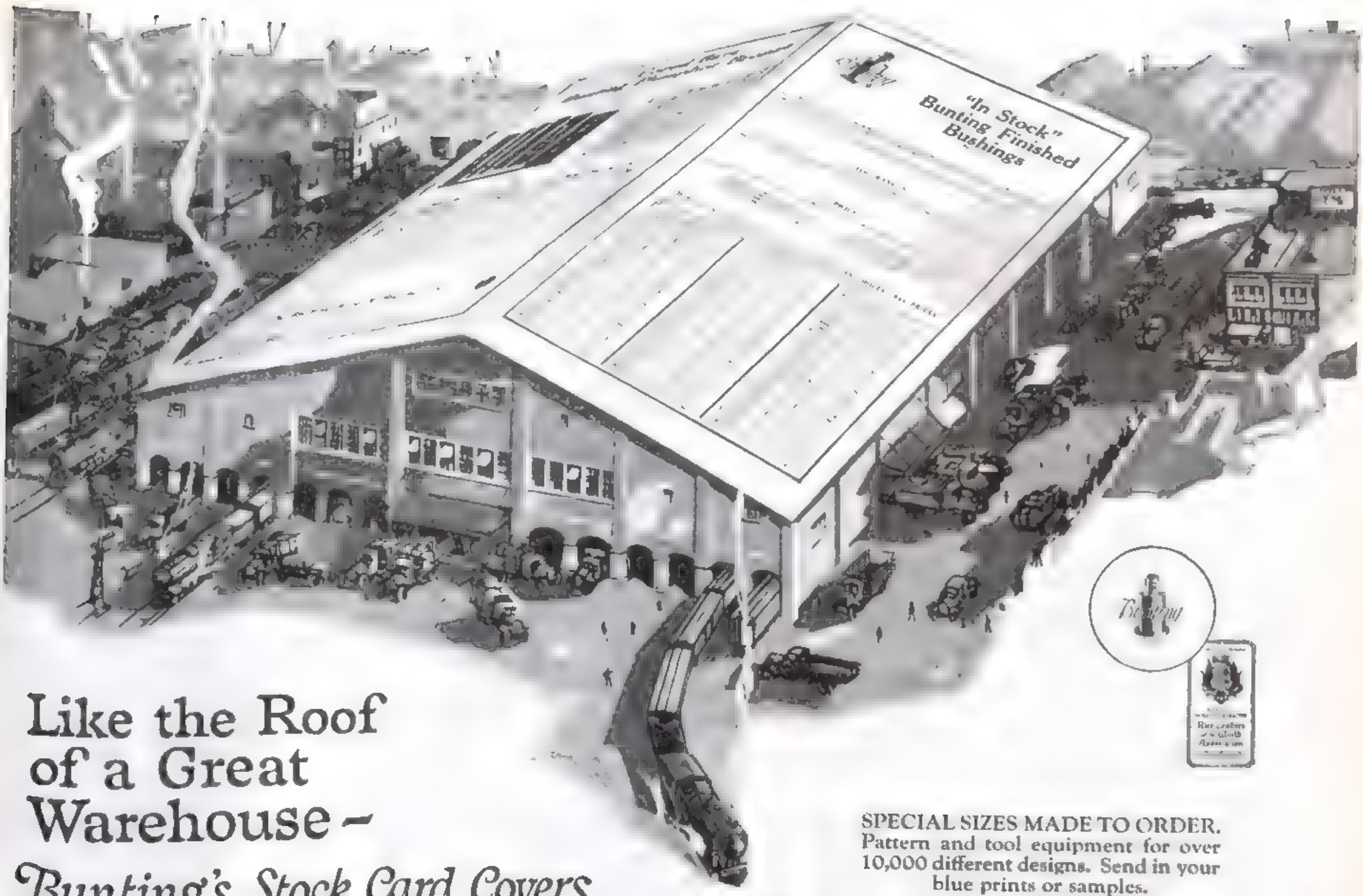
He bent over her fingers.

"I've loved coming home better than I will any party—ever."

Mr. Lane watched her up the path; in fact he lingered after she had disappeared in the house, leaning against the gate like the hero of an illustrated song.

The town-hall clock striking the quarter after eleven roused him sharply.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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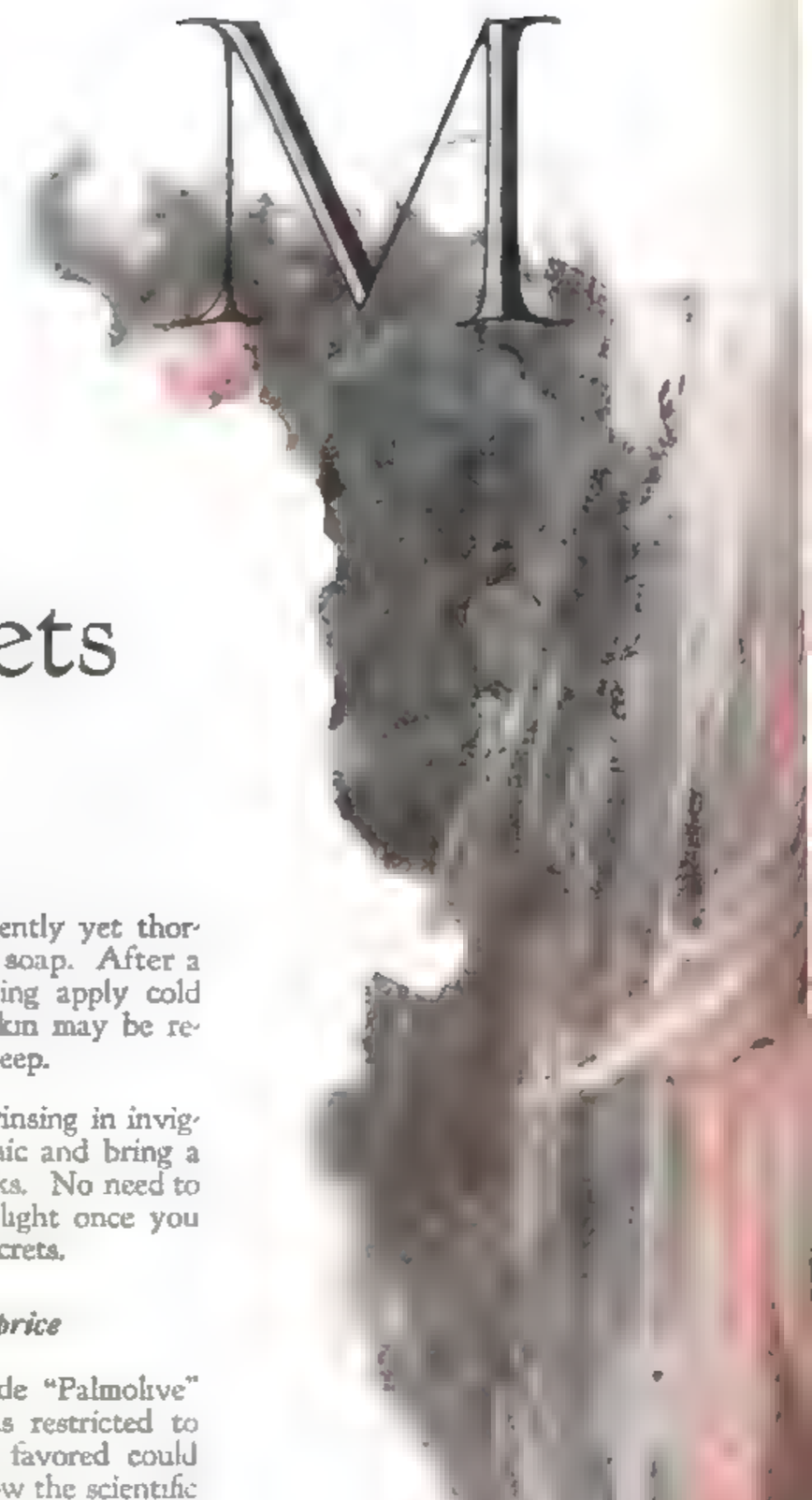

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OLIVE

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IT GETS THE DIRT

RÔLES

(Continued from Page 27)

wouldn't be bothered seeing. So she shut her eyes to wait patiently until the rehearsal should end and she might ask again for Miss Eva Grahame.

The monotonous voices went on and on and on. Delia's head dropped forward and began to nod. Then, in the midst of her sleep, she became aware of something familiar tugging at her consciousness as a hand pulls at one's sleeve. She struggled. Then, all at once, like an electric shock going through her, came a voice:

"I tell you, I won't!"

Miss Gwynne's voice! Delia's eyes snapped open. Awake, alive, she half rose from her seat, staring, straining forward—and there on the stage she saw, swimming before her eyes in the mist of her bewilderment, Miss Gwynne's face, her golden hair!

Delia fell back on her seat. Her heart had stopped like a frightened mouse that waits and listens. Then it leaped and scurried as the mouse does, pounding against her poor old ribs as if it would burst from her body. Miss Gwynne! Yes, it was Miss Gwynne. There could be no doubt of it. She was speaking again, repeating the line:

"I tell you, I won't!"

Miss Gwynne's voice; but with something lacking, something dulled. But still it was she.

"No, no, no, no!" a wearily impatient voice was saying. "That won't do. Try it again."

"I tell you, I won't!" wailed Miss Gwynne's voice, strangely muted.

So that was what the naughty child had been doing all these days! That was why they had come to New York! That explained her long absences and her air of delighted secrecy!

Delia was fearfully hurt, shocked and afraid. Miss Gwynne a real actress on the real stage! Oh, it would never, never do! What would Mr. Oliver say? Midland? Wasn't it a disgrace? Weren't actresses often bad women? Most terrible thought of all—who was dressing her? Delia ached all over with jealous pain. Other hands, clumsy hands, perhaps hands that were not thoroughly clean, to touch her beautiful baby and her baby's beautiful clothes! Nobody but Delia could brush that shining hair properly without pulling. Some worthless young flibbertigibbet might even be stealing Miss Gwynne's silk stockings!

In her agitation Delia got up and sat down several times in rapid succession. If anyone had seen her he might have thought her a new kind of jumping jack, bobbing up and down all alone in that darkened theater. But no one noticed her. The people on the stage were entirely absorbed in their own problem. And Miss Gwynne, as Delia observed when she once more sat quietly, was the storm center.

"No, no, no, no!" the weary voice repeated. "Try it again."

Miss Gwynne moved downstage rapidly, the blue light shining on her nervously twitching mouth.

"I tell you, I won't!" she cried for the tenth time, without conviction.

The man jumped up from his chair as if a bee had stung him, and danced wildly.

"No! No! No!" he yelled.

Miss Gwynne wavered and looked at him appealingly.

"I'm sorry," she faltered.

"Sorry! What's the good of that?" he shouted. "Act! Act! Don't be sorry!" Miss Gwynne retreated upstage, came down again.

"I tell you, I won't!" she called out very loud, but somehow gently and sweetly.

Then she turned piteously questioning eyes on the man, who looked as if he had had a stroke of some sort. He clasped his brow with both hands. He rocked himself sideways as if in dire pain. He groaned.

"Hopeless! Hopeless!"

Then darting forward, he seized Miss Gwynne by both shoulders and shook her.

Delia rose from her chair, icy cold with horror.

"Do it again!" the man cried through clenched teeth. "You've got to do it again, and keep on doing it again until you get it right, if it takes you all day!"

Miss Gwynne burst into tears.

Then a voice rose above all the other voices as a tiny figure sped down the aisle, veil streaming out wildly.

"Take yer hands off her, ye blackguard, an' mind whut you're sayin' in the presence of a lady!" Delia screamed shrilly.

"I'm comin', Miss Gwynne, now, me darlin'," she added as she tried madly to scramble up over the footlights.

The entire company, including the stage manager, producer, director and author, fell back together in a huddled and gasping group as the crape-veiled apparition gallantly leaped up toward and fell back from the too-high rim of the stage. Only Eva Grahame, tears checked by surprise, was left to stare at this singular old woman who had apparently dropped down from the sky.

"Come away with me," Delia besought, standing in the aisle with outstretched arms. "Come away, an' Delia will be takin' you home now, out of this den of iniquity."

At this the Desmond girl giggled shrilly, and then everyone pretended that he had not been frightened. The stage manager ran to the edge of the stage and scowled down at Delia ferociously.

"What the devil do you mean," he demanded, "breaking up a rehearsal? Who let you in? Don't you know you've no business in here? What do you want, anyway?"

Delia choked. Things were beginning to swim dizzily before her. She could only point toward Miss Gwynne. Her mistress would explain, defy them all, take her away safely. But Miss Gwynne was silent, motionless, staring.

"She must be a lunatic," said the stage manager. "Shall I call the police?"

Then he saw that Delia's trembling hand was still pointing toward Eva Grahame.

"Do you, by any chance, happen to know this crazy person?" he asked.

"Certainly not," replied Eva indignantly. "I never saw her before in my life."

Then Delia's heart broke and she wanted to faint, and later on to die. But the instinct of self-preservation triumphed, so she turned and ran up the aisle and out of the theater; fleeing, as she used to say in her childhood, like the dogs were after her.

VIII

EVA GRAHAME knew that she was giving an unusually bad performance that night. She was worn out from rehearsals, and the queer old woman had given her a shock. A particularly unsympathetic current seemed to flow from the audience, which was small and chilly. An atmosphere of gloom prevailed backstage, for everyone felt almost certain that the play would have to close soon. Even the optimistic property man had ceased explaining that neither the play nor the players were at fault, but only "them dumb-bells out front."

According to the property man, who was a loyal soul, all the worst dumb-bells in the city, by some curious freak of fortune, elected to buy tickets for Poor Clarinda, while folks who could appreciate a joke or a clever situation went elsewhere.

"Just tough luck," he would explain. "Besides, this here theater's got a jinx on it. It's had a run o' failures ever since it was built. We shouldn't ought to come into it. It don't give a show no chance."

The stage hands and the superstitious actors agreed with him. But tonight the property man was silent and the stage manager cross, while the actors speculated in low tones as to the possibility of a road tour if the show failed in New York.

Eva came off at the end of the second act, in which her difficult scene occurred, ready to cry.

"I actually feel as if they hated me out there," she gasped to the Desmond girl before she ran up to her dressing room to change for the last act.

"Gosh!" replied that damsel. "You're the first actorine I ever heard admit it. Say, do you think they love any of us? This is a rotten show, I'll tell the world. Old Carter must 'a' been cuckoo when he took it."

"Oh, no, it isn't the play. It's really a splendid play if only—I don't know what's the matter; but just something is lacking."

"Lines—that's all," retorted Miss Desmond. "By the way, how does it end? I never have stayed for the third act."

Eva opened her mouth in surprise and the Desmond lady held up a hand quickly.

"No, don't tell me," she begged. "I try to forget the two acts I'm in as quick as possible. Well, nighty-night, dearie. Sorry you're in the finale. By that time I'll be shaking a wicked ankle up at the Tent."

She dashed off, whistling Aggravating Poppa, taking the steps two at a time, quite

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forgetting her alleged heart trouble; while Eva slowly climbed up to her dressing room under the roof.

And at that moment Gwynne Sheldon was leaving her seat in the sixth row center to go and pace back and forth in the lounge. The wave of hatred that Eva had felt emanating from the audience must certainly have been nine-tenths due to Gwynne, for she was in a rage.

It is trying enough, under any circumstances, to find that someone else looks and speaks like you. It is the keenest stab to an ego that had imagined itself inimitable. But to discover that your double is doing badly something that you feel sure you could do well is simply unbearable.

"Of course she is not exactly like me," Gwynne comforted herself as she paced back and forth. "She isn't quite so pretty as I am, and she looks a little older—tired, and she doesn't know how to put her clothes on, and my voice is better. But what right has she to disgrace me by playing the very simplest small part so abominably? Of course it's the height of impudence for her to look like me at all, but if she were clever I could forgive her. As it is, she's simply ruining my career."

Gwynne noticed that the few dowdy women who were in the lounge were staring at her curiously, so she sank down in a large chair and pulled the chinchilla collar of her evening wrap up around her face, and gave them such icy looks that they slunk away.

"Darn their impertinence too!" fumed Gwynne inwardly. "I wonder if they see the resemblance. I simply won't have it! And Delia! Delia, of all people!"

She had not yet recovered from the astonishing scene that had greeted her when she had come home that evening. Running in gay and exhilarated, in spite of a day of rebuffs from managers and agents, Gwynne had found Delia stonily speechless and with a face ravaged by long weeping. Questions, entreaties, threats were of no avail. Delia would not say what was the matter. She maintained that strange, hostile dignity, and looked at her former idol reproachfully, bitterly, as she ran her bath and laid out her evening clothes. Gwynne's patience was tried to the breaking point before Delia would open her lips for more than a "Yes, ma'am" or "No, ma'am"; and then she said only:

"Miss Gwynne, you know as well as me what's wrong. So if you don't mind, Miss Gwynne, please, and can get along all right without me, I'd like to be goin' back to Midland as soon as ever it's convenient."

"But it isn't convenient," Gwynne explained wrathfully; "and I can't get along without you." Delia's eyes softened. "So tell me what's the matter at once," Gwynne ordered, "or I won't eat any dinner."

This reversion to a childhood threat touched Delia, and bit by bit, after many questions and explanations, accusations and denials, the story came out.

Gwynne had not forgotten all about Eva Grahame, of course; but lately she had ceased to wonder about her. At first, for a few days after the encounter with the brown-eyed actor, Gwynne had been tremendously curious about her double; and she had tried to trace Eva through the theatrical news and advertisements in the daily papers. But as Eva was never mentioned Gwynne had quite given up the idea of discovering her; perfectly disgusted that anyone who had the impertinence to look like Gwynne Sheldon should not be a star.

And now that she had come to see Eva play, she was nettled not only by the smallness of her part but by the scanty audience, the feeble applause, all the signs of failure, and by the play, which was one of those provoking dramas which just miss being thoroughly good by a hairbreadth. Something was out of focus, Gwynne felt instinctively. The theme was interesting and original, the lines clever, the characters real enough. But the thing as a whole was disappointing. It was like a picture that doesn't compose; like a homemade hat that needs only one skillful twist to transform it into smartness.

Gwynne had come to the play alone—breaking a previous engagement with a young cousin down from Harvard—and she was glad of it.

"Just imagine being kidded about looking like that second-rate actress," she thought, going back to her seat to endure the last act. "I could play her part ten times better, even if I am an amateur!"

That she was an amateur had been rather unduly stressed in the last two weeks, and Gwynne resented the inference. Everywhere she went, and she had gone to every conceivable place of theatrical employment—everywhere they asked what experience she'd had. It seemed that her beauty and the talent which she felt sure she possessed were at no premium in New York, and that, contrary to her naïve belief, theatrical managers were not clamoring for women of the leisure class to become actresses.

However, this newly acquired knowledge did not daunt Gwynne, for she had one of those natures which are stimulated by opposition. All her life she had been annoyed by having things handed over to her too easily, so that she now found it quite refreshing to be refused. Only that afternoon she had been highly entertained by an encounter in an agent's stuffy office, where she had waited for hours in an attempt to get a motion-picture engagement.

The individual in charge, a dingy little man who kept on his derby and smoked a cigar, had looked Gwynne over critically, noticing the plain dark-colored simplicity of her Paris frock and hat. Then he shook his head.

"No, yeh won't do," he muttered around the cigar. "They sent out a call for sossi'ty types."

"Don't you think I look like a lady?" asked Gwynne, secretly flattered.

"Oh, yeah! Sure! Yeh look like a lady, all right," he admitted handsomely. "But what we want is sossi'ty types."

And he had selected a little, plump, knowing-eyed person, who wore a black coat lavishly fringed with monkey fur, a white satin turban similarly ornamented, red kid sandals and stockings of that shade appropriately called nude.

Gwynne smiled again as she thought of this rebuff and of how shocked Midland would be if it only knew of her many similar adventures in job hunting. Fortunate that she hadn't told anyone but Aunt Fannie of her ambition—not even Oliver.

She was so lost in her own thoughts that she quite forgot the play until she heard Eva Grahame's voice again. It sent a fresh twinge of annoyance through her and she began to listen intently; and then she discovered something.

"The few lines that little goose has are really clever," Gwynne decided. "Why, she has a good part, a splendid part, even though it's so tiny! Anyone else could take that part and make something out of it. Why, it's really the best part in the play! Only nobody knows it!"

Fifteen minutes later Eva Grahame was taking off her grease paint, seated before the make-up shelf, with her back to the dressing-room door. She looked away from the mirror a moment, and when she looked back there were two faces reflected in the glass—and both were her own!

IX

"I'M SORRY," said Gwynne, coming into the room. "I didn't mean to startle you. But your door was open, you know."

Eva stood clutching the make-up shelf, still very pale.

"Oh!" she gasped. "But you did frighten me!"

"Sit down then," replied Gwynne impatiently, "and drink a glass of water, or whatever people do when they're frightened. I don't know, because I've never been."

She looked about the dressing room, quite at her ease; and perhaps anyone seeing the two girls together at that moment would not have thought their appearance identical. For Gwynne was radiant—such a young, shining, imperious thing, so well groomed and wonderfully cared for, so accustomed to having everything go right; while Eva was pale and tired, so used to caring for herself and having everything go wrong.

Eva was the softly blurred copy of Gwynne, like the sepia reprint of a black-and-white photograph. She looked slightly older, although they were the same age. She was just an inch or two shorter, and weighed a few pounds more. Where Gwynne's blue eyes were hard and bright, proud and gay, Eva's were tender and gentle, shy and a little sad. Her mouth, shaped like Gwynne's, dropped a trifle at the corners. Her hair was a more silvery blond—moonlight instead of sunlight. They were more like complements than duplicates. The sweetness that Gwynne lacked Eva had. The courage and initiative Eva needed Gwynne possessed. They were like the two halves of oneself. Put

(Continued on Page 104)

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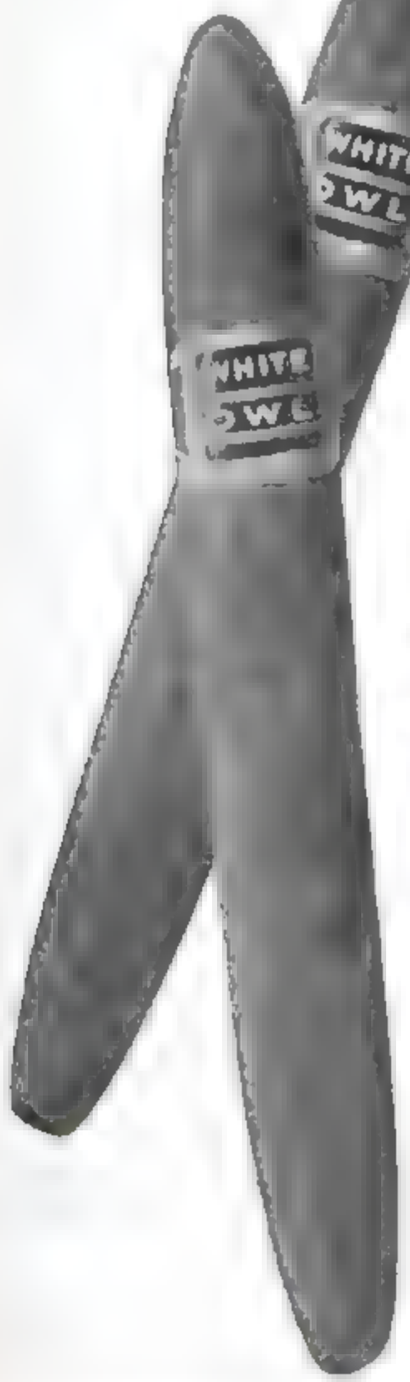

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White Owl

After all nothing satisfies like a good cigar

Don't make the mistake of judging the quality by the price—think of VALUE

(Continued from Page 102)

them together and the differences became apparent. Take them apart and they seemed identical.

Their differences were accentuated at this moment by their clothes. Gwynne wore a French frock of black velvet, a black velvet silver-lined evening wrap and a rope of pearls. Her blond hair glittered and shone, and was beautifully waved and held down close to her finely shaped head by a silver bandeau. Eva wore a blue crêpe kimono, faded from washing; her hair was disordered, and the wave she had had put into it on Monday was almost out—Eva couldn't afford a Marcel more than once a week. And as she looked at the beautiful stranger, who was so like and yet so unlike herself, Eva became painfully conscious that she needed a manicure, and that there was a dab of cold cream on her nose.

"Oh," she gasped, sitting down, "please excuse me, won't you, while I finish taking off my make-up?"

She scrubbed frantically at her face with cold cream and a towel.

Gwynne sat down on the chair that held the gold slippers and watched Eva with frank interest.

"Fascinating, isn't it?" she observed.

"What?" asked Eva, looking around, all the make-up scrubbed from her face.

"Why, everything about the theater," replied Gwynne as Eva proceeded to powder her nose.

Eva took the hairpins out of her hair and it fell around her, light and fluffy, a pale, childish blond that suited th sweet, pale face.

"I think everything in the theater is simply horrible!" cried Eva.

"Then why—but, of course, that's none of my business. I suppose you'd like to know who I am and why I'm here."

Eva nodded.

"Well, I'm considered a lunatic in my own home town, but I dare say in New York I'm only a nut. My name is Gwynne Sheldon, and I came up because it's so very extraordinary that you and I should look alike. Do you know I've been mistaken for you twice since I've been in New York?"

"Oh! Then—I wonder ——"

"Yes, that explains everything; and it's my cloak you've got. But don't bother about that now. The only important thing is, what are we going to do about it?"

"About what?"

"Looking alike."

"But—what could we do?"

"I didn't think of it myself until almost the end of the third act. Have you noticed that our voices are alike too?"

"Why—why, yes!"

"So we really ought to get something out of it, don't you think?"

"Out of what?"

"Being alike. Don't make me go on repeating that. Surely you see it."

"Yes; but what ——"

"Wouldn't it be too stupid if we didn't take advantage of such an extraordinary thing?"

"I really don't see ——"

"Suppose we exchange rôles"

"Exchange rôles?"

"Yes."

"Are you an actress too?"

"No; but I want to be. And I could play your part, I know."

"You—you want to take my part in this play?"

"Yes"

"But then—what should I do?"

"Take mine."

"But ——"

"Mine's easy. All you have to do is to spend money. You could do that, couldn't you?"

"Yes, if I had any."

"I'll give you all you want."

"But I don't understand—I don't understand at all," Eva wailed.

"You don't have to. I'll arrange all the details. I'll fix it so that no one could find us out. Don't be unimaginative! Say you will, please. Don't you think it would be a lark?"

"I don't know. I've never had any larks."

"Then now is the time to begin. Oh, are you the sort of person who takes weeks to make up her mind?" Gwynne cried despairingly. "Can't you plunge?"

"But it's all too strange, too sudden!"

"That's why it's fun. Don't you see?"

"No." Eva shook her head.

"Look!" Gwynne went over to her and put her head close to Eva's, and again the twin faces were reflected in the mirror. "Now, really, if you were in my clothes and I in yours, could you yourself tell which was which?"

Rapidly she snatched off her silver bandeau and took out hairpins.

"Put up your hair and pin my bandeau around it," Gwynne ordered.

Eva obeyed as if hypnotized. Then Gwynne began wriggling out of her dress.

"Help!" she gasped. "I'm smothering! Pull it over my head, please."

"Give me your kimono," she said, as with their combined efforts the dress was pulled off.

Eva did as she was told. Gwynne whirled Eva away from the mirror, slipped the black velvet dress over her head, clasped the string of pearls around her neck. Then she whirled her back again.

"Look at yourself!" she commanded.

Eva looked into the mirror—and was lost.

x

IT WAS Sunday afternoon and Gwynne and Eva were resting, after a private rehearsal, in the sitting room of Gwynne's suite. Eva, in a turquoise blue and purple chiffon tea gown belonging to her hostess, was propped up among cushions on a sofa. Gwynne, in a straight, sleeveless frock of coco-brown crêpe, was seated behind the tea table. While Delia, with the expression of one who has just tasted a green persimmon, handed cups and thin buttered toast and delectable little cakes, averting her head meanwhile from the trying spectacle of two Miss Gwynnes.

If it had not been for her disastrous mistake in the theater, Delia would have flatly denied any likeness at all between the young ladies. Why Miss Gwynne had brought this poor imitation of herself into the hotel, why she had dressed her up in her own clothes and mumbled strange words to her all afternoon, Delia couldn't imagine. But she felt a strong foreboding of disaster. She lingered as long as she could, inventing services, until Gwynne looked at her and nodded; and then she went as slowly out of the room as she dared, and left the door ajar.

"Close the door," Gwynne said. "I shan't want you again until six."

Delia obeyed, sighing.

"Well," asked Gwynne, "will I do?"

"I think you read the part much better than I," Eva Grahame admitted generously.

"Rot!" replied Gwynne, who was secretly of the same opinion.

She had watched the two Saturday performances of Poor Clarinda, and had been studying the part since Friday night. Eva had rehearsed it with her all day, showing her the stage business, and Gwynne was letter-perfect.

"Do you think I might try it tomorrow night?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes, if you aren't afraid."

"I'm not afraid of anything."

"There's a rehearsal called for eleven o'clock tomorrow morning," said Eva. "You really ought to go to that. Rehearsing with the company is quite different from just having me cue you. But—wouldn't it be too dangerous? I mean, aren't you likely to be found out right away if you try meeting them all at once?"

"I shan't be found out at all," said Gwynne. "I'll wear one of your dresses. Give me something that everyone's familiar with ——"

"They're familiar with both my dresses," said Eva, smiling sadly.

"Well, all the better. Just tell me who are your particular pals and enemies ——"

"I haven't either."

"Splendid!"

"I'm just scared to death when I think of it," Eva confessed.

"Why should you be? You've got nothing to do. I shall run all the risks."

Gwynne's eyes sparkled.

"But—your friends?" asked Eva timidly.

"I've shooed them all away. They don't dare come near me. In fact, very few people know I'm in town."

"Oh, but what shall I do if I meet someone you know on the street?"

"That's easy. I'm so notoriously rude that anything you do will be all right—quite in character. But no doubt you are one of those sweet, gentle souls who have what's called a host of friends."

"No," replied Eva sadly and wistfully; "I haven't any friends—nor relatives, either."

"Good heavens! You don't want relatives?" Gwynne gasped.

"Yes, I do—lots of them. I'd love to have every sort—aunts and uncles and first cousins and grandmothers and grandfathers and great-uncles and brothers and sisters and sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law and nieces and nephews and cousins once removed and aunts by marriage and ——"

"Don't forget sons and daughters," supplied Gwynne dryly.

"Yes, of course," replied Eva, her face softening and smiling dreamily. "Sons and daughters."

"Well, you are absolutely unique. You must have been left over from the Stone Age or something. I can't imagine anything less exciting than being entirely surrounded by family."

"I don't want excitement," said Eva.

"My child! Do you know what century this is?"

"Yes; but I don't approve of it. I hate adventure. I don't even like to read books where anything happens. That's why I love William Dean Howells."

"Oh, yes, in school, I remember," Gwynne murmured in a bored voice.

"Reading him," said Eva reverently, "is like looking out of the window into a beautiful snow-covered street—where nobody passes by."

"How perfectly thrilling!"

"But I don't want to be thrilled. Don't you see what I mean? Don't you love that peaceful sort of hush that comes with snow?"

"I don't love any sort of hush; and peace is my idea of just nothing at all, except being dead. If you are alive, why not live?"

"But there are different ways. I want to live just as intensely as you do; but I want it in my own way."

"And what's that, may I ask?"

"I should like to live like a vegetable"

"What?"

"I want my roots into something."

"An intense vegetable!"

"Well, but don't you imagine vegetables enjoy vegetating?"

"I must say I never gave the matter any serious thought," said Gwynne. "But it's very lucky for me that you're willing to vegetate while I play your part. You don't have to root yourself here, though, unless you like—take an apartment or a house in the country. You are my guest, of course. I think it's best to leave Delia with you, much as I hate to give her up."

"Oh, but I feel sure she doesn't like me!" Eva exclaimed.

"Well, can I take her into the theater with me after that scene she made? It's her own fault, silly old thing. She'll take care of you beautifully, and if any complications come

"Now, Really, If You Were in My Clothes and I in Yours, Could You Yourself Tell Which Was Which?"

(Continued on Page 109)

Every Boy
Has an Ingersoll Coming to Him

CARRIED by tens of millions of men and boys, respected the world over for time-keeping dependability and sturdy construction, honored as a great American institution—Ingersoll Watches are *the* watches for boys.

School, work, play—none of these is complete to a boy unless he has his Ingersoll.

Maurice Francis Egan, famous author, says, "I hope the time will come when every boy and girl in our country will have some friend wise enough to give him or her an Ingersoll Radiolite."

The models illustrated may be seen at any Ingersoll dealer's store. Other Ingersolls up to $10.00, including the Wrist Radiolite at $4.50.

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More men and boys use the Ingersoll Yankee than any other watch. Modern, compact, good looking. It carries a [illegible] guarantee.

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For women, girls and small boys. Guaranteed movement; solid nickel case. (With Radiolite dial $4.25.)

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This is the New Yankee, equipped for telling time in the dark. Convenient under the pillow at night; and for nursing mothers, sportsmen, motorists, etc.

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12-size, the small size so in vogue; thin model that slips easily into the pocket; solid nickel case. A dependable time-keeper. In every way it is a watch people are proud to carry.

In Canada, $4.00

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"The best watch $5.00 will buy." Like the Yankee, it leads in its field. A *jeweled*, 12-size watch that combines stunning [illegible] with style. (With a Radiolite dial $6.00.)

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Ingersoll

Reliable Watches at Low Prices

Approved, Tested and Endorsed

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The Tribune Institute, New York City.
Household Efficiency Department of Today's Housewife, New York City.
Underwriters' Laboratories of the National Board of Underwriters.
Elizabeth Macdonald, Housekeeping Editor.
Suzanne Brett, of American Motherhood.
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A Few of the 36 Exclusive Features

Magnetic Rocking Brush
Magnetic Non-Stooping Rug Adjustment
Magnetic Handle Locking Device
Magnetic Four-Wheel Carriage
Magnetic Differential
Magnetic Multiple Dirt Bag
Magnetic Safety Switch
Magnetic Motor
Magnetic Super-Suction
Magnetic Multiple Intake Housing
Magnetic Wall Guard
Magnetic Cleaning Tools

In addition, the Magnetic Housecleaner has 24 other new and exclusive features. Only the Magnetic possesses these improvements, hence only the Magnetic can produce the superior housecleaning results which they alone make possible.

To Dealers

The valuable Magnetic franchise is now available to reputable dealers in towns and cities everywhere. Write at once for complete information regarding this exceptional profit-making opportunity.

Women Have Waited — for and easier cleaning

An interior view of the Magnetic Multiple Intake Housing, showing how the Rocking Brush has been combined with a narrow nozzle, assuring both concentrated suction and an efficient sweeping action.

MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER

MAG ELECTRIC

Long a better House-method

For years women have been fighting a losing battle against dirt in the home. Armed with out-of-date and inefficient housecleaning devices, they have struggled vainly to abolish dirt and grime. Few homes are hygienically clean and sanitary, because of the many inadequate means of housecleaning placed at the housewife's disposal.

36 Exclusive Features

Enable the New Magnetic Housecleaner *to Combat Dirt, Drudgery and Disease*

The new Magnetic Housecleaner embodies 36 separate and distinct improvements over ordinary housecleaning devices. Any device lacking these features must necessarily be less efficient than the Magnetic in its complete housecleaning possibilities.

No other housecleaning device will so thoroughly and harmlessly remove unsightly, disease-bearing dirt from rugs, carpets and other furnishings. Thread, lint, hair and other surface litter, as well as the most deeply embedded dirt and grit, are removed in one easy, rapid and dustless operation. When equipped with its scientifically designed housecleaning tools, the Magnetic Housecleaner may also be used to whisk dust and dirt from every nook and cranny in the home. Being light in weight, it may be carried from floor to floor without tiring.

Your local Magnetic dealer will gladly explain the 36 exclusive features of the Magnetic Housecleaner to you. Or, better still, he will arrange to have it demonstrated in your home by one of our Magnetic Housecleaning Engineers, a courteous and responsible specialist in modern housecleaning methods. Despite its many superiorities, the Magnetic Housecleaner is priced so reasonably as to be within the reach of everyone.

Birtman Electric Company, Chicago

Makers of Dependable Housecleaning Devices since 1909

Division Offices in: New York, Washington, D. C., Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Seattle, San Francisco, Dallas, *and District Headquarters in 110 important cities*

The Dangers of Dirt in the Home

Leading medical authorities agree that embedded dirt in rugs, carpets and other furnishings is literally alive with deadly disease germs. No home is really sanitary if it harbors such dirt, and powerful suction, together with a thorough sweeping action, is the most effective way to remove it.

Any method that raises germ-laden dust is an inadequate and dangerous means of housecleaning. For such dust, when breathed into the respiratory systems of the housewife and her family, is often responsible for many of the most serious diseases.

What Authorities Say:

Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Health Commissioner of Chicago, says: "It is well understood that dirt and dust in homes are often carrying media for some of the dangerous diseases. Therefore, any device which will remove them in such a way as not to endanger human life must be regarded as an indispensable adjunct of modern housekeeping."

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, formerly Health Commissioner of New York City and now U. S. Senator from New York, says: "Sweeping is an antiquated and extremely dangerous cleaning method, and is frequently responsible for respiratory infections that may terminate fatally. It is a likely source of tuberculosis in children. I strongly urge and commend the suction method of cleaning."

Dr. W. A. Evans, Health Editor of the Chicago Tribune, says: "Unclean floor coverings are a source of considerable danger to babies, housewives, maids and janitors. Suction cleaning is the only proper method of cleaning rugs and carpets. As we raise the standard of cleanliness in the home, so do we lower the possibility of infection and disease."

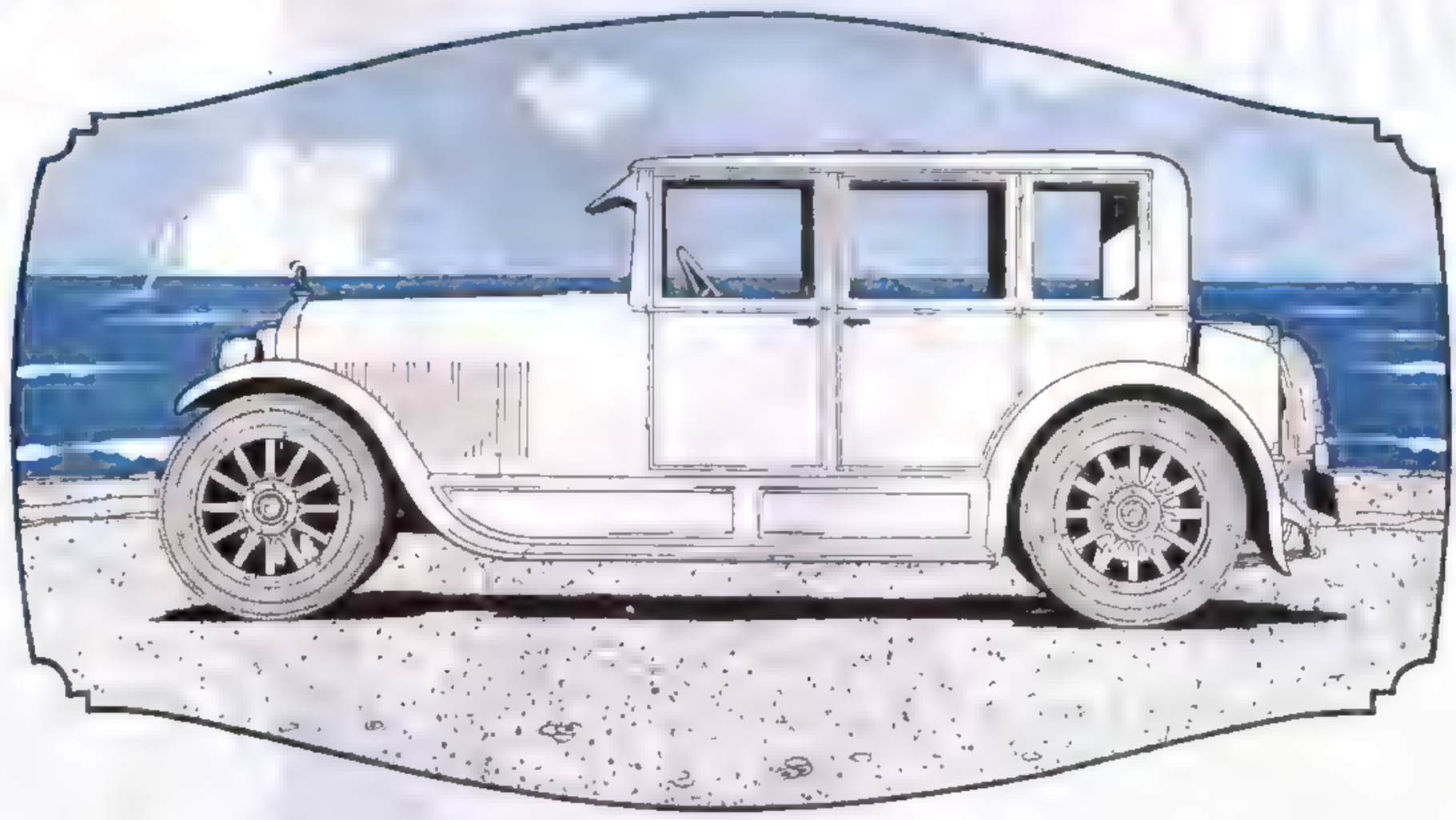
Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in his "Conquest of Consumption," says: "Keep down dust by the abolition of the deadly broom and feather duster, both of which might have been specially devised for whisking germs into our nostrils. Put in their place, wherever possible, the suction cleaner."

The Magnetic Housecleaner successfully combines powerful suction and a thorough sweeping action. Not only does it remove every known type of house dirt, but it safely imprisons it in a double bag which is chemically treated to make it absolutely dust-tight and sanitary.

To Salesmen

There are openings in the Magnetic sales organization for a number of responsible men of good character, preferably with sales experience. Apply at once, in writing or in person, to our Chicago headquarters.

MAGNETIC HOUSECLEANER



The Crawling Over Days Are Gone

WE might as well be frank about it. Everybody knows it's so. The country is full of people who spend a lot of time every day crawling over each other trying to get in and out of two door enclosed cars.

The first two door Brougham was built seven years ago by Jordan for the woman who had grown weary of open cars.

She was delighted—at first—until she got tired of having the passengers in the rear seat climb over her to get out—until she got tired of having her friends walk around the car through the mud to get in.

Then she saw a great flock of manufacturers stampeding to build a two door car.

Thousands of open car owners, inexperienced with enclosed car driving, bought that kind.

Now Jordan has produced the Four Door Brougham and the same thousands now want it.

Thousands of experienced enclosed car owners still driving bulky cars want to escape the feeling that every man and woman dislikes—the feeling of being a chauffeur—driving a bus.

The Jordan Four Door Brougham has all the advantages of a compact, light weight, intimate car with all the capacity and comfort of the Sedan.

The quality is Jordan throughout.

Lines are long and low, rounded to relieve the eye grown weary of sharp corners.

Doors swing wide, and cushions tilt to a position of relaxed ease. Upholstery in fashionable broadcloth harmonized to suit the most critical woman's taste.

Interior fittings in platinum finish.

A trunk with two suit cases—not hung on behind—but built in to harmonize with this delightful touring brougham.

Show this advertisement to any dealer or salesman selling any line of cars and ask him if it's true.

Every one of them will tell you that the real demand is for a four door enclosed car—at a price.

Jordan has it *now*.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio

(Continued from Page 104)

up—though they won't, I'm sure—Delia will get you out. She knows everyone I do, and all about them. It bores me stiff to have to find another maid. I've never had any but Delia, you know. But safety first, as one hears too often. Oh, and another thing. We must never be seen together, of course."

"No, of course not. I shall never go near the theater."

"And keep away from managers and theatrical people and places generally, won't you?"

"I'll be only too glad!" exclaimed Eva fervently.

"I'll wear your clothes until everyone's used to thinking of me as you."

"I'm afraid you'll hate my clothes," Eva murmured apologetically.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. If you don't like mine, buy new ones. Delia can take you to my shops. Charge everything, of course."

"I love your clothes. I shan't need anything new."

"Now please promise me not to be economical. Spend as much money as you possibly can, won't you? I mean, if you'd enjoy it. Else I don't see what fun you'd get out of our bargain. I'm getting too much the best of the thing."

"Oh!" cried Eva, sudden recollection clouding her face. "Mamma!"

"Good heavens, have you got a parent?"

"Yes."

"Is she likely to appear and want to mother me?"

"No, not to appear. She can't. She hasn't the railway fare. But I must send her twenty-five dollars every week."

"Is that all?" Gwynne asked, relieved. "I think that's an extraordinarily cheap method of keeping a mother at bay. Of course I shall send your salary around every week by a messenger; and then you must let me put some pin money into a bank for you. It's only fair, since I'm taking away your job, and you can't sign my checks."

"Oh, no," Eva protested. "I don't want to be paid!"

"But it isn't paying, silly darling! It's simply turning you into me. You can't pretend to be me and not spend anything."

"But ——"

"Now, please! I'm only doing it for our protection. Don't you see?"

"You've thought of everything," Eva replied gratefully. "I don't mind saying it will be heavenly not to have to think of money."

"Yes, because it's so unimportant, really, isn't it?"

"Only when you've got it."

"Oh, no!" Gwynne protested. "It means nothing. The only thing that counts is having one's life—well, interesting and exciting."

"Have you ever had your best hat ruined in the rain?" asked Eva.

"I don't think I ever had a best hat. What is it?"

"There, you see! That's the difference."

"But why not take a taxi?"

"I couldn't afford it."

"My dear! You don't mean to say you've ever been as stony as that?"

"I've often had to do without lunch and pretend I was dieting. You don't know how nice it will be not to have to look on the right-hand side of the menu."

"Oh, you poor lamb! Will you please just stuff yourself? Do have another cup of tea. A cake?"

"No, thank you," said Eva, smiling. "I'm not undernourished just at present. Lately I've been eating regularly at a little place where they add up the calories."

"The what?"

"Calories. You ought to have so many a day, you know. Well, this place has on the menu 'Eggs, 95,' or whatever the calories of eggs are, and so on, so that you can calculate to a cent just how much money it will take a day to sustain life."

"How horrid to eat for nourishment instead of pleasure! I wish I could think of something perfectly thrilling for your poor little bored tummy. Would a cocktail help?"

"No, thank you. I don't like anything to drink."

"How unfortunate! Will you have a cigarette?"

"No, thank you. I've never smoked."

"Good heavens! Haven't you any vices?"

"No," replied Eva, laughing. "I don't think so. Sin never interested me."

"Really?"

"No; it's very queer. I have a failing for goodness. I'm just repelled by everything that other people call temptations. It's simply that I—well, even as a child, they never had to make me eat oatmeal. I seem to have an almost depraved taste for what is wholesome."

"Poor strayed angel!" cried Gwynne. "And no doubt your audiences consider you a wild, wicked woman, for some of those lines are really very risqué, you know."

"Yes," replied Eva with a sigh. "But I tried not to think of the double meaning."

"Then no wonder you were so bad in the part. Do forgive me."

"It doesn't matter. I know. I never could act. And, of course, in this play I was miscast."

"It seems to me," said Gwynne, "that you have been miscast all your life."

"Oh, I have! I've hated my life!"

"Then why—do you mind if I ask?—why on earth did you ever go on the stage?"

"I didn't go. I was just there. Mamma and papa were both actors, and mamma's father and mother too. My grandmother was the best of the lot—a really wonderful actress. And of course they expected me to inherit her talent, because I'd inherited her looks and her voice. But I was a great disappointment to her, and after all the pains she took with me too."

"Why, did she try to teach you to act?"

"No, not exactly. But she was always so particular about my speech. Especially the vowels. 'Vowels show breeding—or the lack of it,' she would say. My grandmother had a beautiful voice. Even when she was an old lady, it never cracked or got thin. And her diction was perfect. Whenever I drawled or mumbled she reproved me for it. I was a little bit afraid of her, and I think she rather despised me for it."

"Of course," said Gwynne. "I've never believed that 'perfect love casteth out fear,' but I do think it's true the other way about. Your grandmother and I would have understood each other. My grannie annoyed me horribly. She was just like the grandmothers in books, you know. Sweet and gentle and lace caps and Christian forbearance. I used to do perfectly frightful things to her, in the hope she'd lose her temper just once. But she never did. She hadn't any."

PHOTO COURTESY NAT'L PARK SERVICE, DEPT OF THE INTERIOR

A Cleft in the Maine Coast, Lafayette National Park

"Isn't it queer," reflected Eva, nibbling a chocolate, "how people get born into the wrong families?"

"Yes," said Gwynne. "I'm not a bit like any of my relatives, thank heaven. They'd be simply frantic if they knew what I'm doing. I told Aunt Fannie—she's a good sport—but no one else—not even Oliver."

"Who's Oliver?" asked Eva idly.

"My husband."

Eva started up.

"Your husband!" she cried in alarm. "But you didn't tell me you had one!"

"No?" replied Gwynne carelessly. "I must have forgotten to mention it."

"But I can't—if you have a husband—we can't exchange ——"

"Nonsense!" said Gwynne. "Oliver won't bother you. You'll never see him."

"Oh, then you're—may I ask—are you divorced?"

"No; but we've agreed to separate for six months. Don't worry. Oliver's in Midland making axes. Besides, we are only platonic friends."

"Friends?" asked Eva, bewildered. "But I thought you were married."

Gwynne laughed.

"That's the only cynical thing you've ever said. I know it's hard to believe, but I like my husband immensely, even if I don't love him."

"Oh! But I—really, I'd rather not ——"

"Don't be a goose! What difference does it make, my having a husband hundreds of miles away? I shouldn't care if you had half a dozen if they were that far off."

"Oh!" Eva cried, suddenly turning crimson. "I—I forgot something too."

"What?"

"I have a fiancé."

"Really? How thrilling!"

"And he—I'm afraid—you see, he's in New York. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," replied Gwynne coolly.

"Well, I don't think you will mind him really. Because, you see, we are not exactly engaged. That is, I said I would be. But I don't have to—I mean you don't have to ——"

"But you dear old thing! Don't apologize. I love fiancés."

"He is not exactly a fiancé—that is, I haven't quite made up my mind yet, because he ——"

"How perfectly sweet of you to exchange a fiancé for a husband!" cried Gwynne, not listening to Eva at all. "I never heard of such generosity in all my life!"

"Generosity?"

"Why, yes! Everyone likes to be engaged; no one likes to be married."

Eva looked at her in puzzled silence for a moment, and then went on trying, with painful conscientiousness, to explain the situation.

"Of course, I could write and ask him not to come to the theater, so he wouldn't annoy you ——" she began.

"I never let anyone annoy me," replied Gwynne. "How often do you see him? Every night?"

"Oh, no; I rarely see him."

"Really?"

"He isn't a bit like other men."

Gwynne smiled.

"Now you do sound engaged," she said.

"Oh, but I don't mean it in that way. He —— But really it's impossible to explain him."

"Then, don't try. I much prefer finding people out for myself."

"What I mean is ——" Eva stopped and blushed deeply.

"Well?"

"I mean—I mean ——" Eva stammered, and looked appealingly at Gwynne.

"Is it as dreadful as all that?" Gwynne asked mockingly.

"No; that's just what I'm trying to tell you. It won't be dreadful for you at all. You needn't fear any—any familiarity, you know." Gwynne's eyebrows went up. "He won't—kiss you!" Eva blurted out, very red.

"Well!" said Gwynne. "I've heard of platonic husbands before, but never of a platonic fiancé. It's extremely fortunate. But how do you account for it?"

"He—he doesn't like kissing," murmured Eva with a sigh.

"Oh? He doesn't like kissing?"

Gwynne's icy-blue eyes sparkled with mischief.

"No; he says it doesn't mean anything."

"That's my idea," said Gwynne. "We shall get on splendidly."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Just Push

and watch the screw sink in

Try this Goodell-Pratt spiral ratchet screwdriver. You can use it for either right- or left-hand work—automatically or with the ratchet mechanism. Can also be used as a stationary screwdriver when desired.

The spiral nuts and the spiral are made of hardened steel, to withstand the severest strains. Shifter-knob is conveniently located.

Three tool-steel blades, hardened, tempered and polished, are provided.

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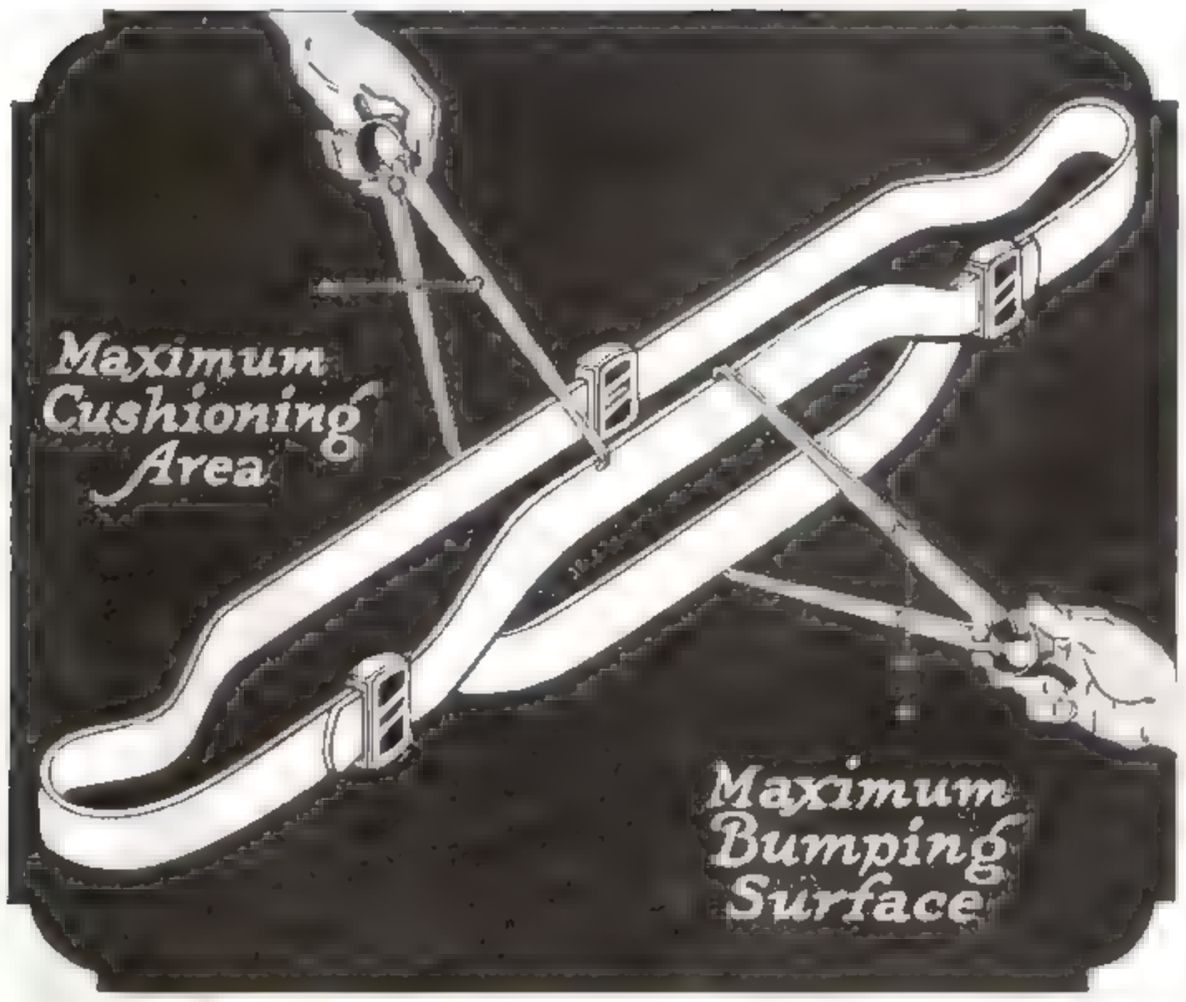

Traffic hazards demand that you know these facts

Bumpers differ not only in looks but in mechanical principles. Your car investment, the lives of your dear ones, often depend upon your bumpers. So do not buy your bumpers blindfold. Or let strangers select them.

Biflex advantages can be seen, measured, compared. Note the great up and down "bumping surface" of Biflex. This effectively blocks other bumpers of varying heights and takes blows from any direction.

Then note the great "cushioning area". This deep spring space between the bars takes up collision shocks just as your springs take up road shocks. The full-looped ends furnish the greatest possible flexibility, capable of withstanding terrific impacts. Note that these full-looped-ends make Biflex one continuous rebounding spring, like a hoop. This construction affords maximum protection and minimum overhang weight.

Biflex Bumpers, made of finest spring steel, are the original double-bar bumpers with full-looped ends. They are made to furnish adequate bumper protection, not to satisfy style fads or to compete on price. When you have equipped your car, front and rear, with Biflex, you know you have done all that is humanly possible to discount the dangers of the road. While Biflex beauty needs no comment.

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Biflex Bumpers and Brackets are fully guaranteed against imperfections in materials and workmanship. Protected by U. S. patents. There is only one Biflex. If any auto or accessory dealer cannot supply you, write us. Priced from $23 to $28.

THE BIFLEX CORPORATION, *Waukegan, Ill.*

Biflex
Cushion Bumper

PROTECTION WITH DISTINCTION

THE PHANTOM FACTORY AND THE MILLION-DOLLAR DOG

Continued from Page 9

a paper—of the three great morning newspapers of Chibosh. It was the large, large-featured woman in the costly lavender negligee who spoke first.

"This is outrageous frightful!" she cried. "If I had known half! If I had had any idea. All over my little dog! All over my poor little Panky Lou! All over the front page!" she cried incoherently.

Another voice succeeded hers.

"Don't! Don't worry so. Please, Mrs. Spillinghast!" it urged. "This is just politics." Its owner was a dark young woman with dark curly and rather more than bobbed hair. Her voice was clear and eager. The glint of youth was in her dark bright eyes—that fine, healthy interest of normal youth intent forever to try its hand at overturning the varied human institutions which were established before its time and without its advice. "Let's look it in the face," she advised practically. "Let's read them aloud—the headlines, I mean—in order."

"Precisely," said the third member of the group.

Her name was Adelaide Winthrop. An older woman, gaunt, firm, in decidedly square-cut clothes and shoes, and originally from Boston, she replaced her eyeglasses on her nose and stared down again, considering her headline.

"Read yours first, Adelaide," directed her younger and more eager companion; and the two looked up, listening, as she did so, staring stiffly through her deliberately set glasses at the lines of her front page, the blackest of them all:

"THE MYSTERY OF THE MILLION-DOLLAR DOG"

Black and unswerving, it marched across the top of the broad page—the front page of the Morning Truth—the paper with the greatest circulation in the great city, which was so firmly cemented by a thousand common interests to the administration of Mayor True. The woman in the gray square-cut tailored suit read on distinctly in a voice of marked and severe unconcern, and passed to the next and smaller headlines at the right of the page:

"PRESIDENT'S PRICELESS PET
GONE FROM MILLIONAIRE WOMEN'S PAGEANT. OWNER CRIES 'WHERE IS MY PANKY LOU?'"

The large woman in the lavender negligee here interrupted, denying this.

"I never did," she cried. "Never in this world!"

"Of course you didn't, Mrs. Spillinghast," said the youngest woman with the bobbed hair very definitely. "Everybody knows that. This is just politics. Go on, Adelaide!"

"'Uncanny disappearance of genuine toy Mongolian Wee Wah dog—said by experts to be the greatest dog taxpayer in the world,'" read on the older woman, finishing the reading of her headline with a still greater indifference in her voice. The large woman in lavender gave a groan.

"And then there is the picture, of course," said the unconcerned but conscientious reader. "The line under it: 'The Million-Dollar Playground of the so-called Million-Dollar Dog.'"

"It's a lie—an absolute lie!" cried the president of the North Side Women Voters' Club, her face bright red against her lavender gown.

But the squarely dressed woman read methodically on, into the small print of the text:

"'With a million dollars of the city's most costly real estate walled in for its exclusive playground, making it, it is said, one of the twenty largest taxpayers in the city of Chibosh, the genuine Mongolian Wee Wah toy dog, which was the inseparable companion of Mrs. J. Snuydam Spillinghast, president of the North Side Women Voters' Club, the organization of wealthy and exclusive society women now conducting the remarkable and unique Taxpayers' Pageant for the instruction of women voters in Great American Hall, was either lost or stolen yesterday afternoon from in front of the hall, and its present whereabouts are unknown. Its mistress is inconsolable, and blames the police sharply.

"'This greatest dog taxpayer in Chibosh, so-called, if not the world,'" continued the reader conscientiously, after a proper pause for a paragraph, "'with one-half of one of the city's costliest blocks set aside for its use and pleas '"

At this point the reader stopped, interrupted. The large woman in the negligee reached forward and snatched the heavily headlined and pictured journal from her hands.

"That's all—all I want to hear!" she cried, tearing it into many pieces. "It's a lie, and they know it! I told them so—all the reporters in the hall last evening. It's nothing but just our back yard, the laundry yard, where the maids —— And yet they go ——" she cried, and stopped again, while the two others watched her and then each other. In a paroxysm of anger she dashed the Morning Truth, the great paper of all the people of Chibosh, in tattered fragments to the floor. "So this is politics!" she cried. "What you have to go through in politics!"

The two others bowed their heads in silent confirmation.

"Well, what's next? What's in yours?" the questioner asked aggressively of the second reader, the young woman with the curly, closely cut black hair and the eager, critical, uncompromising eyes of youth, who was holding a smaller journal in her hand, the widely circulated Peoples Pictures. Across the narrower top of this, above the patchwork of photographs, stretched a shorter but no less arresting line:

"MOURNS DOG OF MILLIONS"

The reader's clear voice passed on from this to the other headlines printed on an inner page:

"TAXPAYERS' PAGEANT PAUSES
WHILE PRESIDENT PURSUES PET"

"Give me that, please," directed the woman mentioned in the text, with intense politeness, her large face above its lavender setting still redder than before. Snatching the Peoples Pictures, she gazed intently at the various likenesses which ornamented the first page—her own in her sables and plumed hat, holding her lost dog—a portrait which she herself had often previously in happier moments furnished the press. Following this came another picture of her dog, a picture of the million-dollar playground, a picture of her husband, Mr. J. Snuydam Spillinghast, printed over a map of Chibosh, showing the various large real-estate holdings he had inherited from what had once been his Great-Great-Grandfather Snuydam's farm; also an exterior of the Great American Hall, where the North Side Women's Pageant had been staged, with a caption to that effect, and a lesser caption:

Cross Marks Spot Where Million-Dollar Dog Was Last Seen by its Attendant.

Suddenly she crushed and tore this to pieces as she had the first.

"What did you get me into this thing for?" she asked the others fiercely. "To have this done to me?"

"But you have to expect it—this sort of thing in politics today, don't you?" asked the youngest of the group, the greater experience of the young in modern movements speaking in her voice. Her name was Dorothy Jones. She was one of the Dorothy crop which was so large in the last of the 1890's and the first 1900's. A young college graduate, bound upon a thorough exploration of the new intellectual life of adventure for women, she was now, after her three years out of college, a seasoned veteran in women's politics.

"Precisely," said her older fellow worker in the women voters' field as she gazed at the society leader in the lavender negligee, whose personality and new club they had been using to advertise and further the great and difficult work of properly introducing the women of Chibosh into public affairs.

"But what has my poor little dog got to do with politics?" the social leader asked a little wildly.

"Well, of course," said the younger speaker, somewhat vaguely—"of course we attacked the mayor, the administration, the Central Bridge horror scandal—everything that these two papers stand for—and the tax rate and the schools and the street cleaning and the police."

Continued on Page 112

Those in favor—

of L.B. Steel equipment

A few of those in favor:

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The Bell System (Am. Tel & Tel Co. and Associated Companies)
J. I. Case Plow Works
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Equitable Life Ins. Co. of Iowa
Fisk Rubber Co
H. [illegible] Mfg. Co
[illegible] Co
[illegible]
[illegible]
Home Insurance Co
Mutual Life Ins. Co. of N.Y.
National Carbon Co.
National Shawmut Bank
National Tube Co
Pennsylvania Coal Co
Union Trust Co., Cleveland
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     Plain, printed, celluloided, Removable label guides. Metal tip guides

My Name

Firm Name

Address

(Continued from Page 110)

"Suppose we did," said Mrs. Spillinghast with bitter logic. "What's my dog—your dog—anybody's dog got to do with the mayor or the tax rate or the streets? What's my poor little Panky Lou got to do with the police?"

As if to answer her own question, her eye fell upon the headlines—the more modest single-column headlines of the third paper, the Chronicle, the most conservative paper of Chibosh, which lay in her own lap. It seemed in a way slightly to pacify her. "Of course," she said, "it is true. If we'd had any decent police—if there'd been any police department in the city things like this would never happen; just as I said to the reporters yesterday; just the way they've got it here," she said in a tone of more satisfaction, gazing down at the more conservative headlines:

POLICE INEFFICIENCY SHOWN IN LOSS OF COSTLY DOG

"President of North Side Women Voters' Club Points Out Example of Maladministration of Police Department of Chibosh"

At this point she paused in her reading, staring. A perfect astonishment showed in her well-fed face.

"'Five thousand dollars reward offered!'" she read slowly on, her eyes dilated. "What?"

The two others gazed at her as one, with evident expectation shining in their eyes.

"What reward?" she asked them.

"Why, this!" said the younger and prompter minded of the two, and read aloud from a clipping she had evidently been holding in her hand, the identical advertisement which had appeared in all the morning papers of Chibosh on that morning:

"FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD

"Lost, a dog. Genuine toy Mongolian Wee Wah. Answers name of Panky Lou. No questions asked. Five thousand dollars reward if returned to

"Mrs. J. Snuydam Spillinghast,
"103 Godowny Park."

"So that's it!" said Mrs. Spillinghast, speaking finally.

"What?"

"All these people calling up with dogs; thousands of them almost—since six o'clock this morning—till the servants are almost mad."

"But ——" began Miss Jones, the bright-eyed younger woman.

"Do you think I would put in an advertisement like that? Do you imagine? Why, I never saw that in my life before!" exclaimed Mrs. J. Snuydam Spillinghast loudly and crossly, her full-fed face now darkly crimson against her lavender. "Who would dare?" she asked, and stopped.

The two others for the moment did not reply but gazed at each other with a glance of question and suspicion. A sense of helplessness and foreboding, of the influence of an immense, mysterious, sticky force enveloping them, which so many have felt in the years following the great development of the use of the printed word for the new democracy since the Great War, was distinctly felt by every person in the room—and not without reason. For already, at this time, Michael F. Melody, the most carefully unknown man in Chibosh, was taking the second step toward the formation of the phantom women in the publicity factory of Mayor Herman J. True.

The million-dollar dog was about to be returned to its owner and the letter of Mayor True to the chief of police of Chibosh in recognition of this act was already being dictated by Mr. Melody for the morning papers:

Executive Chamber,
Mayor's Office,
City of Chibosh.

My dear Chief Spoofenberger: I wish to take this occasion to thank you once again for your prompt efficiency as guardian of the city's safety in a matter, superficially of minor consequence, but which yet serves as an apt illustration of the whole-hearted and intelligent energy with which you have ever upheld my hands and my purpose to make the great city of Chibosh of which we should all be so proud the most moral, the most orderly and the safest city in the world.

That all normal and fair-minded citizens should feel this pride in their own city would seem, my dear chief, a self-evident fact. But there are certain great and powerful interests, as you and I well know, which will feel no hesitancy in any defamation of their own city, no matter how false or how foul, if by so doing they can smirch and discredit the present administration of its government for their own advantage. These designing and dishonest interests, using the immense vested secret power of great wealth, will in fact, as we know, not neglect or overlook any instrument, however humble, for the defaming of this city and its government through the medium of the public press, which they too often, directly or indirectly, control.

The loss and return of a pet dog may seem to the unthinking a trivial matter, but it is often the unconsidered trifle which to the thinking mind is most significant; and when an episode of this kind comes as the culmination of an unusually subtle and adroit attack upon the government of the people it becomes of consequence, no matter how superficially trifling.

You are familiar, my dear chief, as is the public generally, with the attempt of these sinister and designing powers during the present week to array the women of Chibosh, just entering upon the duties of citizenship, against the present administration by a course of slander and defamation of the city at large, through a so-called Taxpayers' Pageant conducted by the wealthy women of the so-called leisure class—or, more plainly speaking, the wives and sisters of the very rich—which, after a variety of misrepresentation and falsehood, culminated in the disappearance of a costly pet dog, and the consequent sharp attack upon the police department of the city by the dog's owner, the president of the organization of wealthy women responsible for the exhibition.

Ridiculous as this attack may seem to those acquainted with the city's affairs, it yet might have its influence among a certain large class of careless and unthinking minds, and your prompt action, my dear chief, in meeting it not only silences the charge but will hold up the whole conspiracy to blacken the reputation of our city to the ridicule and contempt it has so richly earned.

The very wealthy manager and sponsor of the so-called educational exhibit will now perhaps retire from public life and devote herself to the care of her pet. In the meanwhile, chief, if you will permit me, I wish to thank you for the way in which your methods have reduced this attempt to absurdity, and to add to my own thanks—as I feel I am justified in doing—the thanks of the really representative women of the city, whose attention is occupied day by day in the care of their children, and not dogs, however valuable; and who, I am sure, will feel gratitude to you for defending their homes and the city in which they live from another of the utterly and wantonly absurd attacks which are so constantly made against its fair name.

Honesty, sincerity and straightforward dealing, my dear chief, still fortunately remain the best policy in the conduct of the people's affairs as well as of our own, and fortunately the people still recognize this.

Yours to serve,
Herman J. True,
Mayor.

"How many copies?" asked the efficient and well-dressed Miss Spielberg as she arose at the conclusion of Mr. Melody's dictation.

"Twenty."

"Does the mayor get a copy first?"

"No!" said Mr. Melody. "Send him one when the rest go."

Dismissing her, he was engaged in the routine of the Phantom Factory until the copy was ready to go out. It was then late afternoon. Turning, Mr. Melody called upon the telephone for the chief of the police department.

"Hello, Spoof," said the brisk voice of Michael F. Melody across the wire.

A heavy bass growl came back.

"I'm sending you the letter from the mayor—and the copies to the papers."

"Uh-huh."

"And you'll look out for the photograph?"

"Yeah."

"All right then. Send home the dog about seven o'clock."

"About seven?"

"Yeah; with the letter to its owner that I sent you earlier; and release the story for the morning papers the mornings, you understand. Nothing for the evenings. Get me?"

"I do."

"All right, let her loose," said Mr. Melody.

The second step had been taken by the Phantom Factory of Mayor True toward the creation of the phantom women.

IV

IT WAS Thursday morning in the great city of Chibosh. The alert, restless-minded citizens of that metropolis were now fast rousing to the great new sensational issue of the week. For today again upon the first page of every journal appeared in jutting type the great new development in the political history of the city—the finding and return of the million-dollar dog by the police department of Chibosh, and the great new public questions and reflections this naturally aroused.

Thousands, perhaps millions, saw and read the huge headline announcement in the paper of the people, the Morning Truth:

MILLION-DOLLAR DOG MYSTERY SOLVED

Police Promptly Proffer Pet

Mayor's Letter Lets in Light

Thousands, perhaps millions more, scanned the outside and inside headlines in Peoples Pictures:

WILL SHE PAY IT?

Million-Dollar Dog's Reward Called Spurious

Mayor True Pens Praise for Chief Spoofenberger

They also saw on the first page the picture of the sturdy chief, with the tiny million-dollar dog in his arms; and across and balancing it the portrait of Mrs. J. Snuydam Spillinghast in her sables, also carrying her costly pet. Below were pictures of Mrs. Spillinghast in her slightest bathing suit at Palm Beach, in evening dress in Chibosh, with her famous rope of pearls, and at Bar Harbor in her largest plumed superhat; a new picture of the Spillinghast walled back yard, the so-called castle of the million-dollar dog; also a picture of Mayor True, taken while speaking above an American flag in its defense, his right arm uplifted, his mouth opened and his lips protruding outward in the exercise of sincere oratory; also a picture of the entrance of Great American Hall, showing the immense crowd of the previous day awaiting the possible return of the million-dollar dog, including many with dogs which they wrongly believed to be the lost one and were offering for the alleged five-thousand-dollar reward.

Many, though fewer thousands of readers, saw the one-column headlines of the third and more conservative morning paper:

CROWDS AT WOMEN'S EXHIBITION

Taxpayers' Pageant Huge Success

Mayor's Prompt Publicity Over Dog Episode

It carried also, as did the others, the full letter of Mayor True in praise of Chief Spoofenberger and in defense of the city; and, together with the remainder of the press, an editorial comment.

The editorial in the Morning Truth, the organ and defender of the administration, carried the longest and plainest comment under the caption:

Is a Dog Worth a $5000 Reward to a Wealthy Woman's Heart While So Many Children Starve?

Printed in heavily italicized type, it was illustrated with a small starving child looking up wonderingly and wistfully at a proud and prosperous pet dog of pompous proportions standing upon a sumptuous velvet cushion.

Engaged in reading over all this, in telephoning, in dictating the other interviews, letters and literature required in the routine of the Phantom Factory, Mr. Melody found it afternoon before he received the really important news of the day for which he had been waiting.

"They've closed them up," said his laconic assistant, Mr. Nott, to him, as he entered the door of Number 913 after luncheon.

"When?"

"Just before noon."

It was true. Reading continually, their minds and imaginations stimulated by the great natural human desire to see a dog with a million-dollar playground, the great reading public of Chibosh had so overwhelmed and besieged and jostled, and finally hooted and cat-called the Taxpayers' Pageant of the North Side Women Voters' Club that it had been found expedient and really necessary for the police department of the great city to close the hall and the exhibit.

Receiving this information, Mr. Melody turned at once sharply to Mr. Nott, questioning him.

"How are you getting on with your letters?" he asked him.

"Oh, all right," said the veteran and disillusioned Mr. Nott in a more than usually weary voice.

It had been indeed a busy period in the Phantom Factory. The grave, sincere, identical portraits of the mayor had gazed down on a practically continuous day of letter writing. For the time was ripe again for the phantoms once more to fulfill the purposes for which they were created—for the great variety of organizations which had their headquarters there to send out their letters of protest and suggestion to Mayor Herman J. True concerning the issue of the day.

"The Herman J. True Merchants and Manufacturers' letter is done," said Mr. Nott, reporting in detail. "And the True Taxpayers' League, and the Herman J. True Neighborhood Association's and practically all the rest—all but the True Mothers' League."

"Finish that up and come back," directed his superior, and set himself to work on the next step toward his goal.

Pressing his push button, Mr. Melody himself was at once dictating to Miss Spielberg the answer of Chief Spoofenberger, the letter which was about to lead up to the formation of the new women's organization—the last addition to the phantom organizations of Mayor True; a letter of answer to the mayor's praise, couched in the brief, blunt, manly style which the public had come to expect from gruff old honest Charley Spoofenberger. It said:

Headquarters of Chief,
Police Department, Chibosh.

Your Honor: I'm going to thank you for your letter, and then I'm coming right back at you with a suggestion right along the same line.

I want to say that taking care of the real crooks in this town don't worry the police department any. We've got them buffaloed, and they know it. What's worrying us as a force—like the rest of the people of this burg—is the way we're up against it with the big secret financial criminals, the ones with money that get away with murder, with their clever lawyers, under the law.

So I want to say right here, Mister Mayor, that the police for one would be glad if your honor could find some way to put a crimp in the big thugs and dips and second-story workers that are all the time gypping the city of both its spare change and its reputation.

Not meaning to mix in or push my beak into your business, Mister Mayor, but why wouldn't it do for you to name a kind of citizens' guard up against this kind of thing?

The women, like you say, are always strong for the reputation of the home and the home town. Why not put them on guard to keep it clean?

Hoping I'm not butting in nor presuming too much, your honor, and saying you said a mouthful when you said if you treat the people in the open and on the level they'll do the same to you, I am Your obedient servant,

Charles H. Spoofenberger.

Having dictated this, Mr. Melody urged haste upon Miss Spielberg, his stenographer.

"Get it out for the evenings right away!"

The efficient Miss Spielberg was almost out the door before he had finished.

"And send in Mr. Nott," he called after her.

His morose assistant was at once in his room.

"What are we going to call this one?" Mr. Melody asked him.

"I thought you said the True Women Home Defenders."

"Well, all right. I guess so," said Mr. Melody after a moment's thought. "And who'll be the head of it?"

"What about Mrs. Bertha J. Spiggott?"

"The millionaire corset manufacturer's wife?"

"Yeah."

"Would she come along when we wanted her to?"

"She'd stand on her head, chief, on the dome of city hall, to get her name in the papers. And there might be something on the side, chief, for you and me," said Mr. Nott with an unusual earnestness and interest, "for handing it to her."

"You think so, huh?" asked Mr. Melody thoughtfully.

"I know so, chief," said Mr. Nott. "I've gone all over it with her social secretary."

"Well, all right," said Mr. Melody "You go ahead and frame the letter for her—from her to the mayor. I'll get out his back to her."

The last step was taken. The phantom women were about to be born.

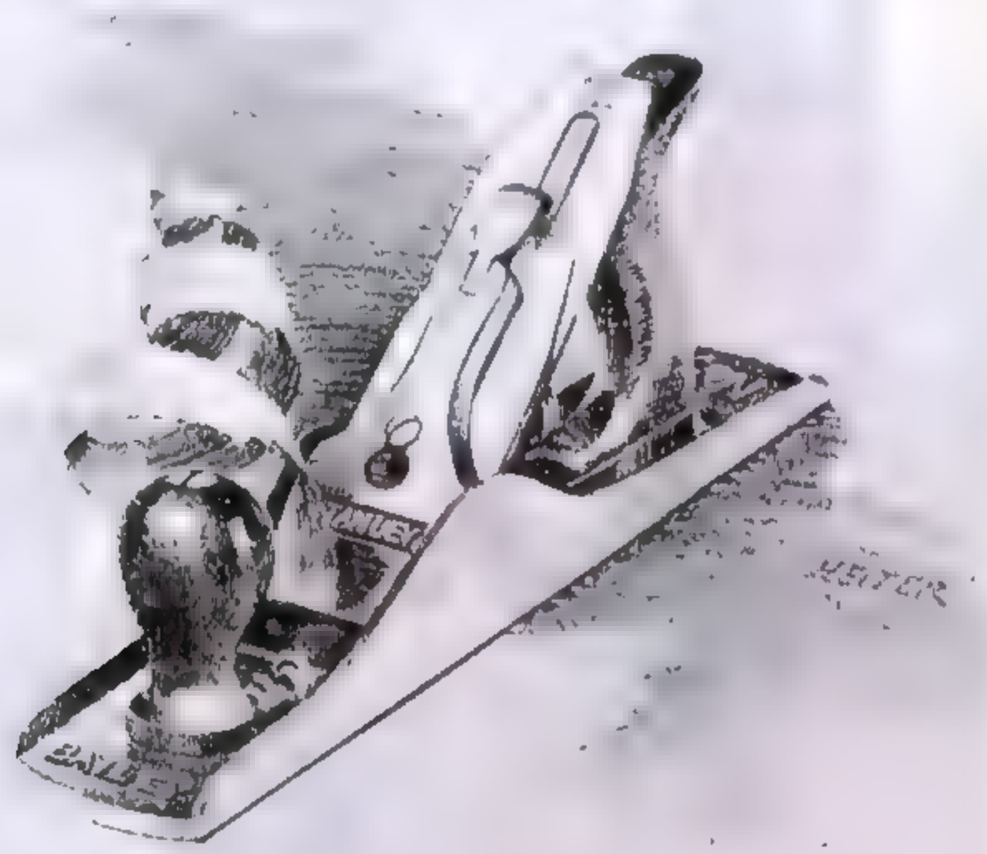
V

IT WAS Friday morning in the city of Chibosh. The great issue of the million-dollar dog had reached its height, rousing all the hearts and minds of those restless millions to one common thought. New wars growled over prostrate Europe, Asia

(Continued on Page 116)

Consider the woodworker-

Among all craftsmen there are none who possess greater skill than carpenters and woodworkers. Tools and hardware favored by these men must be right. Since the days of the Mexican War in '45, they have continuously endorsed Stanley leadership.



For example, of the ultimate in good manufacturing, the Stanley Bailey Plane is supreme in its class; yet it is no better than every Stanley product.

STANLEY

STANLEY SW Butts and Hinges — Carpenters Tools STANLEY TOOLS

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COLD roast or boiled meats—French fried potatoes—delicious Filet-Mignon—meat or fish croquettes—French dressings—oysters—and other good things call for Van Camp's Catsup and Van Camp's Chili Sauce. These irresistible appetizers lend added charm to other good foods.

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Since 1861

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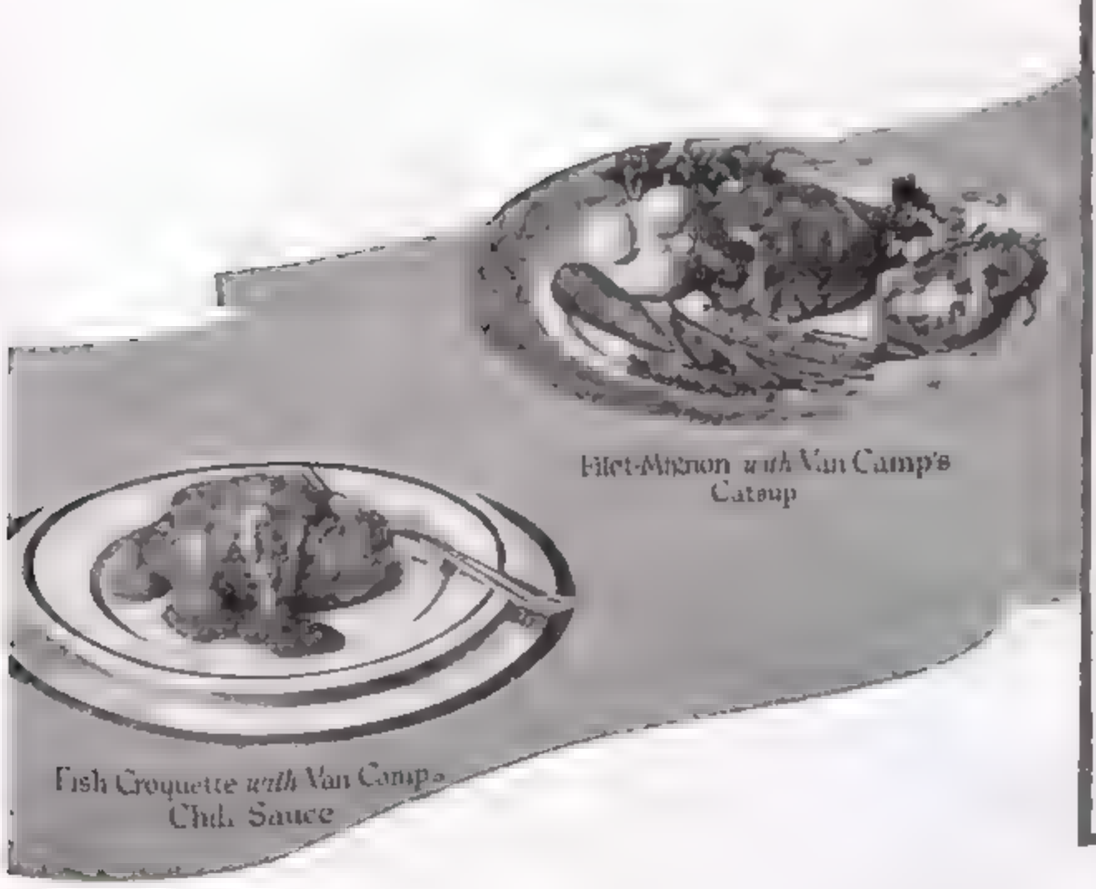

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Fish Croquette *with* Van Camp's Chili Sauce

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Its purity and sealed-in fresh flavor has made it the favorite of thousands of American women.

Van Camp's Milk makes delightful puddings, pastries and cakes. Also excellent in coffee and for making creamy cocoa.

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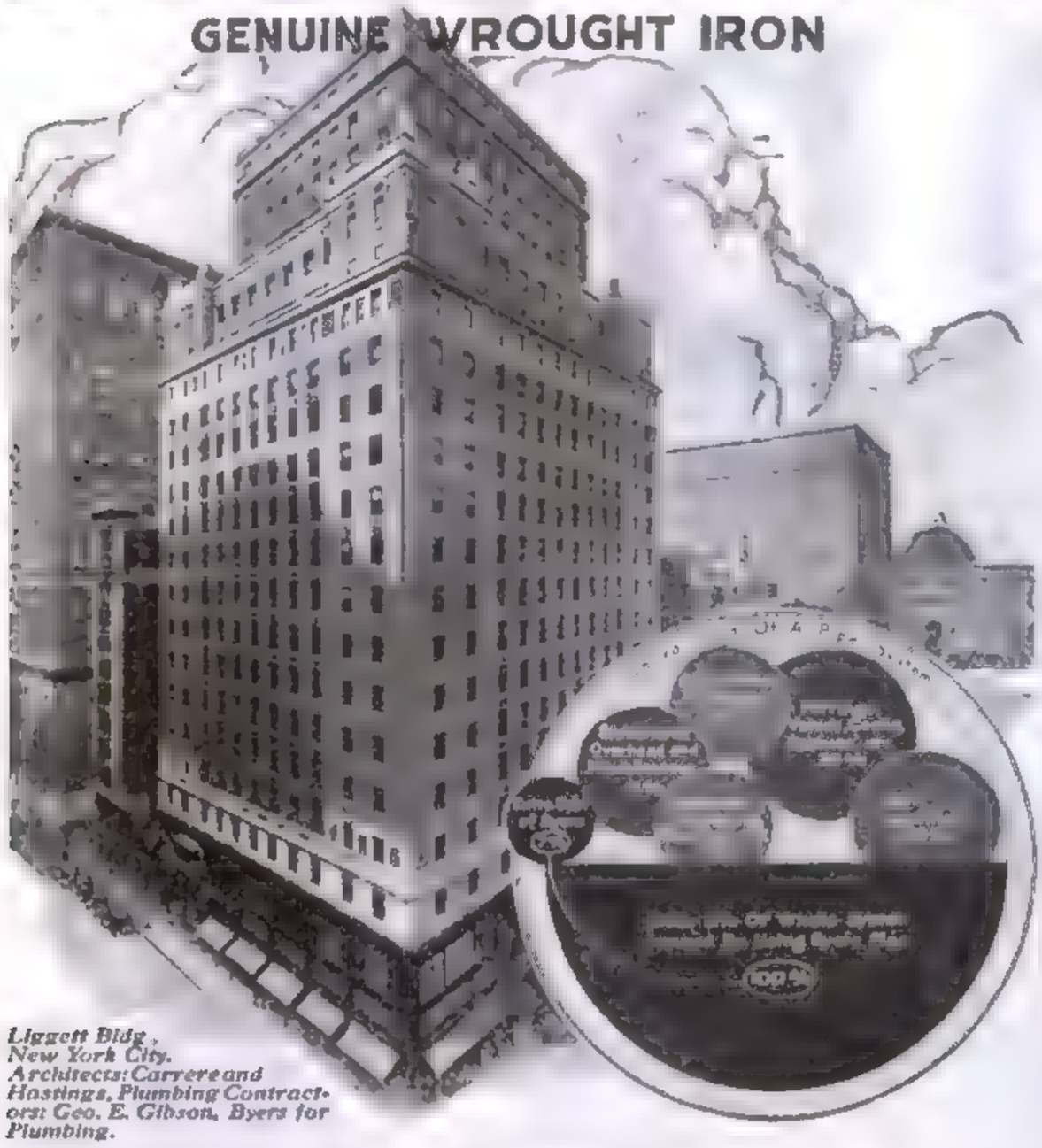
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON



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Your aim should be to install pipe which, by its past performance record, gives assurance of lasting as long as the useful life of the building.

Consider the unique service record of Byers pipe: In thousands of buildings, erected ever since Civil War days, Byers has invariably given uninterrupted service for the required span of years. Repairs have been negligible and usually confined to a few easily replaced basement pipes, subjected to very severe service—service in which even more expensive pipe has repeatedly failed.

With such a record, to pay for pipe more expensive than Byers, in all but the rarest cases, is an unnecessary expense; while the extra cost as compared with cheaper pipe is economy, figured on the basis of long service and insurance against costly failures. (See diagram above.)

Send for illustrated service records of Byers Pipe in notable old buildings—it's free on request.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1864

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State Bldg., Civic Center, San Francisco. Architects: Bliss & Faville, S. F. in co-operation with State Architect. Byers throughout for Plumbing and Heating.

Look for the Name and Year rolled in every length

(Continued from Page 112)

toppled reluctantly into universal ruin and starvation. Three women in Chibosh had shot men other than their husbands. Yet all eyes in that great metropolis focused feverishly upon that matter of chief public concern, in which Mayor Herman J. True and old Chief Charley Spoofenberger stood fast for the plain honest people and the good name of Chibosh against their remorseless and predatory enemies on the first pages of all the great journals of the city.

In cars, in offices, in apartments and detached homes, all eyes fed fiercely on this great drama of the new politics; but none more keenly than those of the two women who read it together in their quarters, in one of the older and now less stylish sections of the city, given over now to reasonably priced but highly respectable rooms and small apartments.

They sat in a room which apparently served the double purpose of residence and office. The influence of the home was indicated by the books, the furniture and various bulging and spindling and advanced sketches of the last new art upon the walls; the business influence by the substantial central desk and a card-catalogue cabinet of commanding size which stood against the wall.

The older woman, in the square-cut, blue-gray, tailor-made suit was reading aloud with great unconcern but great precision the headlines of Peoples Pictures:

"Mad Throng Seeks Million-Dollar Dog, Closing Society Leaders' Political Show."

She paused now, looking over the illustrations underneath. The younger woman with the short curly hair beside her on the divan before the old-fashioned fireplace gave an exclamation between extreme anger and loathing.

"A dog!" she exclaimed, and turned also to study, over her companion's shoulder, the illustrations of the Peoples Pictures.

First appeared Mrs. J. Snuydam Spillinghast, a snapshot taken against her will just after her resignation, with her sables and plumes, but without her dog. Beside or below this came the limousine in which the dog was thought by some to have been concealed, with a cross opposite the back seat; the immense throng of citizens before the entrance of Great American Hall; the turning in of the riot call for more police; the corps of ambulances for the bruised and injured; the appearance of Chief Charles Spoofenberger in the act of closing the exhibit in the interests of public safety; the double cordon of police through which Mrs. Spillinghast and her staff—some of them weeping—passed from the hall to her limousine, protected from the eager press of citizens and voters of Chibosh watching sharply to see where the million-dollar dog was concealed.

At the sight of the weeping figures the resentful voice of the younger woman spoke out again. "A dog!" it repeated in a tone between wonder and disgust; and ceased as her companion methodically put aside the pictured page and started to read aloud, carefully, in a voice adjusted to extract their full intellectual flavor, the headlines of the Morning Truth, the organ of Mayor True and the plain honest common people:

"FAMOUS DOG ROUSES RIOT
"Police Close Wealthy Women's Venture
"President Cries 'I Resign! I Resign!'
"Asks in Tears, 'What Has My Dog Got to Do With Taxes?'"

"Smeared! Smothered!" exclaimed the reader's companion sketchily, and ceased as the former methodically turned to the last, or editorial, page.

At the center of the top of this the recumbent figure of a lovely, languorous Roman lady, greatly enlarged, caressing a greatly enlarged pet dog, gazed through a columned court upon the smoking ruins of a city. At one side of this, explaining it, came the headlines of the leading editorial of the day:

Do Dogs Doom Democracies as in Ancient Rome?

Women's Pets and Tax Rates

Reading accurately, aloud, the elder woman began with the opening words:

"'Mrs. Spillinghast, the wealthy dog owner and operator of educational political exhibits for other women with more children and less leisure, asks what pet dogs have to do with taxes.'"

Showing this connection quite clearly, in direct and simple words on taxes, dogs and luxuries, the editorial writer passed steadily and logically to his last quotation—the one from Slavonius:

"'It was Slavonius, the great slave philosopher of Xanthia, of whom these wealthy women probably never heard, who said over two thousand years ago, "It is in the heart of the true woman to be true to her home and her city."'"

At this point the voice of the younger woman rang out in the sharp accents of one unable to bear more.

"Smeared!" it cried. "Smeared with a dog!"

Although in itself peculiar, this statement seemed to both in a way true, and even accurate. Like so many since the Great War of humanity for humanity's sake, they felt smeared. All around them, restricting and clogging every individual judgment or action, they felt that great, new, invisible power—that great, new, unseen, sticky influence—upon which the nations stand helpless, trembling and afraid, like flies upon the surface of fly paper; all individual movement, moral, mental and physical, checked and forbidden by the power of the higher publicity which now, through the sweet adhesive persuasion of the printed word, firmly and continually holds in its grip mankind, from Moscow to Chibosh, stuck fast through its highest motives, day after day—even if it has to steal a dog to do so. The older woman, however, did not stop to discuss this.

"Wait," she said. "That is not all," and read on to the close of the editorial of the Morning Truth, in the tone of one prepared to know the worst and face it squarely:

"'To those women and men who are interested in their city or their home we recommend the reading of Mayor True's strong letter, ably summarizing the situation, and pointing out clearly the really valuable way of using the great new public force of women's spirit, which is so easily wasted in such ventures as the recent and disastrous so-called educational exhibit in Great American Hall, through the union of all the really right-thinking and representative women of Chibosh for the upbuilding and defending and furthering of the interests of the great city which is their home.'"

On hearing this, a new expression of anger and disgust came from the younger woman.

"Beaten! Just when we thought we were getting started! By a dog! And a political press agent!" she exclaimed, and stopped when she saw that the methodical reader beside her had turned to the page bearing the letter of Mayor True—the final letter establishing the phantom women home defenders of Chibosh. It was headed by the picture of Mayor True while defending the American flag, and the caption:

WOMEN, THE CLEAN SEX, THE CLEANSERS OF THE WORLD!

Following this came the letter of Mayor True, addressed to Mrs. Bertha J. Spiggott:

Executive Chamber,
Mayor's Office,
City of Chibosh.

Dear Madam: During the past few days I have been the recipient of countless letters from all classes and kinds of our citizens, written in resentment against certain wanton and unprovoked attacks upon the fair name of our city, which have become altogether too common in the past few years—emanating from sources of great influence and power too well known to need mention here.

Organizations of merchants, manufacturers, real-estate owners, taxpayers, mothers, neighborhoods, rent payers—all these and many more have written urging that something must be done about this crying evil, which is so endangering both the fair name and the financial interests of our great home city.

It was your suggestion—which I consider a very valuable and appropriate one—that recent criticisms having for well-known purposes emanated from women, it should be the part of women to answer them.

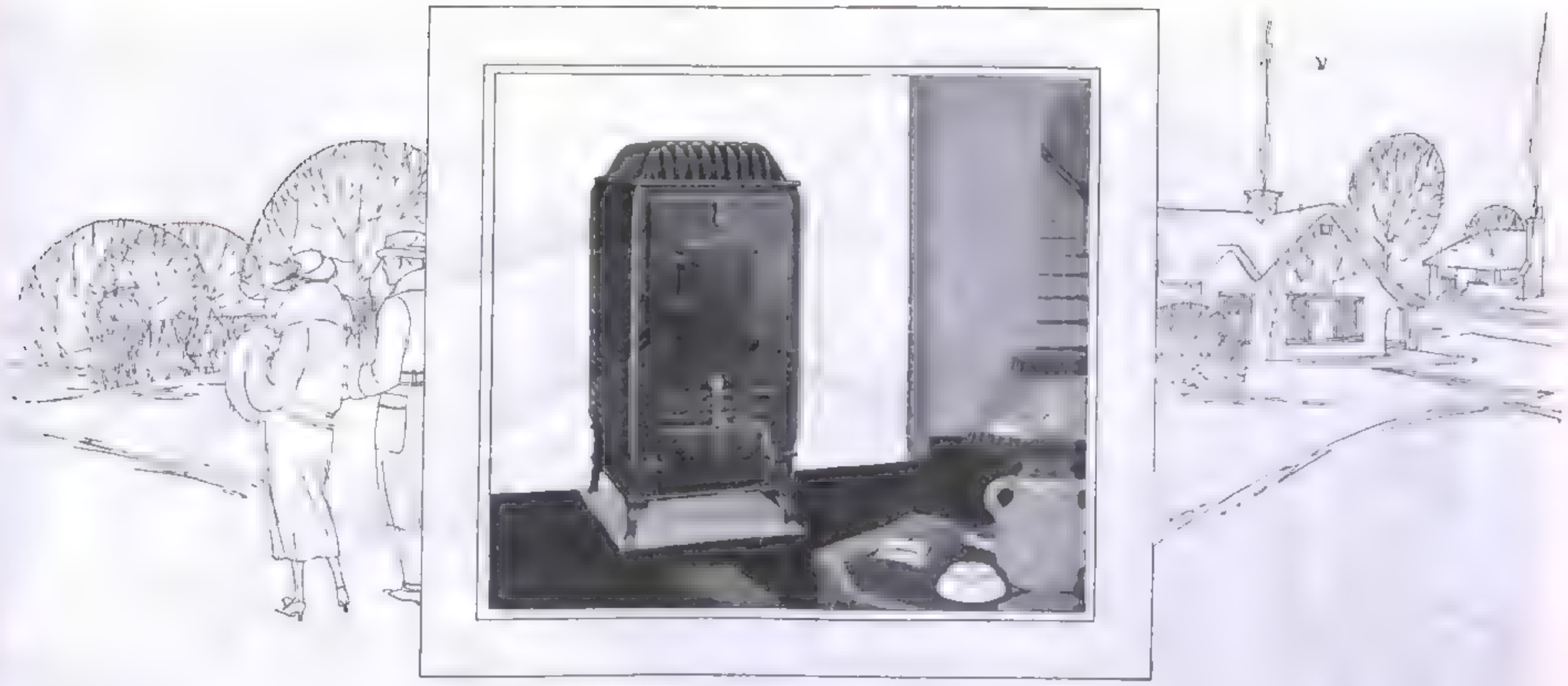
Your statement, it seems to me, my dear Mrs. Spiggott, is especially timely and true. It has always been my personal belief that the nature of woman is to cleanse rather than defile; to defend rather than defame the home or the home city that she lives in.

I therefore take the liberty to ask you if you would be willing to undertake the formation of such an organization of women for the defense of Chibosh, an organization for which you yourself have been complimentary enough to suggest the name of the True Women Home Defenders.

Thanking you for this great compliment, and wishing you every success in your important new work for our great mutual home city, I am,

Ever your servant,
Herman J. True,
Mayor.

(Continued on Page 118)



Works Like a Furnace
– keeps the *whole* house *warm*

If your house is underheated, we urge you to get the facts below.

We have perfected a new way in warm air heating—furnace comfort for small homes, with or without basements, one floor or two.

It is called the Estate Heatrola. And heating experts say it is changing the heating habits of the nation. Thousands are in use, everywhere, from Maine to California.

Works like a furnace

The Heatrola is a practical and efficient warm-air heating appliance. *Installed in one of the living rooms, it keeps the whole house warm.*

Great volumes of warm, moist air are supplied to every room—upstairs and down, and changed twice each hour—the secret, so your doctor will tell you, of healthful heating.

It does the work of a furnace, but looks like a handsome mahogany phonograph.

The finish is rich grained mahogany enamel, smooth as glass and everlasting. You can rub it and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture. No black iron to clean, or nickel to shine.

Get the facts

See an Heatrola at leading hardware or furniture stores. Also at heating contractors'. It will amaze you. Note, too, it is as easily moved as a stove, so if you rent, you can take it with you when you move. Burns any sort of fuel.

The coupon below brings interesting information, free and postpaid. Mail it.

If you prefer a Basement Furnace

—check the coupon for booklet and full information about Estate Sanitary Warm-Air Furnaces, in pipe and pipeless models. All cast-iron construction; five-year guaranteed firepot; ball-bearing grate; new-type grate shaker; swinging vapor tank; many other fine features.

Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATES. A STOVE, FURNACE AND RANGE FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT —FOR COOKING AND HEATING WITH COAL, WOOD, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

FREE BOOK (130) MAIL THIS

THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Hamilton, Ohio
(Pacific Coast Office: Furniture Exchange, San Francisco)

Send me free information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer. ☐ ESTATE HEATROLA
Estate Sanitary Warm Air Furnace
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Name _____

Street or R F D _____

City and State _____

How many rooms in your house? _____

The Nickel Lunch

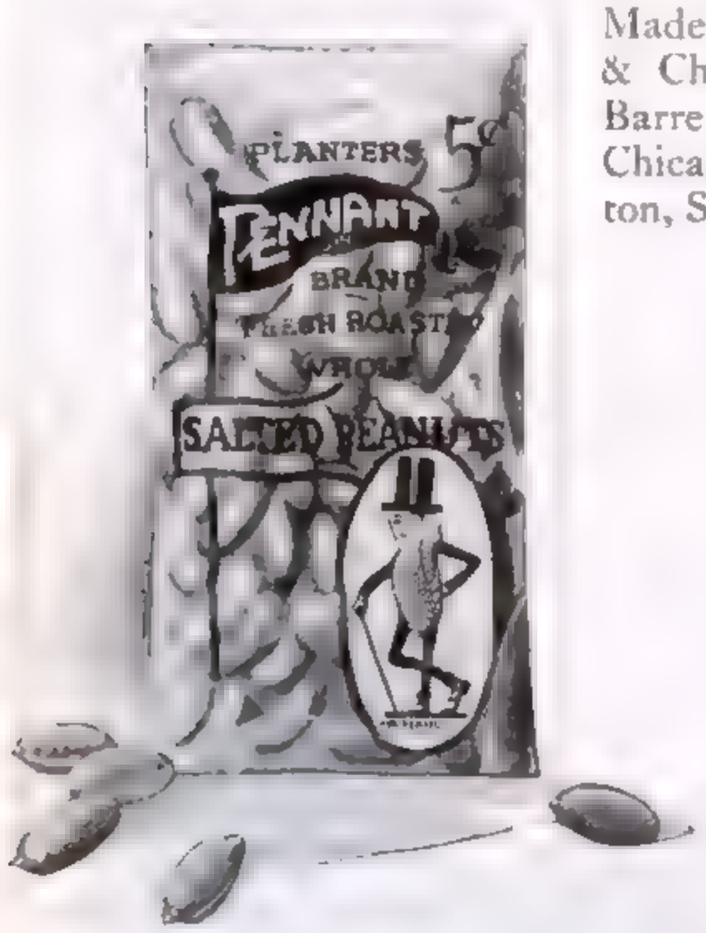
When you are 30 miles from luncheon

Buy golden-brown Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts! Always fresh and crisp in the glassine bags. Great big fellows—the pick of the crop, roasted in a way that makes them just irresistible.

Whenever and wherever hunger overtakes you these flavory morsels taste just right. Not only delicious but satisfying and nutritious as well. Look for the bags with the red Pennants. They are on sale everywhere.

MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Made by the Planters Nut & Chocolate Co., Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Suffolk, Va., Chicago, New York, Boston, San Francisco.



Send 75c for a pound of the delicious Planters Pennant Salted Peanuts in the blue tin box—sealed to keep the nuts crisp and fresh

Planters
PENNANT SALTED
PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 116)

An ominous pause succeeded the reading of this letter, followed by another bitter comment from the angered younger woman.

"Another one of those fake publicity organizations!" she said.

The older woman gazed steadily at her, waiting for her to speak on. She did so, after walking rapidly up and down the room.

"Do you know what we are going to do?" she asked now, suddenly stopping beside the other, seated on the divan.

"What?" asked the older very coolly.

"We are going to take over this fake society and run it ourselves!"

"Run it!"

"Yes; the simplest thing in the world." The other merely stared. "Simplest! Yes, like taking a dear little toy balloon from a dear little lone child on circus day. You know there aren't any members in these organizations, only a few temporary officers, especially when they are first started."

"Well?" said the older woman, apparently granting her statement.

"And then, after that, we'll seize this press agent," she said, continuing her ambitious plans.

"Seize the press agent!"

"Yes; and have him run it for us."

"Seize him!" persisted the other. "How?"

Instead of answering, the younger woman strode rapidly to one side of the room and, standing there, opened a right-hand compartment in the tall card-catalogue cabinet which stood there.

"M," she was saying half aloud to herself. "Mel—Melody!"

Taking out the card, she handed it to her friend, roommate and political partner.

"Can we seize him or can we not?" she asked.

"Blackmail?" said the other, slightly recoiling.

"Blackmail! Yes," said the other one strongly. "Murder if necessary!"

The other stared at her, but apparently with sympathy.

"If they want dirty political tricks ——"

"As the men always do in politics," broke in the older in a hard voice.

"—— they can have them!"

"Exactly," said the other, warming to the idea.

"And we'll let their own press agent feed them to them."

The older gazed steadily and purposefully at the other.

"They always have to make the same mistake," she remarked.

"Who? What?"

"The men. They always have to drive us to extremes, to something they're sorry for afterwards. They did the same thing to themselves in suffrage—in not giving us the vote."

"I know. Yes," agreed the other, interrupting her more general considerations with some of more immediate necessity. "Come on now. Let's go. We've got to get started—get busy taking over the True Women Home Defenders."

For the rest of the day the two women were constantly engaged—upon the telephone, upon the typewriter.

VI

IT WAS Saturday upon the front pages of Chibosh. There was a novelty in murder in the great city. A woman, not having secured her divorce, had succeeded, it was alleged, in obtaining her freedom by pounding glass in her husband's ear while he slept. The great gripping issue of the million-dollar dog was fading, and by tomorrow would be gone from the eyes and hearts and memories of the citizen voters of the great city. But not before having achieved its higher purpose—the triumph of the plain honest people and their representative, Mayor True. The letter of acceptance of Mrs. Bertha J. Spiggott of the responsibility of organizing the True Women Home Defenders to preserve the fair name of Chibosh was printed upon the opening pages still, though in a minor place, and quite evidently closing a front-page continued story.

The plain, honest, simple people had won. Their enemies had been repelled and put to shame. The phantom women had been formed and stored away with the other phantoms of Mr. Melody—with the Herman J. True Merchants and Manufacturers' Association, without merchants or manufacturers; the Mayor's Taxpayers' and Real-Estate Guardians, without taxes or real estate; the True Mothers' League, without mothers, and all the other phantom organizations of the new politics, to be used, laid away, revived or disbanded as it served the purposes of Mr. Melody and the higher publicity.

It had been another successful and busy six days for Mr. Michael F. Melody, the most carefully concealed of all the myriad press agents of Chibosh. It was eleven o'clock when he looked up at his green velours hat on his hatrack.

"Let's call it a week's work," said Michael F. Melody to himself, yawning and starting to rise.

Just at that moment the telephone rang. It was the mayor's office upon the wire.

"Say, what's going on," they were asking, "in this Women Home Defenders thing?"

"What is?" asked Mr. Melody, his calm face unchanged.

"They're joining it."

"Who are?" asked Mr. Melody, hitching his chair nearer the desk.

"Women!" said the voice in an intense surprise.

"What?"

"Women! Real women! By the hundreds—thousands!"

"By the thousands!" repeated Mr. Melody, a sharp intonation in his voice.

"You'd think so if you saw the morning's mail and heard the telephone going all yesterday afternoon and today!"

"Real genuine women, huh?"

"I'll say so," said the under official in the mayor's office.

"Leave it to me," directed Mr. Melody, and shut off.

His voice was calm, and his face, as it had to be in his business; but he was in fact disturbed and very anxious. This was a new one, an unprecedented thing, that he had never run against in one of these campaigns before.

He sat in a brown study. Naturally it was no purpose of a political press agent's organization to have real members in it beyond the few needful, who were hand-picked. Otherwise, what use would it be for the purposes of the freer, higher publicity?

Mr. Melody was surprised, alarmed, greatly anxious. Could someone be packing Mayor True's Women Home Defenders against him with real women? If so, who could it be? What could be their purpose?

As he sat wondering, worrying, he received another blow—a sudden second blow more unsettling than the first. Someone was calling him upon the phone, that guarded secret telephone of the Phantom Factory. It was a woman, a young woman, with a voice of exceeding and almost excessive politeness.

"Is this Atlanta 179?" asked the extraordinarily polite voice of the woman on the telephone.

At these words—superficially a mistaken telephone number—the calm face of Mr. Melody suddenly changed and grew white. It seemed to him that he must certainly have misunderstood.

"What?" he whispered.

The sweet, softly modulated feminine voice repeated its mysterious but moving question: "Is this Atlanta 179?"

There was no answer. The face of Mr. Melody, usually so calm, turned ashen. His hand shook the receiver against his ear; he could not even whisper back another question at these apparently innocent words.

"If it is," said the educated, softly modulated feminine voice, "as I am quite sure it must be, will he please be sure not to interfere in any way with the membership drive which is now going on so well for the True Women Home Defenders?"

Mr. Melody croaked an answer.

"Thank you so much," said the sweet menace of the softly modulated voice, and closed down its receiver.

Michael F. Melody, the most carefully unknown man in Chibosh, sat staring at his transmitter, turning over in his active, subtle but now almost bloodless mind the terrible though sweetly spoken warning upon the telephone.

What was this warning—that was so much like a telephone number? What was the reason of its startling effect on Mr. Melody? What was to be its future influence upon Mr. Melody, the Phantom Factory and the phantom women of Mayor True?

The answer cannot be given here. It will be revealed later in the story of The Milk Bath and The Card Catalogue.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of five stories by Mr. Turner. The next will appear in an early issue

"My boy hurt!" Panic? No—"Unguentine—*quick!*"

CUTS, burns, bruises, scratches are bound to happen to boys and girls. Mothers must meet such emergencies—quickly. They must know *what to do*—at once.

Unguentine is the quick, sure answer for millions of mothers. This friend in need is quickly applied—quickly shuts the door to dangerous infection—quickly soothes the pain and heals—in most cases without a scar. Unguentine is effective.

Keep a tube handy in your medicine chest or in the kitchen. When anyone in the family is hurt—"Unguentine *quick!*" The first tube you buy will make Unguentine a lifelong friend of the household.

Get it at your druggist's. He knows what Unguentine will do. Price fifty cents.

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LABORATORIES—NORWICH, N. Y., NEW YORK CITY, CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY

—OTHER NORWICH FRIENDS IN NEED

Norwich

Norwich Milk of Magnesia—Agreeable and effective, especially for children. Also useful for acidity of stomach and mouth.

Norwich Zinc Stearate—Not affected by moisture or perspiration. Prevents chafing and irritation. Especially suited to infants.

Norwich Dental Cream—Pleasant, [illegible] thorough cleansing. Preserves and beautifies the teeth.

Norwich Nor-Co-Hol—A rubbing oil used to relieve muscular soreness. Particularly good for use in the sick room. External use only.

Norwich Glycerin Suppositories—Certain and safe in action. Their shape—narrow and tapering—makes them desirable for children.

FOR more than a third of a century the Norwich Pharmacal Laboratories have produced and originated the highest quality pharmaceuticals. These have been placed at the service of the medical profession, dispensing pharmacists, and the public.

The name **"Norwich"** on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation.

SECOND THIEF

(Continued from Page 19)

indebted for this visit? Upon my word, I thought you had forgotten me. I did, indeed. And how are all my friends in the Metropolitan? Extremely busy, no doubt, and winning golden opinions from all with whom they do business. I was speaking of the Metropolitan only last week to my friend Brower, the operator. I did a bit of business with him, and I pressed him most strongly to have the title examined in the Metropolitan. *Entre nous*, my dear fellow, he wished to give the business to one of your competitors; but I would not hear of it. I would not hear of it! Sit down there, my dear fellow, and make yourself extremely comfortable. There, there.'

"He did not take his yellow hands off me as he ushered me from the door to a rickety chair beside his battered roll-top. One might have thought he feared I should break away from him and plunge about the office, knocking into the light of day the Lord knows what dark secrets. But I should not speak of the light of day in connection with Ellerbach's office; the only window in it was closed long since by the blank wall of a building constructed on the adjoining property; the only light in it nowadays is shed from a single unshaded gas jet. He cramped his long length into his swivel chair and beamed at me, blandly caressing the dome of his bald head.

"'I have come in reference to that very property you sold to Jake Brower,' I said. 'Who is this Merry Edmunds from whom you bought?'

"'I am glad that you ask me that, Quackenbush,' he said. 'I am, indeed. So the Metropolitan wishes to know something of Mr. Merry Edmunds, eh? It is a very fair and honorable question, and I shall hide nothing from you absolutely nothing. See, here is the original deed to me from Mr. Edmunds, and here is my canceled check in the sum of ninety-five thousand dollars, the price I paid Mr. Edmunds for the property. I hide nothing from you, my dear fellow, because I am assured that you will scrupulously honor my confidence.'

"I examined the deed and the check. 'And now, Mr. Ellerbach,' I said, 'may I ask you again who is this Merry Edmunds?'

"'Mr. Edmunds,' he said, 'is a well-known ranchman of Utah. I do really think that he told me he came from Tooele County; but I would not be absolutely positive as to that for fear that I should mislead you. He informed me that he bought this fine house on Madison Avenue, intending to make it his residence. I gathered that he had done extremely well in the West, raising sheep or goats or what not, and had decided to remove to New York. He was a tall and suave individual, with a decidedly drooping mustache and a wide-awake hat.'

"'And where is he now?'

"'Ah!' sighed Ellerbach, leaning back in his chair and spreading his long hands

"'You don't know where he is? How did you get in touch with him in the first place?'

"'He got in touch with me, my dear Quackenbush. The fact that I do a bit of operating is not entirely unknown. Some acquaintance of mine undoubtedly sent him to me.'

"'But you investigated him before paying him ninety-five thousand dollars?'

"'You are asking me if I satisfied myself of his identity, I dare say. I did. The question of identity, my dear Quackenbush, is as no one knows better than you one which can be decided only by a preponderance of evidence; it rarely admits of absolute proof. Mr. Edmunds had various letters and documents of a character which would incline a careful bank to honor his check; and he had also the deed to the property. After signing the contract with him, and before taking title, I advertised as widely as I could the fact that I had bought the property, hoping to make a resale. I was aware at the time that such advertising would also prove if Mr. Edmunds was an impostor. I was only casually concerned with it in that aspect. I had no reason to doubt the good faith of Mr. Edmunds.'

"'Have you got the deed by which the property was transferred to Mr. Edmunds?'

"'I am sorry to say that I have not,' he said regretfully. 'You are aware, Mr. Quackenbush, that a purchaser is entitled as a matter of law to receive the muniments of title, including his grantor's deed. But you are also thoroughly aware that it is no longer the custom in New York City to demand the former deed. The purchaser rests content with the record, is it not so?'

"'Do you know anything of Pincus Hochheimer, who sold the property to Edmunds? Or of Benjamin Franklin Ross, who sold to Hochheimer?'

"'I am sorry,' said Ellerbach, shrugging his shoulders in a confession of ignorance.

"I seemed to have run out my string here. 'Tooele County, Utah,' I said, writing it down.

"'That,' said Ellerbach warningly, 'is my best memory, my dear fellow. I will admit, most cordially, that my memory is not what it once was. You will not rely to the last extremity upon the correctness of what I have told you—except in the matter of my good faith, of course.'

"'You may be assured that I shall not absolutely rely on what you have told me, Mr. Ellerbach,' I said, and we parted. He ushered me again to the door, and held it ajar so that I might watch my step in the dark hall.

"The information I had got from him was as full as I could reasonably have expected These operators deal constantly with strangers, and cannot be expected to have more than a sketchy knowledge of them. Indeed, it is only by a rare accident that anyone buying property in a large city is previously acquainted with the seller. Such transactions are made upon the basis of all honest business—good faith. But it was precisely that element which was missing in Simeon Ellerbach. I looked about for Mr. Hochheimer and Mr. Ross—the mesne owners between Merry Edmunds and Miss Vanorken.

"These gentlemen were elusive. I had their former addresses—our law requires that the address of a grantee be stated in the deed—but these addresses were those of hotels. The hotel registers showed that the gentlemen had been there at one time, but had long since departed; the hotel clerks had naturally no memory of them. During their tenure of the mansion on Madison Avenue they had paid the taxes; but there was no lead for me in that. They did not appear in the city directories; thousands of residents do not. If they were dead, they had left no estates. Their names did not appear in the records of wills and intestacies in the surrogate's office. They had been neither disorderly nor litigious; I found their names neither in the police department nor in the judgment docket in the county clerk's. In fine, I quested all about, seeking word of them at all crossroads and places of registry, but I did not find them, either one.

"It was almost as difficult to trace Miss Vanorken, although she was of an old New York family. But for years before she sold the house she had taken no part in the city's life; she had been traveling about, living in hotels, touring abroad, living almost never for any space of time in her Madison Avenue residence. Under such circumstances, it is as easy for a descendant of the Knickerbockers to drop from sight as for another. You have had occasion, perhaps, to seek out an old friend whom you have not seen for some years; you do not doubt that you will find him readily. You go to his apartment, to his club, to his place of business; he is gone. You may never find him. Perhaps he has retired from business and is living with the greatest ostentation in some suburb; perhaps he has merely tired of keeping house and is living in a hotel around the corner. But he is lost to you; he has slipped out of his accustomed way, and you do not know how to seek him in the maze of the city. It may be said of any one of us that his fame or notoriety is a hallucination bred in him by his traveling in a fixed orbit. If we can envisage such an absurdity, it would be revealing to any of us to halt in a crowded street and avow himself the victim of amnesia, and demand of the multitude to be told his name or occupation."

This bizarre notion seemed to entertain Quackenbush. He is, as I have said, of insignificant appearance, and is naturally envious of men of memorable presence.

"You found no trace of Miss Vanorken, then?" I interjected, seeking to brisk up his narrative.

"I did, of course," he said rather tartly. "I do not fail eventually, Cavanaugh. I may say, in passing, that I had interviewed the several notaries who had taken the acknowledgments of the deeds, but could not arouse their memories, not having the original deeds to exhibit. A notary is supposed to know the person whose acknowledgment he takes; but he, too, in practice, must content himself with inconclusive evidence of identity. But I had found the name Vanorken in several documents on file in the surrogate's, and my search along the several lines opened by these documents led me in time to the Haven Trust Company of Wall Street; and there I was told that one Barent Vanorken might be found in all probability at the College Club, which is on Park Avenue in the sixties. I went there, and was told to call again between seven and nine in the evening. Barent Vanorken was well known at the club, but the secretary disclaimed knowing his home address.

"The College Club is one of our very exclusive organizations. Graduation from a university of standing is a prerequisite to membership; but neither scholarship nor wealth nor a joinder of the two suffices to admit an aspirant; one must have been born. The club is wealthy; it has been the object of many benefactions, and is supported almost entirely by the income from such bequests. Membership in it is eagerly sought; among other advantages, it is no financial burden. You will have seen the clubhouse. I went there at half past seven in the evening, was duly interviewed by the three gentlemen in livery who stand about in the Caen stone vestibule, and was then admitted on suspicion and permitted to seat myself in a carved and knobby chair beside an imported mantelpiece in a reception room. I recognized several of the members. They did not recognize me, although they paused in passing the threshold and surveyed me politely over the tops of their gold-rimmed glasses. So, peering mildly, I recognized old Monckton Everard, the banker; and William Cavendish, who is a past president of our bar association; and Cadwalader Benckman, of the great Benckman Foundation. The College Club is not a rah-rah organization, or one in which Youth would be likely to meet Pleasure. In the long ago, the club was instituted by a group of riotous college boys; but today, for some reason or other, the atmosphere of the place is not riotous, although the same group of youngsters is still in undisputed control.

"Mr. Barent Vanorken was a tall and pompous gentleman some fifty-five years of age. I recognized the type; he was one of the leisured class, an idler. He was undoubtedly of considerable means, perhaps of great wealth, none of which he had earned. But he was a man accustomed to authority, used to deference, secure in his strategic position. If a brainy nobody wished to build a fine apartment house on a certain corner, to shelter a hundred families and to give employment incidentally to a thousand workers, his first task was to see this Barent Vanorken and persuade him to lift his hand from the site; he had to instruct this slow-witted owner, to cajole him, to fire his dull imagination. Other nobodies had come humbly to this Barent Vanorken and pleaded with him to advance them capital to further their well-studied ventures; they had humored his whims, watched the light in his eyes, laughed heartily at his feeble jests. They had come to him in their best clothes, and had studied to look prosperous and successful. He had no one to placate, no one's scrutiny to appease; he could wear a baggy old suit and well-broken shoes and not tremble for his unsecured notes. I was familiar with the type, men of inherited wealth who drift into shabbiness when they have definitely resigned the vanity of youth.

"Mr. Barent Vanorken's erstwhile handsome black broadcloth was unashamedly shiny along the seams, and his heavily soled shoes showed obediently the diversified contours of his feet. For the rest of his apparel, he might have accepted suggestions from the several portraits of ex-governors which adorned the walls of the reception room. His shirt front was as hard-boiled as any of theirs, his cravat was as stringy and his linen collar as comfortably rolling. His big face, I might add, was also clean-shaven, his large gray eyes slightly glaring, his hair stood straight up from his ears and was divided against itself by six inches of baldness. The three gentlemen on the walls looked as though they were resenting an accusation. Obviously, an injustice had threatened them, and they were aroused to withstand it. Their screwed-up expression, one might charitably have supposed, was an effect of art, a cunning evocation of nobility from three possibly easy-going good fellows; but here was their fellow member as resolute, as rebellious, as resentful as they. He entered and glared at me without speaking.

"'I am an attorney, Mr. Vanorken,' I said, when he had nodded curtly in answer to my first query. "'I represent the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company. Our client, Mr. Jacob Brower, has instructed us to proceed ——'

"I had drawn this abstract from my brief case. Now he put out his hand, demanding it. 'Give it to me,' he said in a repressed tone, 'and go out quietly.'

"I handed him the abstract. He weighed it in his hand as if surprised by its bulk, glanced at it, frowned puzzledly. 'Eh, what is this? I understood you to say you were a lawyer, Mr.—Mr. ——'

"'Quackenbush,' I supplied.

"'Then you do not represent that rascally Humpel? But certainly not. What am I thinking of? Excuse me, won't you, Mr. Krackenberg? I do sometimes get things confoundedly mixed, but now I am sure that I understand you. No, I really would not care to take out any further insurance, although it is very kind of you to give me the opportunity. That was all you wished to see me about, was it not? Thank you for calling. Good evening—good evening.'

"'If you will let me have a moment,' I said. 'I am from the Metropolitan Title Insurance Company. We are examining title to a property on Madison Avenue which formerly belonged to Miss Eulalie Vanorken. I should like to ask you a few questions concerning the transfer of that property. Miss Vanorken is your cousin, is she not?'

"'Ah, now I understand you,' he said, sitting down. 'So you are a lawyer. Indeed! I supposed you were one of these contemptible little snipes of process servers. No offense intended, sir. Appearances, as you know, are confoundedly deceiving. The mistake is mine, sir. And how is dear Miss Vanorken? Have you seen her lately? Come, you must tell me all about her. She sent you to me no doubt. It was highly thoughtful of her. I did expect that she would remember me finally. Ah, now I understand how it is that you are a lawyer! She wishes to make some legal arrangement, eh? Not another word, Mr. Grabenheim. Leave the papers with me and I will look them over. Eh—was there something else?'

"'If I may explain,' I said. 'I do not know Miss Vanorken. She did not send me to you. I ——'

"'Eh?' he ejaculated indignantly. 'Then what is your idea, sir, in coming here and raising such an infernal row? I do not care to be pestered to death by insurance agents in the precincts of my own club. Oh, this is too much of a good thing! No, no, no, no! Do not persist, sir. I have listened to you quietly now for some time, and I say I shall have nothing to do with your proposition; nothing—nothing!'

"He turned aside in his chair, pouted his lips and frowned at the wall. As he did not flee from me or proceed to have me thrown out, I hurriedly poured my story into his ear. He sat with stony face for several minutes, but the meaning of my reiterated statements finally penetrated.

"'Now, Mr. Pequod,' he said, turning upon me a countenance flooded with good will and helpfulness, 'why could you not have said all that in the first place? Why confuse the matter with a mass of legal verbiage? I have always noticed that lawyers are incapable of a plain and straightforward statement. They are under an extraordinary delusion that they understand business, when they have not an inkling of it—an inkling of it! I am myself a plain business man; a man of few words and those carefully chosen, and I am naturally inclined to lose patience with people who indulge in round-about talking. Round-about—roundabout—repeating the same thing over and over and over, and wandering away from their subject to talk about life insurance and settlements and people they know nothing about.'

"I had, as you may imagine, contracted a sudden but intense dislike for Mr. Barent Vanorken. But I bowed meekly.

(Continued on Page 125)

Look around at other people's window shades

by Helen Richmond

IN the last few months I've asked hundreds of women for their personal opinion about window shades—what kind of shades they buy—what colors they prefer—and other similar questions.

Do you know what surprised me most?

When I inquired how their shades were wearing, most of them hesitated a moment—some looked actually guilty—and then replied—"Why, all right—I guess—to tell the truth, I haven't noticed lately."

And they were astonished to find how many of their shades showed pin-holes, how many were cracking and some were raveling on the edges. Yet these women were splendid housekeepers. When they purchase other articles I'm sure they know how to get full value for their money.

But everyone knows that it is hard to judge shade cloth material. Even the most experienced buyers of interior decorations admit that it takes an expert to tell the difference between a really good grade of cloth and an inferior one. So I was delighted when told in the big stores that no woman would ever worry if she knew how carefully materials were inspected, and how everything possible was done to make *Columbia* window shades in each grade a little better than she expects them to be.

This is just what the women of the Consumers' League have been working for, all these years, in goods of every kind. It is inspiring to know that five great factories making *Columbia* window shades care just as much about the cloth which goes into a 75 cent shade as they do about cloth for a $3.00 shade. As long as they do all this worrying about quality, we, who have no way of judging the cloth in the store, never need to feel uneasy.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

Here is what great decorators advise

GREAT decorators tell us we can have glorious tone effects in every room even in day time by choosing subtle colors for our window shades.

"What wonderful afternoon light you have in this room!" a visitor will exclaim. "I don't know when I've seen anything so lovely. Everything in the room seems to be mellowed and in harmony."

"Yes," the decorator replies, "it is simply outdoor light, the same that you have. But here it is toned with window shades of lovely, translucent tint." To prove it she rolls the shades all the way up and shows beyond doubt that *the source of tone in any room is the source of light—the window.*

Watch how every little decorative object in the room grows hard as the shades go up and expose these beautiful things to the glare of outside light.

As if by magic all this hardness melts in the light diffused through the softly colored window shades. Over the whole room comes the charm and repose of toned light which no amount of other decoration can produce.

"BEAUTIFUL WINDOWS" is the title of a new illustrated book by Elsie Sloan Barley, who has decorated some of America's best known homes. It contains dozens of helps for you in making the most of your own windows in securing beautiful tones in your rooms by the proper use of window shades. Send 10c for a copy to *Columbia* Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

You can recognize The Columbia Roller even in the dark, by the way it responds to your touch. Sturdy, silent service typifies each one of the dependable, long-lived rollers. Replace your cranky, tired-out rollers with Columbia Rollers and have them used on your new shades, too.

GUARANTEED

Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

Announcing the New

WILLYS-KNIGHT *Sedans*

A NEW DISTINCTION! An even greater beauty, with longer lines. Added comfort and convenience. An astonishing degree of inside quiet! These are the outstanding attributes of the new Willys-Knight 5- and 7-passenger sedans.

The bodies are made by Wilson, the pioneer among fine body builders. Backward from the radiator the lines sweep longer, freer, lower. They impart a grace and distinction that instantly arouse your admiration.

A metal sunshade effectually reduces glare. The lower windshield swings for ventilation. A windshield wiper is standard. The instrument board is newly grouped in greater symmetry.

All door windows lower easily, by crank type window regulators, *to a point beneath the lower sills*, on which one's arm may rest in comfort.

The steering wheel is raised for greater ease in entering and driving. Interior finish is Baker Fastex Velour —the best. Seats and backs are well pitched, deeply cushioned, with Marshall type springs.

These are refinements in motor cars already famous for beauty, comfort, sturdiness, and for their wonderful Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine which improves with use. A great satisfaction, economy and pride will come to you in the ownership of a new Willys-Knight sedan.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

5-pass. Sedan $1795; 7-pass. Sedan $1995; 5-pass. Touring $1235; 7-pass. Touring $1435; 5-pass. Country Club $1635; 5-pass. Coupe-Sedan $1595; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice

IT is a significant tribute to Auto-Lite quality that, when competition became more keen and the inspection of parts and materials grew more rigid, Auto-Lite maintained its wide margin of leadership.

This is shown by the fact that the cars having the largest percentage of increase in sales for the first half of 1923 —which was the record production period in the industry —were either totally or partially Auto-Lite equipped. This is a repetition of the record made by Auto-Lite for the same period in 1922.

Such remarkable showing is possible only because millions of car owners all over the world accept Auto-Lite as the standard for excellence and dependability.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

Offices and Works: Toledo, Ohio

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

(Continued from Page 120)

"'Now that you have finally divulged the purpose of your visit,' he said, 'I shall be very glad, indeed, to assist you so far as lies in my power. Let me tell you then that I know nothing whatever about Miss Vanorken.'

"'But—pardon me—she is your cousin, is she not?'

"'Yes,' he said, after a moment's reflection.

"'You must—pardon me—you must have heard of her recently?'

"'Not a word. You see, my dear Mr.—ah, yes—Quackenbush—my dear Mr. Quackenbush, the branches of the family are entirely distinct, and I am not closely related to her, while I am, indeed, her only living relative. I shall explain this to you in a moment. I dare say that this is exactly what you came to discover, although you do not seem to get around to saying so. I believe I have explained this matter to a representative of your company before. It is what is called the family history, is it not?'

"He produced a clump of papers from his breast pocket, fumbled them, picked them from the floor, sorted them, and finally found a sheet of blank paper. There was a pile of the club's stationery on a writing desk beside us, but I did not hazard calling this material to his notice. He accepted my mute tender of a pencil and proceeded to draw me the family tree of the Vanorkens. He spent the better part of an hour on his discourse, enlivening it with various pointless anecdotes of Vanorkens dead and gone, at each of which I laughed hard or expressed due commiseration. It had probably never occurred to him that he could encounter a person to whom the Vanorken family was not of absorbing interest.

"'Now you understand everything,' he said at last. 'Here, take this diagram with you; you may need it to refresh your recollection of something that I have told you. Do not apologize for taking up so much of my time; it was a pleasure, I assure you.'

"'It was very handsome of you, Mr. Vanorken,' I said determinedly, 'but I must ask you for one detail more. I came here, as I said some time ago, to learn what I might of the conveyance of that Madison Avenue house by Eulalie Vanorken to Benjamin Franklin Ross in the year 1914. This other matter with which you have favored me is of the greatest value, but ——'

"'I have an idea,' he said brightly. 'Why don't you go and see Miss Vanorken and ask her?'

"'Do you know where she lives?' I asked feebly. I had asked him that very question several times.

"'I can give you her last address, and will with pleasure,' he said. 'If I have failed to answer as fully as you wish the many other questions you have asked me, I must plead the pressure of business cares which have narrowed my social activities. I am in the importing business, handling the more important and essential food products of every land and of every clime. I tell you it is one infernal drill from dark to dark, as the saying goes, and I have more than once discussed with my associates a project to quit it. I would, indeed, if I did not feel bound in honor to my associates not to abandon them. They have offered several times to waive their claims upon me and to release me, but I have not felt that I would be justified in forsaking them. Pardon? The address—exactly! Here it is. Can you make it out? Something-or-other Madison Avenue, isn't it?'

"'But this is the address of Miss Vanorken's former residence, the very property we are talking about.'

"'Ah, so it is! But then it's an old address; I dare say I have had that card for years. It won't help you?'

"I left him. But first he accompanied me to the vestibule, and detained me there, turning a deaf ear to my pleas, and sending two of the liveried men hunting up and down the street for my car. I had no car. He was an exasperating old gentleman and a very well-meaning one. He had talked to me for two hours, and had told me nothing.

"And yet I was driven to seek him out again, going, you may believe, with reluctance. But my other lines of investigation had petered out; I could find none of the three mesne owners between Eulalie Vanorken and Simeon Ellerbach. The record title, you understand, was unimpeachable. Jacob Brower was pressing the company to certify to him the ownership of the property. The certificate, guaranteeing ownership in Simeon Ellerbach, had been prepared and was being held for my report. The company could not very well refuse to assume the ordinary risks of its business; it could not refuse to insure the record without colorable excuse. The solicitor was growing impatient. He could not understand—nor could I—why I did not at least find Eulalie Vanorken. I determined to beard Barent Vanorken again, and to have something out of him or to harry him into an open quarrel. He was almost as mysterious an individual as the others, materializing at the College Club during two hours of the evening, and then vanishing into the unknown.

"I looked up the paper upon which he had so painstakingly delineated his table of descent from that Barent Conrad Vanorken who had come hither on the Golden Hart in the year 1628. I saw now that the paper was a blank invoice; on its reverse side was the name of an importing firm in Little West Twelfth Street near Ninth Avenue. I remembered his having said something about being connected with the importing of foodstuffs, and I went to this address. The place I had sought out was a small Italian grocery, evidently one of the consignees and distributors of the great firm with which Barent Vanorken was associated. Over the lintel of the shop was the name Savarese & Di Giuli. There were various legends in chipped white lettering on the windows—olio d'oliva and the like. In the shop behind the sidewalk display of fresh vegetables in baskets, I saw open tubs of black olives and endless ropes of garlic and laboriously erected pyramids of cans and heaps of twisted bread loaves. I entered this fragrant and colorful shop, passing between two great bunches of bananas and edging by crates of purplish raspberries and of crimson currants, and picked my way to the counter. I waited there amid the jostling customers, watching them making their small purchases, until a large and handsome Latin in a splashed apron rested his large stomach on the other edge of the counter and drooped winningly toward me.

"'Vanorken?' he repeated. 'You mean the bookkeeper.' He turned away at once and drooped toward an old woman in a faded shawl and told her the raspberries were fresh, and leaned over and popped one into his mouth as proof that even he could not resist them. I looked about me and saw a high stool and a bookkeeper's desk inside a wire cage. Sitting on the stool and bending over the desk was Barent Vanorken. When I had approached him, he looked up at me, and for an instant I saw worriment in his gray eyes, and weariness; but the expression was fleeting, and he was again his pompous and domineering self.

"'I remember you very well, indeed,' he said, arising slowly and extending his hand with condescension. 'You called upon me at the club, did you not? Pardon me, won't you, until I have disposed of my affair here, and then I shall be quite at your service.'

"He closed the daybook upon which he had been working, lifted it, pouted his lips with an effect of judicial deliberation, and then slapped the book down into a corner of the desk. He went through the same form with two other large books, slapping each of them down loudly. He gathered the loose slips on the desk and speared them onto a paper holder with a single sweeping gesture; then he compressed his lips, nodded satisfiedly and stepped out of his cage.

"'Let us go outside,' he said. 'It is too stuffy and smelly in this place.'

"We walked outside. The Latin in the splashed apron, who had been watching Barent Vanorken with obvious displeasure, hurried after us and shouted, gesticulating behind us in the doorway. 'Hey, fellow!' he shouted. 'You come back here! 'S'matter you, hey? Hey, you, Vanorken!'

"'He seems to be calling you,' I said.

"'He's a very impertinent fellow, that Savarese,' said Vanorken, narrowing his eyes bleakly at the shopkeeper. 'He can be very annoying at times. I have more than half a mind to send him and his silly shop to the devil. I agreed to take care of the chap's books for him, as he said he wasn't up to the work himself and couldn't even read his own mail when the letters were in Spanish or French. A man of the most meager attainments, I do assure you; and amazingly stubborn and wrong-headed when offered a word of advice. Well, he'll mend his manners, or we shall part company, I can tell him that. I've had two weeks of him, and I'm beginning to lose patience. It would be another matter if I were a person unfamiliar with business and in any need of direction. Ha! There is not

FIRST AMERICAN MANUFACTURE

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for MEN

IN appearance, in service and in satisfaction, Knapp-Felt headwear has commanded the appreciation of three generations of American men.

The greatest advance in hat manufacture during that time is the Cavanagh Edge Process, a method of manufacture by which the style is permanently felted into the hat by hand in hot water.

The result is the distinctive character that can be produced only by artistic handwork and which cannot be imitated successfully by machine methods. Knapp-Felt hats made by the Cavanagh Edge Process afford the utmost satisfaction to men of discrimination—those for whom the best is none too good. $8 to $50 each. Other Knapp-Felt hats as low as $6.

Knapp-Felt hats are sold by the best dealers everywhere. *Write for* THE HATMAN.

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When a golfer buys tires –
A million American golfers, who prefer Dunlop golf Balls, are finding that same fine quality in the tires made by Dunlop in the greatest of all Dunlop plants at Buffalo U·S·A·
DUNLOP
Built on honor to honor its Builders

in the city, I venture to say, a man of wider business experience than I. I have employed my time in the grocery business, wholesale and retail, green and dry; in the jewelry trade; in the lace industry; in the export shoe trade. I've had a whack at selling motor cars, suburban lots, dental supplies, and all in the space of two years! This was my first dash at accountancy, but I should have made a go of it smartly enough if only that bounder would mind his pickles and prunes and stop kicking up rows over the books. Eh—what was that?'

"'I suggest that we have a bite to eat while we are talking.'

"'Not half bad,' he accepted readily. 'Here, now, is a bit of a place that might serve us something or other, don't you think? It is not up to much, and that's a positive fact. I am not familiar with the eating houses about here; I generally go over to Broadway when I am feeling peckish; but I can try this for once if it suits your ideas.'

"With an air of reckless adventure, he led me into a cheap and dirty table-d'hôte of a Bohemian complexion. The proprietor, who was managing a toothpick behind his cigar case, nodded familiarly to Vanorken as to an old customer, and received in return a chilling stare. We seated ourselves at a table on which were spread five soiled tablecloths. The waiter came, spread a sixth cloth on top of the five, shifted the dingy cruets of condiments onto it, and went for the soup which began the thirty-cent table-d'hôte.

"'By the way, Mr. Gropperman,' said Vanorken, frowning at the cruets, 'I do not see any necessity for mentioning at the club that we had this very pleasant encounter today, do you? Precisely! It is known to my friends that I dabble in business—oh, it is by no means a secret—but I do not seek to thrust my affairs upon them. You understand, I am sure? Exactly!'

"He cleared his throat several times, and each growling exhalation through his nose served to raise his head a little more, until the final rumble brought him bolt upright. He glanced at me rather furtively, and then his stare hardened into composure.

"'You told me you were some sort of a lawyer, did you not?' he asked, tilting his head quite back and looking at me disparagingly under his eyeglasses. 'I do seem to recall that you told me you were some sort of a lawyer.'

"'I am an attorney, Mr. Vanorken.'

"'Ah! Then perhaps you lay claim to some inkling of the law. Tell me this, Mr.—Quackenbush—yes, Quackenbush—tell me this, Mr. Quackenbush: If a person disappears and is not heard from for a period of nine or ten years, can she be said to be dead? Eh?'

"'An unexplained absence for that period might raise a legal presumption of death, Mr. Vanorken.'

"'Correct, Mr. Quackenbush,' he said, bowing gratulatingly. 'You are quite correct there. I have been told the same thing by several lawyers of standing—of standing, mind you! They have said the same.'

"'May I ask if you are speaking of Miss Vanorken, your cousin?'

"'I am indeed. It is now nine or ten years since I have had word of my cousin—nine, to be precise. I have had no information of her since she sold her residence in the year 1914. I may say now that I knew that she sold her town house; an attorney whom I consulted recently discovered that for me. But I knew long ago that she was thinking of selling the property. I knew that she was pressed for funds. It is a delicate matter to discuss, but I may inform you that Miss Vanorken had been in financial difficulties for some years before 1914. That was precisely the reason why she did not reside in her town house, she being unable to afford an adequate establishment. She had lost a great deal of money in unwise investments. I do not know how this came about, as I counseled her many times to use care and to sell her stocks before they fell in value. But she was a woman who was very set in her opinions. So you say that she is dead?'

"'You haven't heard from her in nine years?'

"'Not a word. She never failed to send me a card upon my birthday—well, hardly ever, and then not for more than two or three years—but I have not had anything from her of late. But I have been worrying about her of late and wondering if there was not something strange in her nine years of silence. She left a will, you know, making me her heir; and there is a sum of seven thousand dollars lying to her credit in the Midtown Trust.'

"'Why don't you move to have her declared dead and proceed to take over that seven thousand?'

"'Ah, that is where you are wrong. That is where you are not familiar with the law, Mr. Quackenbush. Well, you are a young man yet, and you will learn. The other attorneys told me that I could not have the seven thousand dollars. See, here is a copy of her will. Read it, and you will find out your mistake.'

"Out of the clump of disordered papers in his pocket he fished a sheet of legal cap and passed it to me with a superior smile. It was a copy of the will of Eulalie Vanorken."

Quackenbush had reached a yellow slip in Abstract 884370.

"There is the usual prefatory statement," he said, "and then follows the will proper, consisting of two paragraphs."

So soon after my death as may be, and after my just debts and funeral expenses have been paid, I direct my executor hereinafter named to pay over to Letty Drummond, who is now my maid and companion, the sum of ten thousand dollars. The payment of said sum shall be a first charge upon my estate; provided, however, that if said Letty Drummond do not survive me the bequest herein intended to be made shall fail and the said sum shall fall into my residuary estate.

All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, whether real or personal, and wheresoever situated, I give, devise and bequeath to the Midtown Trust Company of New York, with power of sale at public or private vendue, in trust, however, to collect and accumulate the same and to pay over the rents and profits thereof to my cousin Barent Vanorken, of the City of New York. As my said cousin is a person wholly unacquainted with business usage and is unfitted to be intrusted with any considerable sum of money, I direct that the principal of this trust fund shall be paid to him in no event whatsoever.

"'You see?' said Vanorken, drawing the paper quickly from me. 'There is the catch. She tells them to pay ten thousand dollars to Letty Drummond, and to give me what is left. But there would be nothing left. She left only this seven thousand dollars, and Letty Drummond would get it all.'

"'But she must have received a considerable sum on the sale of her house.'

"'She was a woman with a great capacity for money, a most remarkable capacity. Any sum, no matter how great, simply ran through her fingers; I have no doubt that she lost the proceeds from the sale very smartly. Her attorneys here in this city knew nothing about the sale; she had not consulted them or me. If she were not dead, she would not let this money lie idle in the Midtown Trust. So you are quite positive that it would not benefit me to try to have her declared dead. I think so too; but I am glad to have your opinion—for what it is worth.'

"'On the contrary, Mr. Vanorken,' I said, 'I should advise you to offer the will for probate. Letty Drummond is dead too, so that the bequest to her is voided; she died before Miss Vanorken. She died in 1913, at Center Village, Long Island. The legacy to her fell into the residuary estate by the terms of that will.'

"'You think so, eh?' he said sharply.

"'I am sure of it.' And I told him what I had learned of the death of Letty Drummond.

"'Now that you speak of it,' he said, 'I remember that a gentleman called on me about that time and questioned me about this Letty Drummond. I told him that the woman was my cousin's secretary and companion. He told me that he would advise me of what he learned, but he went away and never came back. This gentleman's name was –a moment, now—it began with a B—Bates? Billings? Very like Billings. It was—it was Hallberg! Yes, that was it; it was Hallberg.'

"'It wasn't Ellerbach, was it?' I asked interestedly.

"'Sir,' said Vanorken, looking at me again from under his glasses, 'I never forget a name. Never! The gentleman's name was Hallberg.'

"I bowed and murmured apologetically, but I had still no doubt but that his caller was Simeon Ellerbach. This, then, was how Ellerbach had learned of the death of Letty Drummond.

"'You assure me that you can recover for me this money lying in the Midtown Trust?' said Vanorken, who had perceptibly brightened. 'Well, it is only a trifle, but I dare say I can find some use for it.

Continued on Page 129

When in Doubt--Go to Headquarters

If you ever think your teeth require more than to be kept clean, then you are in doubt. Consult someone who knows—your dentist or physician. For only an expert can diagnose, and only an expert can prescribe.

To *clean* safely—use Dr. Lyon's.
To *cure*—go to a good dentist.

Don't take any chances with possible harmful ingredients. Dr. Lyon's is safe—unmedicated, no grit, nothing that can possibly harm you. Use it twice a day to keep your teeth clean and sound and to sweeten your breath.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc., 530 W. 27th St., New York—Canadian Distributors: LYMANS, LIMITED, Montreal

THE San-Tox Scientific Tooth Brush is a real achievement in design. It is exceptionally well made. Yet it is only one of scores of San-Tox requisites for toilet or hygiene; and its unusual merit is no more than an honest index of the high average quality of all. It will pay you well to remember a name that means so much good about so many things of daily use. So—look for the San-Tox Drug Store; for the Nurse's face; for the blue-and-white San-Tox package.

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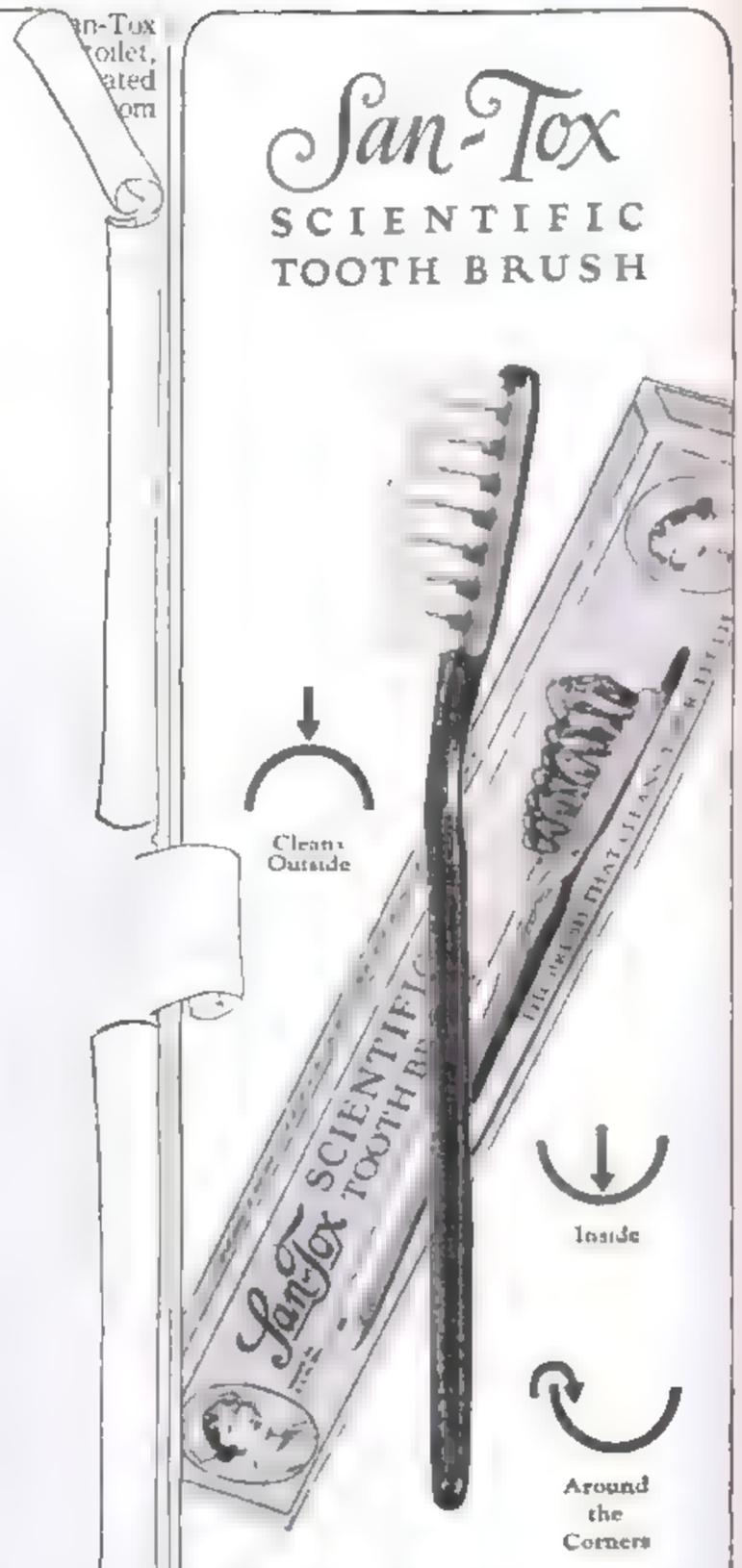

Cleans outside, inside, and around the corners

Any brush—straight, concave, or convex—will clean the fronts of the teeth.

But only a brush of the right shape, *with an out-curve to fit the in-curve of the jaw*, will efficiently clean the backs of the teeth.

And only a brush with a projecting end-tuft will clean the back teeth efficiently.

Sum up these requirements and you have the San-Tox Scientific Tooth Brush—the brush that cleans *outside, inside, and around the corners*.

Here is a brush that easily reaches the difficult places which the clumsy common brush forces you to neglect. Its small size and correct design, its very *feel* and *hang*, are an aid and encouragement to the thorough brushing that keeps teeth sound and beautiful.

Its vigorous bristles are set in thick pointed tufts—sturdy individual brushes which firmly penetrate *between* the teeth. The wide spacing between tufts keeps the brush clean and dry. Buy a San-Tox Scientific Tooth Brush. You will find it distinctly better than any brush you have ever used. Your San-Tox druggist will show you this efficient brush.

(Continued from Page 126)

I will not conceal from you that the money will be acceptable to me. The bulk of my investments are nonproductive at present, and have been so for several years. I have two hundred thousand shares of the Catamount Oil Syndicate which should yield me an income of at least one hundred thousand dollars a year when the promoters are at liberty to develop their properties. They are at present in the Atlanta Penitentiary through some misunderstanding of the Post Office Department; but I have been told that they must shortly be released, as the confinement is prejudicing their health and interfering with their business activities. I have other investments of equal value and promise; but I have been straitened for ready cash for some time. It has been my guiding principle to allow no cash to lie idle, but to seek investment for it. Indeed, it has been only through my rather exceptional business ability, and my willingness to accept any honorable and dignified employment, that I have kept in funds to meet my bare living expenses. Then you advise me to have this will probated?'

"'I suggest that you consult the Midtown Trust Company about it, referring them to me for any information they wish as to Letty Drummond.'

"'I shall do that, sir,' he said. 'I shall proceed to do that without delay. Waiter, let me have the check. A moment, Mr. Quackenbush.'

"He rose and went to the cigar counter, and postured dignifiedly between me and the proprietor, and affected to look about him with politely masked curiosity and disdain; but I was quite sure that I saw the proprietor punching a meal ticket in a matter-of-fact way.

"I had again learned nothing from Barent Vanorken. The circumstances attending the transfers of the Madison Avenue house were deeper in mystery than ever. Eulalie Vanorken also had vanished into the unknown, joining Messrs. Benjamin Franklin Ross, Pincus Hochheimer and Merry Edmunds. There remained only Mr. Simeon Ellerbach, who held by a flawless record title, and who exhibited a duly authenticated deed and a canceled check for ninety-five thousand dollars. I traced that check. It had been deposited in a local bank to the order of Merry Edmunds on or about its date, and had been thereafter checked out in cash. The history of the title was decidedly fishy. I urged that insurance be refused and the burden of establishing the bona fides of these conveyances be thrown back upon Simeon Ellerbach. Such a refusal would not, of course, invalidate Ellerbach's title. We are a private corporation, and our say-so does not make a title good or bad. He would find insurance elsewhere, or succeed in doing without it. The solicitor hesitated. We have built up a big business—one of the biggest of its kind in New York—through our known willingness to accept business risks. Perhaps he thought I was losing my grip. In any event, he took the matter up with Jacob Brower, with a view to formulating such an exception in the policy as should afford us some protection without clouding the title.

"The matter rested in this unsatisfactory state for several weeks. My reputation was decidedly blown upon; I had not failed the company theretofore. And then the curtain which shielded the facts from me was suddenly twitched aside. A lady called to see me here. She was a middle-aged woman, tall and thin and faded, with a repressed manner. You have seen that same manner in witnesses on the stand who know not from what direction attack may come and who are resigned to meeting it but doubtful of their ability to withstand it. It is the guilty look, so-called; it is worn by persons who are unjustly accused of crime, as well as by criminals who doubt that they have guarded all avenues of approach to their secret. It evidences merely self-distrust. This guarded and suspectful lady was standing in the doorway there when I first became aware of her. I invited her in.

"'I was sent here by the Midtown Trust Company,' she said grudgingly. After watching to note the effect of this piece of information on me, she opened a black handbag and drew out a folded newspaper. She flattened this out on the desk, darting covert glances at me the while, and put a long finger on an account of the proceeding to prove the will of Eulalie Vanorken. The proceeding had had news value. The disappearance of Miss Vanorken was featured, together with a synopsis of the terms of her will. The heading, as I remember it, was 'Great Estate Seeks Claimant.'

"'I am familiar with the matter,' I said. 'Is there anything that I can tell you?'

"'You can tell me where I get the money,' she said. 'Where do I go to get that ten thousand dollars? I was up at the Midtown Trust Company, and they sent me down here. I am Letty Drummond.'

"You may say that I was startled. 'Why, Miss Drummond,' I said as casually as I could, 'it will be merely a question of establishing your identity after the will has been probated. I believe that the court still has it under advisement. You are known here in New York, no doubt?'

"'I have brothers and sisters,' she said. 'I haven't seen them in a long time, but I guess they will remember me fast enough. I heard that my father was dead.'

"'I am very glad that you called, Miss Drummond,' I said. 'You will excuse me a moment?' And I stepped outside and sent for the police."

Quackenbush had worked methodically to the last page of the abstract from File 884.370.

"And was she really the same Letty Drummond?" I asked.

"She was. She told later, under pressure, the circumstances under which she had impersonated Miss Vanorken. She was a woman of small intelligence, though her crime would seem to have called for much artfulness. I believe that most criminals are subnormal; they are pushed into their deeds by favoring coincidences of circumstances, and are then given undeserved credit for cleverness. Letty Drummond's case is in point. She and Miss Vanorken had arrived at this summer hotel just before dinner. Shortly after dinner Miss Vanorken had grown ill. Letty Drummond had left her in the room and had gone out to find a drug store. She had walked along the beach to Malvey's Landing, had bought some medicine or other, and had returned to the hotel. There the highly agitated proprietor had addressed her as Miss Vanorken and had informed her that her supposed maid was very ill. She had hurried to the room and, during the hour before Miss Vanorken died, had had ample time to reflect upon her state. Miss Vanorken owed her many months' salary, which, she supposed reasonably, would not be paid her promptly, if at all. If she did not correct the mistake as to her identity she would succeed at once to a few hundred dollars in money and to some jewelry and personal effects—some two or three thousand dollars in total value. She had yielded to the temptation, had stepped into the identity of Miss Vanorken and had disappeared with the loot on the first opportunity. It was not a crime that would be contemplated by a person of ordinary human sympathies or by a person of any particular good sense or imagination."

"But then—these deeds ——"

"Exactly. If Miss Vanorken died at Center Village in the summer of 1913, she surely did not execute the deed to Benjamin Franklin Ross in June, 1914. The chain of title between Miss Vanorken and Simeon Ellerbach was completely dissipated. The mesne deeds had been forged. There was no such person as Benjamin Franklin Ross or Pincus Hochheimer or, I am convinced, Merry Edmunds. We laid the matter before the district attorney, who presented it to the grand jury. Mr. Ellerbach waived immunity and went before the grand jury and posed as the unhappy victim of a sharper named Merry Edmunds. He showed that he had paid this Merry Edmunds ninety-five thousand dollars. The grand jury finally indicted this picturesque ranchman and a hue and cry was started to unearth him. Naturally, it came to nothing.

"I have no doubt that all these deeds were forged by Simeon Ellerbach himself, and that he recorded them. The clerks in the Hall of Records knew him well; but how should they recall what instruments had been presented by him for record, out of the hundreds that are presented every day? He took an unexceptionable attitude, accepting the loss of that ninety-five thousand dollars—which he had undoubtedly only paid out to himself under an assumed name—and concerning himself with hounding the district attorney's office to have Letty Drummond punished to the utmost limit of the law. He evaded punishment, but it was a great satisfaction to us that his long-matured scheme to strip the Vanorken estate came to nothing in the end, except to get him into hot water."

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Study the furnishings of your living room—table, chairs, rugs, pictures, drapes—and then turn to the shades at the windows. Do they hang straight and graceful, in pleasing color harmony with their surroundings?

Or are they limp, filled with little cracks and pinholes, unsightly from the discoloring action of sun and rain?

Interior designers agree that no single element will more quickly enrich or mar the beauty of a well appointed room than the window shades.

At very small cost you can give a new and permanent charm to your windows, and to a whole room, with shades of beautiful and durable Brenlin.

Made of flexible, finely woven fabric that is much like linen, Brenlin is finished and colored by hand. The many soft, rich Brenlin colors remain unfaded by the sun, unspotted by the rain, and bring a perfect color harmony to every room.

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Know the pleasure of having your windows perfectly dressed—with Brenlin. Look for the name Brenlin, perforated or embossed on the edge of every shade. If you do not know where to get it, write us; we'll see that you are supplied. Write also for a free copy of our instructive booklet, "How to Shade and Decorate your Windows," with which will come samples of Brenlin in several colors.

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HAND MADE **Brenlin**
the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

"You think that he learned of the death of Miss Vanorken through his talk with your friend the clubman?"

"His wakeful suspicions were aroused, and he put the first deed on record to test his theory. He nursed the matter for nine years, until he was convinced that his trail was covered, and then he took title in his own name to gather in the harvest."

Quackenbush had come to the last page of the abstract.

"Here is a deed," he said, "from the Midtown Trust Company, as trustee under the last will and testament of Eulalie Vanorken, conveying to Jacob Brower that residence on Madison Avenue. The consideration, as you see, is one hundred and forty thousand dollars; and that sum now constitutes the principal of the trust fund for the use and benefit of Barent Vanorken. You may see the old gentleman almost any morning sitting before a blackboard in some bucket shop, sucking a long black cigar and contemplating with balked appetite the quotations of wildcat securities. You may see him on any fine afternoon stalking along Fifth Avenue, accepting admiring and deferential glances without thanks. In the evening he assumes the somber magnificence of full dress, and then he frequents the auditorium of the opera; his friends usually have tickets going to waste. He initiates a leisurely spell of coughing when the tenor is reaching for a high note; he taps his chest, groans, rumbles protractedly in his throat, and then comes up glaring."

The Poets' Corner

Tramp's Lyric

OH, I HAVE wandered up-along,
And I have traveled far,
And I have heard a-much of song
Where many singers are;
And I have gathered flowers
By valley and by hill,
And bright the golden hours
That I have lived to fill.

There be blossoms by the meadows,
There be blossoms that are rare,
There be ferns in quiet shadows
Where the dripping waters are:
And I have wandered up-along,
And I have traveled wide—
And this is just a bit o' song
A-drifting on a tide.

I found a little city
In a verdant valley bed,
With blossoms sweet and pretty
To make a tramp a bed:
But I, I be a tramping man,
All up and down-along—
A stamping, champing sort o' man
With just a bit o' song.

There be blossoms by the meadows,
There be blossoms that are rare,
There be ferns in quiet shadows
Where the dripping waters are:
But I have wandered up-along,
Ashore and on the main—
And this is just a bit o' song
Ere I go on again.

There never was a meadow,
There never was a hill,
There never was a shadow
With content enough to fill,
There never was contenting
The feet of feckless men—
Of rest I am relenting
And so move on again.

Oh, I shall wander up-along,
And I shall travel far,
And I shall hear a-much of song
Where many singers are;
I go to gather flowers
By valley and by hill—
Ah, bright the golden hours
That I shall live to fill.

—*Bill Adams.*

The Forsaken Church

OH, LITTLE church I used to know,
So many, many years ago,
They've left you standing all alone,
A tired little heap of stone.
But ivy clothes you tenderly,
And sparrows twitter happily,
As though they know that your old arms
Will shelter them from earthly harms.

It hardly seems that you can be
The little church so dear to me.
You used to hold your head so high
It seemed your steeple touched the sky!
I used to think when I was small
That only God could be so tall.
I used to dream that some gold day
The words the preacher used to say

Would make the angels up above
Peep down to see us all, whose love
For Heaven and our Father, too,
Must surely reach the sky's deep blue.
And then I kind of used to hope
They'd use your steeple for a rope
To let themselves all safely down
To bless the streets of our old town.

There's never been a time, it seems,
When I have known such happy dreams
As those you used to whisper low
To my child heart, so long ago.
Life now is filled with many things,
But to one dream my heart still clings;
For, oh, I pray when it is time,
God will recall you, church of mine,

And take you safe to Heaven, where
Those who love you wait you there;
And on some shady Heaven street
In Sunday angel clothes they'll meet,
And wait until, at half past ten,
You'll open wide your doors again,
Forgiving those who now alone
Leave you, a tired heap of stone!

—*Mabel Cleland.*

When Autumn Comes—a Prayer

WHEN autumn creeps across my life, I pray that I may be
As vivid as a scarlet branch upon a maple tree.
I pray that I may stand erect, a torch against the sky,
A challenge to each chilling wind that seeks to hurry by.
I pray that I may glow with joy, despite the fact that age
Is turning, with a wrinkled hand, my closely written page.

When autumn sways across my world, I pray that I may meet
Its progress with a flashing song of gladness—not defeat!
I pray that I may flame with hope, when other souls are brown,
And that, still tinted with delight, I softly settle down
Upon a carpet laid for me by all the waiting earth—
I pray that, like a maple branch, I meet the end with mirth!

When autumn fastens on the land and snow is in the air,
I pray that I may understand—and that I may not care.
And that, though evergreens file past, in their own youthful way,
The red and gold that fill my heart may be supremely gay.
I pray that I may fling aloft my music and my smile,
Although the gleam of me shall last for such a little while!

When autumn creeps across my life, I pray that I may face
The future like a maple branch, with courage and with grace.
I pray that I may be a torch against the heavy sky,
Though leaves, from all the sleeping wood, are swiftly blowing by.
I pray that I may blush for joy—I pray that I may be
As vivid as a scarlet branch upon a maple tree!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

BRITISH CONSERVATISM IN INDIA

(Continued from Page 17)

burden of responsibility borne by the United States in a sovereign capacity.

Did I say any of these things to Mr. Montagu? Very likely I did. Shortly after the ceremonious introductions to him and to the viceroy, the company sat down to luncheon. Whereupon, almost immediately he turned to me and said, "I understand you know a good deal about the Philippines."

I answered that such knowledge as I could claim was due to a long residence in the islands during the administrations of Governor-General James F. Smith and Governor-General Forbes, and I then added that I had revisited Manila in June, that year, and had been very much interested in the changes I was able to observe.

"But," said he, "your people have never made much of anything out of your sovereignty in the Philippines except a kind of sentimental political issue, have they?"

I was not any too pleased with this question, but I recognized at once that, however little Mr. Montagu might know about American activity in the islands, he was not altogether ignorant with regard to the past history of the American-Philippine connection. I repeated the names of the two governors I had mentioned and told him that one of them was a Democrat and the other a Republican. I said that up to the end of the régime of Governor Forbes there had been five American governors in the Philippines and that two of them had been Democrats serving under Republican Administrations. Then I went on to explain that as a partisan political issue the Philippine question had never caught on in the United States, and that it probably never had influenced the results of an election by so much as a dozen votes. Also, that though it was howled about and made the most of during every campaign, in the actual insular administration for fifteen years partisan politics had played no part whatever. He seemed to be quite astonished to learn that this was true, and commented on the fact that the public in England could never be induced to take an interest in India. Then he said:

"But it may interest you to know that the American-Philippine policy, whatever it is, is influencing the situation in India very decidedly. As you know, the viceroy and I have just finished a tour all over the country. We have received deputations and delegations and petitions innumerable, and have talked the matter up and down and inside out with every person who had anything to offer in the way of suggestions or information; and I assure you that, in effect, what the educated Indians are saying to us today is that what the United States has done in the Philippine Islands we must do in India.

"They seem to know all about it, and to have kept in the closest kind of touch with Philippine matters. Would you mind telling me just what the United States has done and what the results are of the policy you have pursued?"

Mr. Montagu's Question

You may wonder how I happen to be able to quote Mr. Montagu so definitely after nearly six years. Very simple. I have this much of what he said in an old notebook which still abides with me in my dispatch case, and I wish now that I had gone on and set down a sketch at least of all he said, because in asking me questions he was making comparisons all the time and treating me to a considerable sum of most valuable enlightenment. But I must have been called away at the moment to something of more importance to me than making notes on a subject with which I was not immediately concerned.

In any case, his big question was a good deal of an order, was it not? I did the best I could with it. We talked on through luncheon and after luncheon resumed the conversation on the veranda. Except in a general way, I have no recollection of what either of us said; but I do remember telling him that I thought it would be a good idea for him to get a complete record of the legislation passed by the new Filipino legislative bodies, affecting revenue and expenditure and certain of the governmental services that had developed so splendidly under American direction; particularly the services of health, education and the administration of justice. He said he would do this; but whether he ever did I do not know, though I do know that in framing his bill of reforms for India he was careful to surrender to the Indians only such powers as they could misuse without immediately fatal consequences to the stability of the old governmental institution.

And that was when and where I began to be deeply interested in the problem of India. Also, that was when and where I began to make the almost inevitable comparison between that problem and the problem we have to deal with in our so-called insular possessions, or insular so-called possessions.

It is platitudinous to say that Great Britain did not conquer India in the ordinary sense; yet Britons frequently refer to their conquest of India, and when they do they mean conquest by the sword. I have read somewhere, and have made an unacknowledged note of the observation, that "the expansion of the British Empire in India was like inflowing water filling the bed of a lake." But this inflow was like nothing that history in any other instance ever recorded. It was not the inflow of a conquering people displacing the conquered. It was the inflow of a colossal prestige overwhelming outworn institutions and submerging a medieval despotism. It is to be remembered that altruism and international philanthropy are the outcome of rather modern processes of thought; and that neither of them has played any large part in the expansion of the British Empire is not to be regarded as particularly shameful or remarkable.

The British Raj

It cannot be denied that the British have been great world benefactors; but their best and blindest friends could hardly claim for them that they have been world benefactors at their own expense. Sufficient unto the times, however, must be the social ethics thereof. A young army officer in Simla said to me one day:

"They accuse us of having only a selfish interest in India and of making India pay for everything we do. Well, why shouldn't India pay? We ought to be paid a jolly sight better than we are for what we have to do. Do you think we like being stuck out here in their rotten old service, giving up our homes and our families and living like a lot of bloomin' interlopers in a country that never was meant for a white man to live in, anyhow, yet that we can't get out of without leaving it in chaos? Paid for it! I should say we did want to be paid for it! What do they think we are? A nation of pious old octogenarian jellyfish? Not likely! Of course, India has to pay! But I'd a jolly sight rather be at home playing cricket in a cricket climate and living the way an Englishman ought to live!"

He was only sputtering, you understand, and thinking in terms solely of his own pay check and its inadequacy in the original land of polo and other expensive pastimes. He had no conception whatever of the broader economic considerations upon which the general judgment against England in India is based. Moreover, he was being very insincere. The average Englishman in India loves his life in India with an all-absorbing love. It has its drawbacks, but it would be only with reluctance and a kind of aching regret that he would exchange it for a better life somewhere else. He loves the sense of power and prideful dominance that he is able to realize. He is morally and spiritually intoxicated. He is just one round whom millions rotate in dizzying subservience. The Englishman in India loves the very feel of that something with which the whole atmosphere of the country is charged and which is known as the British raj. It is impossible, in talking with interested Englishmen, to think of England as losing her preëminence in India. Yet historical epochs can be only about so long, it seems, and changes do occur.

Mr. Gandhi is convinced that if the people of India would only cease to make British rule a paying proposition they could obtain swaraj—which, in the varied language of India, means some form of political

(Continued on Page 134)

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"The Stutz Six is beautiful, runs smooth as a boat, extravagantly upholstered, economical in gasoline consumption, has all the speed needed and attracts universal attention. I am proud to be the owner of this car."
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"I did not purchase the Stutz Six until I had made an exhaustive study of all cars that might be considered in its class. After this study I purchased the Stutz Six because I was convinced that it was the best value on the market today. It far exceeds my expectations. It is certainly built right."
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"Every mile that we have driven our Stutz Six has been a mile of pleasure. It is a very responsive car, picks up quickly in traffic and has power which takes the hills without shifting gears."
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"I bought a Stutz Six because of my belief that I was getting more for my money than with any other car that I know of; secondly, because of its great ease of operation and flexibility; and thirdly, because it is economical both in oil and gasoline as well as in repairs."
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"Want to congratulate you on the wonderful qualities of my Stutz Six Sedan. Am averaging 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. The riding qualities are as comfortable as any car I have ever had. I have never had to shift gears except in starting on any road in the states I have been in. I have made as high as 70 miles an hour and less than 5 in traffic. I have driven many cars in the past 15 years but am better suited with my present Stutz than any car I have owned."
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"I am very much pleased with my new car. As it is the third Stutz that I have owned, I know how satisfactory it is going to be. As a car for city use I cannot recommend it too highly."
HAROLD C. KEITH, Pres.
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"My new Stutz Six has proved very satisfactory and is all that I expected it to be." O. C. DOERING
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"It is a pleasure for me to write you in regard to my Stutz Six. Indeed, I have great confidence in your new product. It is a pleasure for me to drive and I will be more than glad to recommend it."
H. F. MANN, Hotel Sinton

CLEVELAND, O.
"My Stutz roadster is very satisfactory. Have driven it 5000 miles and would not trade it for any car I know. The touring car purchased for my son is a wonder. We have been driving cars for 19 years, have driven high grade cars of several makes, but expect to tie to the Stutz in the future."
T. B. VAN DORN, Pres.
The Van Dorn Iron Works Company

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"I have thoroughly tested out the Stutz Six and am highly pleased with it. I would have no hesitancy in recommending this car to any of my friends." J. F. FORD

COLUMBUS, O.
"The Stutz Six takes the hills beautifully. Am getting around 15 miles to the gallon of gas and from appearances it doesn't use oil! I like its performance better than any car I have had since 1919 and that includes a $5000 car and two ——'s (priced several hundred dollars higher than the Stutz)."
ALMINA H. CONVERSE

CUYAHOGA FALLS, O.
"The Stutz Six has everything one could ask of a car and I like it better every day I operate it."
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The Eclat Rubber Co.

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"I am well pleased with the Stutz Six. It handles easy and is the best 'puller' that I ever drove. It is a very easy riding car. It has more speed than I will ever use. It is a well built car."
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"The performance of the Stutz Six is beyond any question of doubt the most satisfactory of any car I have ever driven. It has worlds of power, it is easy to handle and rides as comfortably as any car on four wheels." JACK PAYMENT
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"I have owned and operated a number of standard makes of cars—all splendid machines—but for comfort, flexibility of engine, perfect control in difficult situations, endurance, ease of operating, and economy in gas mileage, the Stutz Six is far superior for an all-around car to any machine of my experience or observation." ALFRED M. HUBBARD

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"Words cannot express my satisfaction with my Stutz Six. Am more than pleased with it. Only sorry I could not have had one long ago. Nobody can explain what a Stutz Six is. They have to drive one to find out. It is a wonder."
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183 E. Boulevard, Morgan Park

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"Have driven my Stutz about 1800 miles. It is a *bear* on hills, easily handled, easy riding, takes the rough roads to a queen's taste, gets fifteen miles to a gallon of gasoline and is a *bulldog* for strength and endurance." D. P. RISSER
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"My new Stutz has proven entirely satisfactory. This is my sixth Stutz car, my first being a 1916 model."
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"The Stutz Six surpasses all our expectations. It is a wonderful car in every respect. With the lightest touch on the accelerator she fairly flies. Would not trade our Stutz Six for any other car we have ever owned. Get more than 15 miles per gallon of gas."
MRS. MADELEINE H. MOYER

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J.
"I am very well pleased with my Stutz Six Sedan. The motor never fails to respond. It is economical on fuel—about 15 miles to the gallon. The car has less vibration than any car I have had."
EDWARD J. O'HARA
100 North Broadway

HAMMOND, IND.
"I want to assure you that I am very well pleased with my Stutz and hope that it continues to perform in the way that it has to date." W. R. BEATTY
Beatty Machine & Mfg. Co.

HARRISON, N. Y.
"The oiling system is as fine as can be installed in any car. As to hill-climbing the Stutz Six has no equal. Its powerful motor makes speed changing unnecessary. The body cannot be improved on. The Sedan is most comfortable for touring." JOHN F. LANGE

HOQUIAM, WASH.
"The Stutz Six Sedan attracted me on account of its compact body and its ability to hold the road under adverse conditions. Have owned and driven a number of other makes of cars but I like the Stutz Six the best of all. I make about 16 miles to the gallon over country roads. Considering the weight of the car and the power of the engine think this is remarkable." R. W. CRAIG, 311 Eighth St.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
"I wish to go on record as a highly pleased Stutz owner, having lately purchased a Stutz Six Sedan, it being the twelfth car I have owned. To me it has all the qualities of a perfect motor car—correct size body, comfortable, easy riding, a wonderful motor of surprising flexibility, and with reserve power in abundance. Never before have I been so well pleased with any purchase."
F. E. GATES, Gates Manufacturing Co.

JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.
"I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you how pleased we are with our Stutz Six Sedan. Our expectations have been more than realized. Get more than 15 miles to the gallon in spite of heavy loads and long hills. The ease with which the car can be handled in traffic and the general ability and stylish appearance should make it a big seller."
F. W. VORCK

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
"There can be no question as to the individuality and efficiency of a motor that handles a car with so much ease as the Stutz Six. The pickup, quick getaway, speed and ease with which this motor dominates the road, places the car in a class out of the ordinary. I have been able to get better than 15 miles to the gallon maintaining 40 miles an hour."
EDWARD E. DUFFIE, 20 W. Third St.

KALAMAZOO, MICH.
"I am very greatly impressed with the performance of my Stutz Six Roadster. It operates so easily in every way—responds so quickly to the slightest touch—it is certainly a thoroughbred."
MRS. WINIFRED KNIGHT
132 E. South St.

LANCASTER, PA.
"I can't say enough for Stutz cars. Have had four previous models and have driven 200,000 miles with perfect satisfaction. Once a Stutz owner, always a Stutz owner!" S. SPANGLER, Hotel Swan

LOUISVILLE, KY.
"We want to express our appreciation of a real motor car—the Stutz Six. It has more power, speed and comfort than any car I have ever driven. We looked over a number of cars, most of them higher priced than the Stutz, and we liked the Stutz Six better than any of them."
C. S. RADFORD, Kentucky Parfay Co.

MANSFIELD, O.
"I have never driven a car that has the power, pep and getaway that my Stutz Six has. To say that I am pleased is putting it mildly. I am getting about 16 miles on the gallon and no addition of oil except after draining the crankcase—which I have never experienced with any other car I have had."
W. G. SCHWAN, The Schwan Studio

METAMORA, ILL.
"The Stutz Six Sedan I purchased is giving excellent satisfaction. It has the pep."
I. C. SNYDER

MORRISTOWN, TENN.
"All the worry I have with my Stutz is to see that it has gas and oil and the car takes care of the rest. I am very much pleased with my new Stutz. Count me as a Stutz booster."
F. M. LANG, 1022 W. Main St.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
"The Stutz Six is a real car and I like it better every day. It is so easy to handle that my wife likes it as well. I have owned several cars but none to compete with the Stutz Six. I think it the best car for the price."
W. H. KING, 4311 Nevada Ave.

NEWARK, N. J.
"We are perfectly satisfied with our Stutz and can highly recommend the car."
F. F. SPIEGEL, 596 Ridge St.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.
"My Stutz is very attractive, complete in every particular, and has all that is desired in an automobile. It has attracted marked attention and has been very highly praised."
RICHARD HACKETT
N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.
"The Stutz Six Sedan I recently purchased is the fifth Stutz I have owned. As a seagoing man would say, 'It's as handy as a pocket in a shirt.'"
W. McMILAN
Senior Capt. of Pilots, Boston Harbor

NEW YORK, N. Y.
"The Stutz Six Sedan delivered to me has from day to day become more and more a pet. It rides like a rocking chair both in the front and rear seats. The motor is amazingly flexible for one which has such a wealth of power."
H. W. SCHAEFER
H. W. Schaefer Co., 25 Broadway

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
"The Stutz Six Sedan has proven very satisfactory. We have given up the —— (car selling for over $3000) for the Stutz and Mrs. Royer, who also drives, and myself, are certainly gratified with the wonderful performance of the Stutz Six."
E. H. ROYER,
Pres. Vance Realty Co.
1112 Chestnut St.

PIPER CITY, ILL.
"Am more than well pleased with my new Stutz Six. There is no hill too steep or no mud too deep for the Stutz to go through. Nothing can make the Stutz Six back up. I am satisfied."
K. B. HAWTHORN

PITTSBURGH, PA.
"The Stutz Six is very easily handled—the ease of shifting gears is very marked. The riding qualities, too, are pleasing, and as for power, the way the car gets over the hills is a delight."
JOHN M. RONEY
Vanadium Metals Company

PORTLAND, ORE.
"Have owned a number of cars the past 18 years, but have never owned one or ridden in one that surpassed the Stutz Six for all-around motor car ability."
FRANK E. WATKINS, 252 Stark St.

PORT NORRIS, N. J.
"My Stutz Six is all that I could expect of a car. The car's performance is in every way remarkable. I have always heard the Stutz spoken of as a good car and the Stutz Company as a reliable concern."
DAVID ROBBINS, Sr.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.
"Have just returned from a 1275-mile trip to Canada in my new Stutz Six Sedan. I averaged 18 miles per gallon and one gallon of oil was more than needed. Took every hill on high, including the famous Lebanon Hill between Pittsfield and Albany, going over top of this hill at 35 miles per hour."
H. L. FINKLE, 95 Fountain St.

RAPIDAN, VA.
"Gasoline consumption averages about 17 or 18 miles. I am highly pleased with the new Stutz Six Sedan."
R. M. BRADY, Horseshoe Farm

RED WING, MINN.
"We are more than pleased with the performance of our Stutz Six. Plenty of speed, power and easy riding. I have owned and driven four other makes of cars, so should be a fairly good judge."
PAUL EAMES

THE CAR THAT MADE STUTZ GOOD IN A DAY

The Sign of the Genuine

SEATTLE, WASH.
"As to the performance of my Stutz Six would say, very good. Comparatively, it has more power than any other car within $700 of the same price. The word 'Stutz' has always meant power and speed. All other things being equal, a purchaser of a motor car wants this to be included. The power feature alone is what finally closed the deal. There are two disadvantages that most closed cars have not overcome and that is most of them are top-heavy and do not have the extra power that is required for the extra load. These have been overcome in your Stutz Six Sedan."
C. V. GRAY
Gray Lumber & Shingle Co.

SLATERSVILLE, R. I.
"Am very much pleased with the Stutz Six Sedan which I recently purchased."
EDGAR F. HAMLIN, M. D.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.
"The Stutz Six is a thoroughbred. Easiest riding car my wife ever rode in. Is steady, hugs the road—ordinary roads it makes a boulevard. It is built like a battleship. I can't find a weak spot in it. Clutch very smooth; engine quiet; just as silent at top speed as at 35 miles an hour. No vibration."
CHARLES R. HOLMES
265 Beacon Street

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.
"The riding qualities of my Stutz Six are superb and the gas consumption averages about 18 miles per gallon. The pickup and hill climbing ability are so superior to my fondest hopes that I find the car to be the best I have ever driven."
DR. DON DEAL, Deal Clinic

SPRINGFIELD, O.
"Having just completed a 2300-mile trip to the White Mountains and Eastern Coast I feel that I am in position to give you facts concerning the Stutz Six. The car made 70 miles per hour with no vibration. The pickup is such that it is not difficult to drive through the most congested traffic, dodging in and out with perfect ease. It was no strain to run 350 to 400 miles per day. Oil consumption practically nothing."
A. B. DAVIS

ST. LOUIS, MO.
"The Stutz Six has wonderful pickup. It ranks with the highest class automobiles of today and the refined and artistic finish throughout places it in first rank."
W. M. REIMANN, Vice-President
South Side Trust Co.

ST. PAUL, MINN.
"Up to the present time I am thoroughly satisfied with my Stutz Six. The car is operating beautifully."
ROY A. BALSEY, 315 Capitol Bldg.

TACOMA, WASH.
"Have been using Stutz cars since 1916—all of which have given satisfaction. I am more than pleased with the service. I certainly never experienced such service before."
W. F. SHEARD

TOLEDO, O.
"I made a test on gas—filled the tank up, drove to Detroit, Mich., around the city traffic and came back to Toledo. The speedometer showed 159 miles and found I had used 9 gallons of gas when I filled the tank again. Average 17.6 miles per gallon, and there were four full-grown people in the car. We are well pleased."
DALE H. DURBIN, 2410 Erie St.

TUNNELTON, W. VA.
"I am more than pleased with my Stutz Six. My family think it great. I have people stop me in nearby towns to look the car over and express the belief that it is a fine car."
W. H. PENTONY

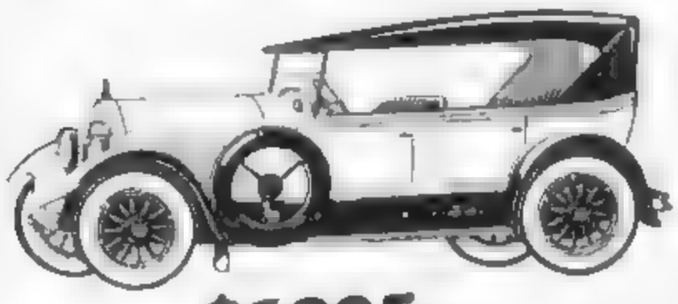
WASHINGTON, D. C.
"I am glad I had the opportunity of purchasing another Stutz car, as the former Stutz which I had gave exceedingly good satisfaction, and I was always much pleased with it. The new car is a Stutz Six Sedan."
E. A. DIETRICH, Pres.
J. B. Mosby & Co.

WHEELING, W. VA.
"I am covering from 18 to 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline. The performance of the Stutz Six and its ease of handling are all that I had expected and my anticipations of the speed, power and stamina have been fully met."
W. H. TRUSHEL, Jr.

WILLIAMSBURG, PA.
"—Delighted. Aside from its riding qualities, which give a delightful sensation of comfort, there is no six-cylinder car on the road today that can exceed it in either power or speed. It is very economical in gas and oil. Will climb steep grades with an ease I never experienced with any former car whether my own or in which I have ridden."
J. E. LANG

ZANESVILLE, O.
"I find my Stutz Six very easy to handle in all places. The gasoline mileage is very good."
MRS. PEARL H. RAILE
364 Congress Ave.

Dealers: The success of the Stutz Six is assured. Do not delay longer in investigating the Stutz franchise. Your territory may be unassigned. Write or wire!



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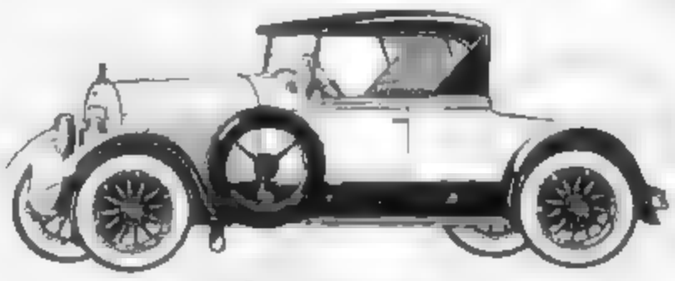

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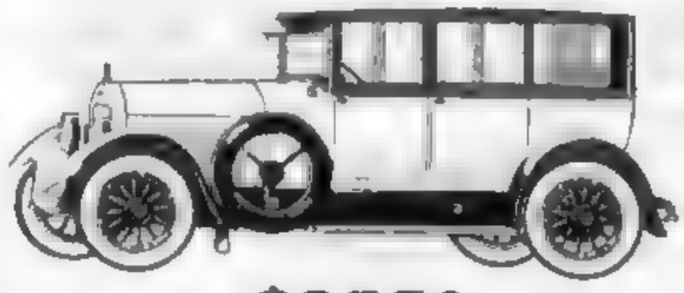

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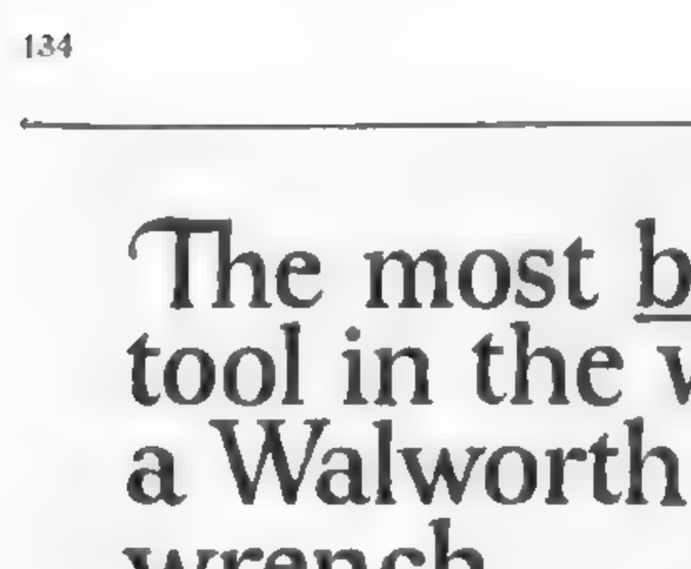
STUTZ SIX

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY *of* AMERICA, Inc., *Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.*
Builders of the Original and Genuine Stutz Motor Cars

The most borrowed tool in the world - is a Walworth Stillson wrench



"The only thing I've got against the Walworth Company is that a path has been worn deep into my tool shed by the neighbors coming in to borrow my Stillson wrenches."

—George L. Cady, Chesham, N. H.

WHEN there's anything to be fixed in a hurry a Walworth Stillson has a way all its own—a relentless grip that just naturally takes the gimp out of trouble. (And the neighbors soon find it out.)

For all-round usefulness—to loosen, hold or turn anything, any shape—a household Stillson is the handiest tool you can put in your tool-box.

* ■ ■

But nowadays there's less excuse for having to borrow one. Most good hardware stores now sell genuine Walworth Stillson wrenches in all sizes, from 6 to 48 inches.

That's where you'll be able to get another, after you've lent your own once too often.

TRADE MARK STILLSON REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE

If this Diamond Mark isn't on your wrench, Walworth quality isn't in it

WALWORTH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.
Chicago - Cleveland - Kewanee, Ill. - London - New York - Philadelphia - Portland, Ore. San Francisco - Seattle - Youngstown
Plants at Boston and Kewanee
WALWORTH INTERNATIONAL CO., NEW YORK, Foreign Representative

WALWORTH

Stillson Wrench

"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

A complete line of Valves, Fittings and Tools

23,000 items for Steam, Water, Gas, Oil and Air

(Continued from Page 131)

emancipation—in twenty-four hours, because he believes that once they ceased to be profitable the British would have no further interest in them and would flatly refuse to be burdened with any responsibility for their welfare. He refers to the historic incident of British repudiation of responsibility in Somaliland when Somaliland turned out to be not an asset but a liability, and humorously harks back to the old anecdote about the South African general who was asked by somebody one moonlit evening if he thought there could be gold on the moon, his answer being that he thought not, since the British had made no attempt to annex it.

From one angle of vision Mr. Gandhi's proposition seems to be perfectly sound; but one must reflect that the relationship which obtains between India and the British Empire as a whole is vastly more complicated than his simple suggestion of a method of breaking it would seem to indicate. The British, who, though being in a small minority in respect to numbers, are the soul and sinew of the British Empire, might dislike most decidedly to fight for the maintenance of an unprofitable supremacy in India; but the British, who are the soul and sinew of the British Empire, and who have the whole wide world for their checkerboard, would certainly fight for the empire's continuance; and it is not difficult to imagine the fearful upheaval that would result from such a necessity; it is not difficult to visualize the universal antagonisms that would be involved one way or another in such a conflict.

Heaven help us all if the British ever grow weary of sustaining the spirit by which they are chiefly inspired!

There is no peace anywhere, to be sure; but above all there is no peace in Asia. There are elements in Asia today brewing a hell brew that must explode into a general conflagration unless it be cooled in time by the breath of reasonable compromise. But where the spirit of reasonable compromise meets the spirit of unreasonable demand, what can you expect? I am crossing the Pacific Ocean just now for the twenty-first time in my life, and on the last voyage of a trip round the world. And on a trip round the world, quite briefly, what do you encounter in this day of vast enlightenment?

After passing across the troubled area of European hatreds, antagonisms and entanglements that are too complex to be fully revealed to any but the most astute minds—and there seem no longer to be any minds astute—you go down through the Mediterranean Sea with the Greco-Turkish-Palestinian-and-Balkan situations on one hand and with the Egyptian-plus-Islamic-and-North-African-in-general situations on the other, and you enter the Suez Canal.

Burma's Point of View

During the Great War—which may have to surrender its title to a subsequent event if we are not very careful—the Suez Canal was thought of by the Germans as the throat of the British Empire, and they did what they could, by operations down toward the Persian Gulf, by bribing neutrals, by submarines and raiders, and through their association with Turkey, to cut the throat of the British Empire. But the vigilance of the British Empire, though it cost thousands of lives and the maintenance of armies that had to serve in the vast outer shadows of the overshadowing unthinkableness of the main conflict, was never relaxed and the throat of the British Empire was never cut.

You go through this tremendous, still, white-hot, desert-bounded waterway; down through the Red Sea and across the Indian Ocean, that "sits and smiles, so soft, so bright, so bloomin' blue," according to Mr. Kipling, but that sits and stings so ripplelessly, so brazen and so bloomin' murderous in the experience of most persons, and you land eventually in the great and magnificent city of Bombay. Let us not pause in Bombay even for a moment. In Bombay you observe a sullen population being held in check by such repressive measures as are never employed in times of peace.

You go on into India, out into that vast subcontinent inhabited by 317,000,000 tiger cubs with their eyes just beginning to open. I offer you a passing glimpse of possibilities. In India you encounter a state of profound unrest and discontent, with the armed forces under British command constantly engaged in quelling disturbances here and there, or in suppressing outbreaks that threaten to develop into general upheavals and that have their genesis in a widespread and cleverly organized determination to thwart at every turn the purposes of reasonable compromise. You find native peoples fighting with native peoples and faiths clashing with faiths, and in that there is hope of respite; but it cannot be for long. You hear, above all, the clamorous demand that India be admitted to the empire on a basis of social and economic equality with every other unit in the empire. That is hopeless and unthinkable. You go all up and down this tremendous peninsula, lying seemingly prone in the repellent waters of tropical seas, and everywhere you find the same conditions; everywhere you find that no educated person ever thinks of anything except that which England must do for India.

Having saturated your very soul with discontent, you go on across the Bay of Bengal and land in Burma. Burma is a part of British India, but Burma has never adjusted herself to this relationship. In Burma you encounter a remarkably fine people, nearly 50 per cent modernly literate, maintaining as it is maintained nowhere else on earth the great religion of Buddha, and being in all but open revolt not only against a white overlordship but against India as well, even though India be free.

Burma wants to be restored to her time-honored status as an independent national entity; and above all things rich and prosperous Burma wants no longer to occupy the position of India's milch cow. The Burmese refer to India as "Great Britain's milch cow" and to their own country as "the milch cow of India," and they are determined at least to reduce the unequal tribute they are compelled, on account of their wealth, to pay to the government of India, and to spend their money on their own progress in their own way. They express themselves by various methods, but mostly by resort to petty irritations that keep the general atmosphere electric with resentment and that may be calculated eventually to develop the spirit of actual and unmanageable rebellion.

Foreign Communities

You go on down to Singapore and are there immediately made aware that friendliness no longer exists among the peoples who live and have their being in that important halfway house on the main highway of world commerce. The Japanese in the community are insolent as though by malice aforethought; the British are uneasy; while the great native and Indian majority in the population demonstrate in their every attitude their contempt for foreigners and a simmering discontent with the political and economic domination of foreigners. The imperial government decides to develop a strong naval base at Singapore, presumably for the benefit of Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific colonies; the figure agreed upon is £9,500,000, and there is a great deal of talk about preparedness of all kinds for certain possible emergencies. Young Englishmen in the offices of commerce, sweating their way through apprenticeships in tropical service, are not so interested in their jobs or so confident of their prospects as their seniors were in their young days; and one such assured me that there was rather general opinion in the British community that some sort of an upheaval was to be anticipated in the not very distant future.

You go on up the Chinese coast. In Hong-Kong you find that the Chinese have discovered themselves. They are in an overwhelming majority and may safely use against their British overlords the weapons of strike and boycott. Which means also, of course, that they may safely assume an attitude of indifference to British superiority. In other words, the British have lost face and the Chinese are no longer respectful.

You go on to Shanghai, that marvelous mart of international trade and strangest of all the cities of the earth, with its splendidly modern British section, its French section, its German section, its American section, its Russian section, its Italian section—each architecturally and socially its own individual national self, but all blending together in a continuity of most prosperous-seeming solidity, and providing a magnificent façade for a vast teeming Chinese city stretching away in long colorful avenues behind it; and in Shanghai you

(Continued on Page 137)

What "fresh from the factory" means – *proof* – FREE

UNLESS you have smoked Tuxedo recently—and from the tins with the "fresh from the factory" labels—you cannot know what this new method of packing and delivery to insure freshness means to your smoke. But now you can know—*at our expense.*

You know, as well as we do, that there's just one way—one only—to prove anything about smoking tobacco.

Smoke it!

So here is our offer of proof—*at our expense.*

Cut the coupon, or send a post card, today, with your name and address and we will send you, FREE, a miniature tin of Tuxedo "fresh from the factory". Smoke it—in your favorite pipe! But first clean it thoroughly. (And don't use a new pipe.) Then you'll find out what our new method of packing and delivering Tuxedo "fresh from the factory" does for your smoking comfort—to get tobacco to you with all its mild, mellow richness, and delicious flavor, kept in—as good as it is in the factory, newly mixed and blended.

Once learn what "fresh from the factory" means, and you'll never again smoke stale tobacco.

Freshness "makes"—as the lack of it "breaks"—every bit of the joy of your smoke.

So—to our method of packing Tuxedo in cool green tins, tightly sealed, to keep in all the rich flavor and goodness, we have added—*something entirely new.*

A system of delivery which enables dealers to get Tuxedo "fresh from the factory" in small quantities—as often as wanted.

And we pack these tins *in cartons, dated—to show the last day on which the tobacco in each carton can be sold.*

After this date, the dealer must get a new supply of Tuxedo "fresh from the factory."

The time stamp guarantees that whenever, wherever you buy Tuxedo, it is *always* "fresh from the factory"—as mild, as mellow, as rich and delicious as when first cut and blended.

But—take us at our word. Cut the coupon or send a post card today and you will receive a test outfit of Tuxedo, "fresh from the factory" with our compliments—FREE. This will be "proof of the pudding." Address

DEPT. 11, TUXEDO FACTORY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

For men "from Missouri" —*and elsewhere*

To FACTORY MANAGER: DEPT. 11,
TUXEDO TOBACCO FACTORY,
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

I'm "from Missouri." Please send the test outfit including a miniature tin of Tuxedo "fresh from the factory," —FREE—

Name _____

Address _____

VIRTUOLO

No dull evenings now

SHE plays to him. In whimsical, gay melodies she expresses her own joy of life. With Gypsy rhapsodies and Broadway syncopations she weaves a fantasy of rhythms—harmony of music brings harmony of souls.

Whoever is seated at the Virtuolo plays with natural expression. The lever-control of emphasis and tempo is supremely refined. The simplicity of the marvelous instrument, its absolute ease of operation, makes it the easiest to play in every way. It is supremely responsive to all moods. The tones are delightfully sympathetic.

Actually at your finger tips is the vast treasury of the world's finest piano music, both classic and popular. Glorious dance music, simple pieces for the children's hour or inspiring melodies for relaxation can be played at will. You play all music as it should be rendered—with the absorbing interest of a master pianist.

The Virtuolo is the center of the home; it holds the family circle together and gives each member a part to play in entertainment. It is marvelously simplified and so durable it will last a lifetime. The century of fine piano making by Hallet & Davis has attained this triumph in player-pianos.

The Virtuolo Player-Piano comes in three makes: in the incomparable Hallet & Davis at $750 and $685, in the Conway at $595 and $575, and in the Lexington at $495.

The same price everywhere.

Write, that we may send the *illustrated* booklet and may direct you to a nearby dealer where you can hear and play the Virtuolo.

Hallet & Davis
ESTABLISHED 1839
Piano Company
661 Boylston St. Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 134)

are told that if you want to see a little real trouble you should stop off and stay awhile. You find the men of the foreign communities banded together in companies of volunteer guards, under daily military drill, preparing themselves to resist a threatened raid of organized bandits upon their homes and treasuries. Their women are all frankly afraid and want to get the children away. And at the same time there is not a point in all China upon which you can place your index finger and say, "Here we have promise of a nucleus of stability in governmental organization."

You roll on across the unmannerly China Sea and come at last to Japan. You have brought with you to Japan, perhaps, a badly distorted lens of observation; but you cannot fail to realize that the horizon of Japan's future is aglow with a perfect aurora borealis of question marks. You meet an attitude of self-confident arrogance modified by an insistent inquiry as to Japanese rights of equality, in spheres both social and economic, among the great powers of the earth. You get in Japan a rapidly developing Anglophobia based on the supposition that Great Britain's naval expansion in the waters of Asia can be intended for nothing but an assurance to Japan that Great Britain intends to support the so-called anti-Japanese policies of the dominions, commonwealths and colonies of the empire. You get also a deep resentment against the United States on account of an alleged colossal injustice to Japanese on the Pacific Coast, while balanced against these grievances are sinister rumors of Japanese intrigue in distracted China which has for its object the further embarrassment of the Chinese interests of the other powers. At the same time apparently open and aboveboard negotiations are in progress with the soviet authorities of Russia looking to the establishment of a Russo-Japanese *modus vivendi* on lines mutually beneficial.

The Great War is over, but there is no peace. There are only quarrelsome attitudes, rancorous suspicions, racial antagonisms and a general and unreasoning distrust, making the world a most unhappy world in which to circulate.

British Justice

But to get back to India: The visit of Mr. Montagu was a culminating rather than an initiating event. It was the culmination of a campaign of Indian protest against British governmental methods that had been more or less actively carried on for nearly a century, and that had been definitely and widely organized for more than forty years. It received its great impulse and impetus in 1884, when, during the viceroyalty of Lord Ripon, the government permitted itself to be overwhelmed by local British hostility to a measure proposed for abolishing race distinctions in judicial procedures.

In effect, there has always been in India one law for Englishmen and another law for Indians, though the distinction may not have been defined in the statute books. I am not making this statement on my own original authority, but am merely repeating an often-repeated and very familiar accusation. No Englishman could be tried except before an all-British court, and the general result is declared to have been that an Indian could seldom obtain judgment against an Englishman, while in everything that had to do with litigation he has always suffered humiliating disadvantages.

I have not myself been able to reconcile Indian charges in this regard with the undeniable fact that the average Indian believes implicitly in the British sense of even-handed justice, and that today it seldom occurs that an Indian will consent to be tried before an Indian magistrate if he has a choice between an Indian and an Englishman; and usually—in connection with offenses of grave importance, at any rate—he is given a choice. In the recent trials of men implicated in the uprisings in the Punjab, during which a good many Englishmen were murdered or otherwise brutally dealt with, the accused Indians to a man demanded trial before a British judge; which surely may be thought of as an illuminating circumstance. The unreliability and venality of Indian witnesses, juries and judges are as clearly recognized by the Indian in jeopardy as by the Englishman in jeopardy, and each is definitely inclined to fight shy of Indian conceptions of legal procedure and to repose confidence in nothing but the cold British principles of jurisprudence. Yet the accusation stands that the British legal authorities, from the beginning of British control in India, have been guilty of partiality to the interests of their own countrymen brought before them for trial and judgment.

The proposal in 1883—it was defeated in 1884—to do away with all race discriminations before the courts met with a storm of opposition from the domiciled British that spent itself in an openly expressed race prejudice, that ground the souls of the educated and high-caste Indians as they had never before been ground, and that resulted in an ignominious surrender on the part of government and a compromise by which the principle of race discrimination was emphasized rather than softened.

Learning to Agitate

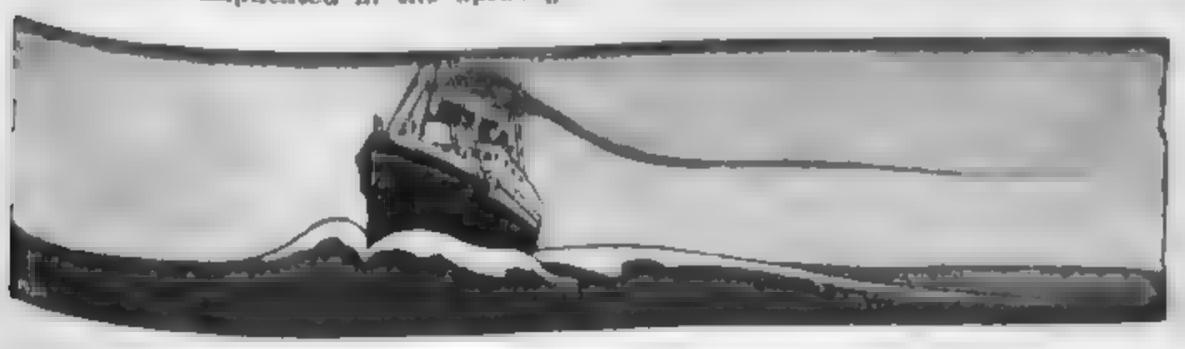
But, to quote Sir Valentine Chirol, than whom there is no better or more unbiased authority on the subject of India in all its phases, the fate of this measure "taught the Indians above all one practical lesson—the potency of agitation. If by agitation a viceroy enjoying the full confidence of the British Government, with a powerful Parliamentary majority behind it, could be compelled by the British community in India, largely consisting of public servants, to surrender a great principle of policy, then the only hope for Indians was to learn to agitate in their own interests and to create a political organization of their own in order both to educate public opinion in India and influence public opinion in England."

But though race antagonism is responsible for a very large part of the discontent in India, and is that element in the situation in which practically every Indian grievance has its origin, there are a good many definite issues that may be discussed without reference to such emotions as race antagonism engenders. Though, come to think of it, what I have in mind is also the outcome of the British assumption of Himalayan superiority.

From the beginning of their association with India in a ruling capacity the British have instituted every move forward that they have made in the extension of their authority with important promises to the people, but their actual performance inclines even the friendliest of inquiring strangers to conclude that these promises, all made on great occasions, were in their minds largely persiflage, to be thought of as incidental to the necessity for decorating the scene. The glow of red and the glitter of gold; flags and pennants; the shining pageant of Oriental pomp; the gleaming splendor of unbelievable jewels; rich raiment and rhetorical magnificence—these be all a part of imperial assemblage in India; but the rhetorical magnificence should not be taken too seriously.

When we went into the Philippine Islands and—even in the midst of a hot fight to overcome armed rebellion against American authority—promised the people that American authority should be withdrawn as soon as they had demonstrated their fitness—or fittedness rather—to assume responsibility for themselves, and to exercise in the interest of the general good the privileges of political independence, I thought we were doing something quite original. But not at all. Every principle we ever enunciated in our relationship with the Philippine Islands, save the principle of eventual complete surrender, had been enunciated in

(Continued on Page 139)



Quality toilet paper products

If It's Marked A. P. W., Buy It With Confidence

Day and night, great batteries of ponderous paper-making machines, such as we show in the illustration, drink in a steady stream of clean, ground wood pulp and pure water, and pass it over and between the long train of huge steel rollers. They transform it, in almost less time than it takes to tell it, into an endless, six-foot strip of tissue paper soft, yet wonderfully tough in texture—clean and pure as the wood and water from which it is made.

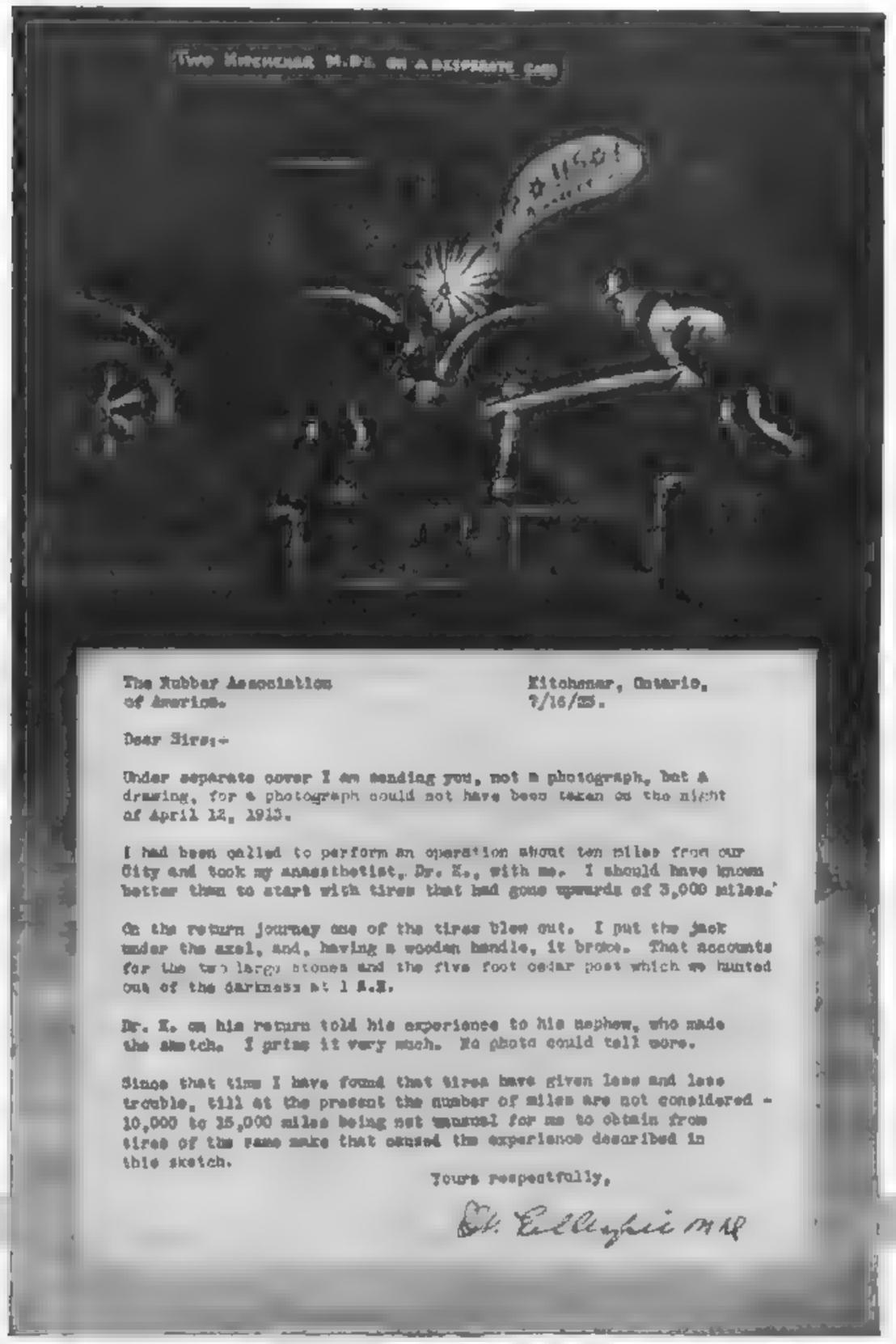
These brands of toilet paper, ranging from the big value 5 and 10¢ roll to the 2500-sheet, extra quality "Satin Tissue" roll, all bear the A. P. W. mark.

A. P. W. PAPER CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

For ten cents and wrapper from any A. P. W. roll, we will send, postpaid, beautiful doll, reproducing in three colors the original A. P. W. Doll character illustrated (on cloth, ready to be stuffed).

This man deserves the $500 Prize

But he can't win, because we said "photo." This is a drawing made over ten years ago to celebrate forever one memorable night. What a relic of the old days it is!


The Rubber Association of America.
Kitchener, Ontario, 7/16/23.
Dear Sirs:-
Under separate cover I am sending you, not a photograph, but a drawing, for a photograph could not have been taken on the night of April 12, 1913.
I had been called to perform an operation about ten miles from our City and took my anaesthetist, Dr. K., with me. I should have known better than to start with tires that had gone upwards of 3,000 miles.
On the return journey one of the tires blew out. I put the jack under the axel, and, having a wooden handle, it broke. That accounts for the two large stones and the five foot cedar post which we hunted out of the darkness at 1 A.M.
Dr. K. on his return told his experience to his nephew, who made the sketch. I prize it very much. No photo could tell more.
Since that time I have found that tires have given less and less trouble, till at the present the number of miles are not considered - 10,000 to 15,000 miles being not unusual for me to obtain from tires of the same make that caused the experience described in this sketch.
Yours respectfully,

The Photographic Experience Contest closed Sept 1st On Oct. 20th two Old Timers will receive $500 checks for the prize photos and stories that show what we all went through in the days of mileage guarantees.

"I should have known better"

"I should have known better than to start with tires that had gone upwards of 3000 miles." It's the theme that runs through all the scores of letters we have received in the Old Timers Prize Contest.

How about it, Old Timers? Does that ring true? Think back ten or fifteen years, when your car was a horseless carriage, and you were a gasoline crank, and you bought a promise instead of a tire.

Relics of the past—special gloves for changing tires—given away with every casing. Old timers will remember.

And the photographs sent us! Torn from old albums, rescued from dusty attics,—ancient prints that bear such weight of human woe that the tears start along with the laugh.

"We thought that 3500 miles was wonderful mileage for a tire," writes A.E.H., "and we used to point with pride to a casing that would run that distance. Those were the days when everyone . . . wore the long dusters, leather caps, and goggles, and gas was only 12c a gallon."

And now, prepare to weep with M. V A. "It was the right front tire, guaranteed for 3000 miles. On our fifth day of travel we had just pulled up to the curb where Grandma and the whole family greeted us... when all of a sudden there wasa mostunearthlycrash.

"Grandma screamed and threw up her hands. Everyone looked white but dad. He just sat there with a diabolical look on his face. He said not a word but . . . discarded his shirt and went to it. In about an hour of fooling with those d— rims and other accessories he had a new tire on the wheel and the old one on the rack. The rag man got that for 7 cents."

We can quote only one more letter for the millions of motorists who don't know the meaning of tire trouble.

"The hardest work those days seemed to be the changing of tires, and the greatest worry was how long the tire would last. If a tire travelled 2000 miles it was conceded to be 'some tire.' On the car we have at present we have two tires that have gone just 15,000 miles and the other two have gone 900 miles absolutely without any trouble." J. B. S.

The members of the Rubber Association believe that everyone knows what a modern tire will do when it is fairly treated. The purpose of this Contest is to draw, from the tire users themselves, a significant contrast between the early period, when mileage guarantees were in force, and today, when you buy tires on their merits as you buy any standard article of wear.

The Rubber Association of America, Inc.
250 W. 57th St., New York

Send for free booklet, "The Care of Pneumatic Tires." Or ask your dealer.

Winning Photos will appear in this publication October 20th

(Continued from Page 137)

some manner or degree by the British in India time and again before we ever thought of it; one of the differences—and a difference which I think the Philippine people have never quite appreciated—being that our pledges were always in process of redemption at the time they were made.

We have never imposed upon the Filipinos a white despotism; we have never excluded the Filipinos from a liberal participation in their own government; and we have never assumed that no Filipino could possibly be worthy of association with Americans in equal authority and on equal terms in the higher offices of government; whereas the British in India have done all these things consistently and as a mere matter of course. Moreover, in our maintenance of the American-Philippine relationship, if there has ever been any race discrimination, either in legislation or before the courts, it has all been in favor of the Filipinos, as we are so frequently reminded by the bitter complaints of American business men in the islands, who are compelled to adjust themselves and their interests to all kinds of restrictions and hampering regulations designed to protect the Filipinos at every turn against anything remotely resembling exploitation. In other words, when we declared that we would govern the Philippines for the Filipinos we meant it.

Protective Domination

As I write this I find myself feeling rather amusedly annoyed with our brown brothers for their failure to appreciate our self-sacrificing magnanimity. The British in the Philippines—and the British in the Philippines represent a good deal more invested capital than we—have always laughed at our altruistic sentimentality when they have not seriously accused us of being a menace to every nation that had colonial problems to handle; but we have gone on our way with the sole idea always of playing foursquare with the Filipinos. Yet if the Filipinos have any more love for us than the Indians have for the British they have been able heretofore very effectually to conceal it. Though perhaps they have, in a way. There is one thing, at any rate, for which they are occasionally grateful, and that is their privilege of circulating freely wherever the American flag flies and of enjoying even special protection under the flag in any situation in which such protection seems to be required.

A young Filipino business man in New York once told me that if the United States ever deserted the Philippines completely he would lose his most valuable asset in life, and that was his status in the world as a ward of the great and powerful American Government. His business takes him every once in a while to Europe, and quite frequently to the South American republics, and he described to me the sense of security and honorable position he was always enabled to enjoy through his possession of an American passport and his right of appeal under all circumstances to the full protection of the American consular service. So, after all, there may be something to say in favor of the domination of the weak by the strong if the domination be not unkindly and if it happens to be protective.

In the old days of the East India Company there came a time every so often when the charter of that unparalleled institution had to be renewed, and always preceding such an occasion the board of governors—or Parliament, as the case may have been—would appoint a commission to investigate Indian conditions, to report the progress of the company's various phases of development, and to make recommendations for such changes in the terms of its operations as might result in the betterment of the people whose destiny it had come so completely to control.

All such changes were invariably referred to as reforms, and I believe I have said before that I have often wondered why the British have never thought of using a less self-accusative term by which to define them. But they usually were reforms in actual fact, and as the years went on before that tremendous event known to Englishmen as the Great Mutiny and to Indians as the lost War of Independence, the sum total of the effect of them amounted, in respect to a great many Indians, to a very marked improvement in the conditions under which they lived. All Indians lived under conditions of servitude; but for a good many generations that which was exacted of the multitude was unquestioning submission, for which they received very little in return that one can lay hold of in one's mind and feel justified in thinking of as adequate compensation.

But that was a long time ago, and it cannot be denied that compensation they have accumulatively enjoyed in abundant measure. All the time the British were working toward a more liberal conception of the moral obligations which political supremacy had indubitably imposed upon them, and by degrees they came to recognize the rights of Indians to a despotism as benevolent, at least, as it could be made—without the surrender of any material advantage on their own part.

And it must be remembered, of course, that democratic government in England itself was developed through a series of reforms wrung from a reluctant autocracy by a clamorous and all but rebellious people. Who, knowing modern England and the Englishman of today, can read English history covering the period between the Congress of Vienna and the accession of Queen Victoria and not wonder how English history could have been so written? It was not until 1832 that the House of Lords sullenly withdrew from opposition to the great Reform Bill which bestowed upon the common herd in England a limited franchise; and at that time in India certain Englishmen had already begun to reflect in their attitude toward the alien people submitting to practically unlimited British dictation something of the liberal opinion through the popular expression of which England herself was undergoing complete transformation.

Imposing Alien Rule

Notable among these men, and perhaps the most notable, was Sir Thomas Munro, who was the first British administrator in India to propound for the benefit of all and sundry the great question as to the inevitable effect upon the character of a people of unqualified submission to an arbitrary foreign power and to the rule of a government to which that people was not admitted in any kind of authoritative participation. One of the chief complaints of the Indians today is that through the decades they have been progressively emasculated, enfeebled in spirit and initiative impulse and rendered incapable of doing anything but lean in a state of moral paralysis upon a protective paternalism, and it is therefore more than commonly interesting to go back through the record and to learn that the danger of some such eventual result was recognized so long ago.

Thomas Munro first shipped for India as a common seaman in 1780, and enlisted for service in the East India Company under Warren Hastings. In reading the story of his remarkable career I gather that for a good many years he sawed wood and said very little that could have been interpreted by his superiors as expressing advanced thought. Otherwise his remarkable career probably would have been nipped in the bud. But all the time he was making a profound study of India and Indian life, while he rendered invaluable service to the company both as a civil servant and a soldier.

Warren Hastings introduced in India the first principles of genuine government to become operative under the company's rule, and he was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis, who instituted further reforms. But neither of these men, anxious as each of them was to guard the welfare of the people, ever recognized the important fact that alien rule cannot be imposed upon any country without the cooperation of the people of that country. They sought rather to consolidate the British power by enfeebling to the last degree the voice of India.

Munro's Vision

After a while Thomas Munro went home, and I can see him working day in and day out to influence opinion in England in favor of his broadly conceived schemes and theories, just as men I know in England today are working day in and day out in the interest of the modern Indian reforms. He preached a liberalism that was hardly liberal in comparison with our ideas of liberalism, but he was a long way ahead of his generation and he had tremendous vision. He was sent back to India in 1814 with authority to investigate and revise the administrative system in Madras, and from that time on until his death in 1827 he preached a forward-looking gospel to which few in his time were converted, but to which British historians nowadays refer with pride and grateful approval. In 1820 he became Governor of Madras, and we find him writing to the great Canning, who had just resigned from the office of president of the board of control of the East India Company:

"Our present system of government, by excluding all natives from power, and trust, and emolument, is much more efficacious in depressing than all our laws and schoolbooks can do in elevating their character. We are working against our own designs, and we can expect to make no progress while we work with a feeble instrument to improve, and a powerful one to deteriorate. The improvement of the character of a people, and the keeping them at the same time in the lowest state of dependence on foreign rulers, to which they can be reduced by conquest, are matters quite incompatible with each other. There can be no hope of any great zeal for improvement when the highest acquirements can lead to nothing beyond some petty office, and can confer neither wealth nor honor. While the prospects of the natives are so bounded, every project for bettering their characters must fail; and no such projects can have the smallest chance of success unless some of those objects are placed within their reach for the sake of which men are urged to exertion in other countries."

Four years later, in an official communication, he dwelt at greater length upon this question which was always uppermost in his mind, and in the course of his argument we find him saying:

"Liberal treatment has always been found the most effectual way of elevating the character of any people, and we may be sure that it will produce a similar effect on that of the people of India. The change will no doubt be slow, but that is the very reason why no time should be lost in commencing the work. . . .

"We should look upon India not as a temporary possession but as one to be maintained permanently until the natives shall in some future age have abandoned most of their superstitions and prejudices and become sufficiently enlightened to frame a regular government for themselves and to conduct and preserve it. Whenever such a time shall arrive it will probably be best for both countries that the British control over India should be gradually withdrawn. That the desirable change contemplated may in some after age be effected in India there is no cause to despair. Such a change was at one time in Britain itself at least as hopeless as it is here. When we reflect how much the character of nations has always been influenced by that of governments, and that some, once the most cultivated, have sunk into barbarism, while others, formerly the rudest, have attained the highest point of civilization, we shall see no reason to doubt that if we pursue steadily the proper measures, we shall in time so far improve the character of our Indian subjects as to enable them to govern and protect themselves."

An Interesting Era

This was written just one hundred years ago. Sir Thomas Munro was characteristically satisfied with the civilization that had been achieved in his own country, and he was characteristically conservative in his view as to the time it would take for the Indians to realize the ambition he had for them; but it is interesting to remember that at that time the agitation in England was at least comparable to the agitation now going on in India, and that it was not until eight years later that the pig-headed peers of England finally gave way to the popular demand for the passage of the Reform Bill. It was not so long after this that the future age of which Thomas Munro dreamed began to dawn in India.

I wish I could follow the parallel of English and Indian progress at some length, and by brief reference at any rate to the several statesmen and executives whose careers were made in the course of this interesting era; but it would take a volume to do this adequately, and since my main object at the moment is to locate in the historical record the principal promises made by England to the people of India, it is better that I should confine myself to a single line of tracery. However, I may say that while Sir Thomas Munro was administering the affairs of Madras, the great Elphinstone, as governor of Bombay, was working for the amelioration of the conditions under which the people of that presidency lived, and was putting into limited practice a good many of the theories that were dear to the heart of Munro. He codified the laws, reduced taxation, increased the educational facilities, and, incidentally—to drop off suddenly into purely frivolous comment—he was highly commended for actually extending countenance and familiarity to all natives of rank who had occasion to approach him. Is that not a very nice and illuminating bit of information? It pleases me particularly, because it is so delightfully British. And I may say that it is quite as unusual today as it was one hundred years ago for an

(Continued on Page 142)

The House of Warren Hastings in Calcutta

The Sign of

MONTHLY TERMS

This beautiful "York" model can be seen at any authorized dealer's, who will be glad to extend terms of payment to suit your convenience

Musical Prestige
in your community

Where you will find it -- and why

There are two vital questions every purchaser of a musical instrument should ask before coming to a definite decision:

"What is the standing of the merchant with whom I am dealing as a local institution?"

"What is the standing of the manufacturer whose name the instrument bears as a national institution?"

A satisfactory answer to both should be obtained, irrespective of any other consideration —price, terms, claims or promises. Music for the home is so important a consideration that greatest caution in choosing is deserved.

Your musical mentor

Today, in every city and community there are certain shops devoted to that which is best in music.

There you will find commercialism, the mere selling of musical instruments, taking second place to a superlative musical service, built upon real desire to serve you wisely and truthfully. Your individual requirements will be considered. You will obtain the guidance of a musical authority. And the satisfaction of knowing that your instrument comes from a shop of unquestioned musical standing

He is the Brunswick dealer

We trust him with our good name, for 70 years the synonym of quality manufacturing.

World's greatest living artists of the New Hall of Fame, virtually all of whom make records exclusively for Brunswick, trust him to do justice to their achievements, as engraved on Brunswick Records.

And he—from his standpoint—offers you The Brunswick for the singular attainments which have made it supreme, internationally, in the world of musical art.

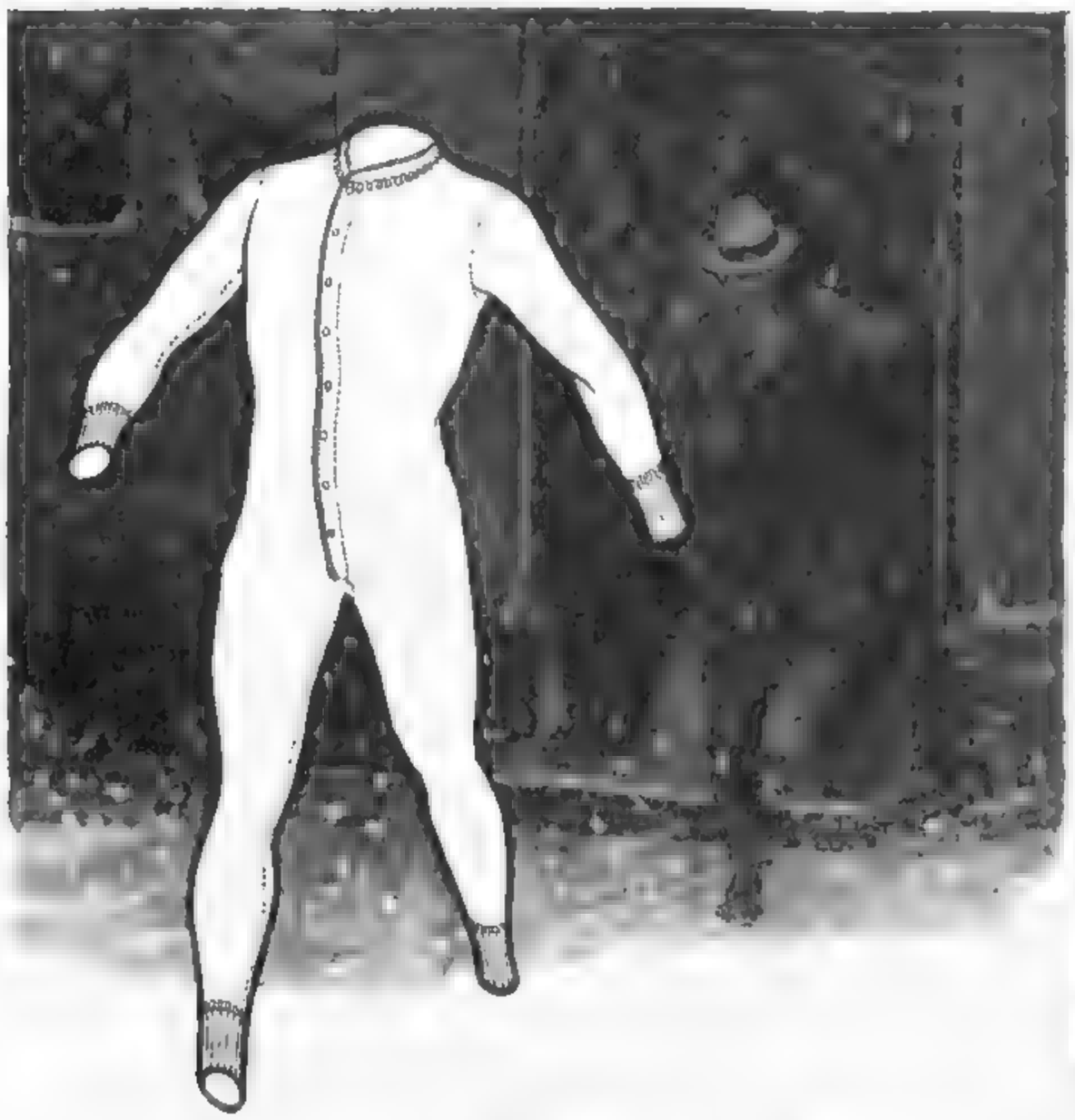
A Brunswick Phonograph from an authorized Brunswick dealer marks the ultimate in good music for the home. *"I have a Brunswick"* speaks a volume.

Hear. And compare.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers — Established 1845
CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI TORONTO

© B. B. C. Co., 1923

Brunswick
PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Don't Shiver this Winter

CLOTHED in insufficient underwear, many a man shivers his way through the winter months. He believes the rigorous weather makes him hardy.

He defeats the end he is trying to gain. Cold saps vitality unless the body is amply protected.

But the body must be kept warm. And the ounces of poisonous excretion given off through the pores each day must be absorbed. If they aren't, they clog the pores. The system becomes more sensitive to colds.

Wright's Health Underwear offers the double protection of warmth and great absorptive power. The natural absorbency of the wool in each garment is increased by the patented loop-stitch with which it is knitted. It absorbs instantly.

The wool is a non-conductor of heat. It keeps the body-warmth in. It keeps the coldest cold out. It keeps the body dry—at a warm, *uniform* temperature. The shocks of sudden weather changes cannot penetrate this underwear. Wear it. It will help to keep you free from colds all winter long. It will keep you comfortable.

Wright's Health Underwear comes in *all pure wool*, in worsted, and in cotton-and-wool mixtures. All weights to meet every climatic condition and personal preference. In union suits or separate garments.

Write for our booklet, "Comfort." It tells all about Wright's Health Underwear. Please enclose your dealer's name. And see the underwear itself at your favorite store.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS

WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, INC.
74 Leonard Street, New York City
Mills at Troy, N. Y.

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

Copyright, 1923, Wright's Underwear Company, Inc.

(Continued from Page 139)

Indian to be treated with countenance and familiarity by a high British official. With countenance, yes; seldom with familiarity.

Nevertheless, Elphinstone was a most successful executive and left as deep an impression upon British Indian policy as was made by Sir Thomas Munro; deeper, perhaps, because he was less given to visualizing reforms that he was not able himself to put into effect. Not that he had not also a prophetic soul; not that he did not also look forward. He looked forward to a time when the British would be able to place themselves "in the same relation to the natives that the Tartars are in to the Chinese, retaining the government and military power, but gradually relinquishing all share in the civil administration, except that degree of control which is necessary to give the whole an impulse and direction." And I am sure you will agree that this is rather amusing in the light of what the Chinese began to do to the Tartars not so many years later.

The year 1827 was a memorable one for India. Munro died of cholera in Madras; Canning, one of the few eminent Englishmen who were intelligently and sympathetically interested in India, died in England immediately after he attained the office of Prime Minister; Elphinstone handed over the reins of his exalted office to a successor in Bombay; and Lord William Bentinck was appointed governor-general of India, Lord Bentinck being later one of the greatest governors-general that India ever had. He was the first man who ever had the courage or the humanitarian interest to take the Indian bull by the horns, so to speak, and to attack certain infamous Indian institutions and practices with all the forces and powers at his command.

Indian Institutions

In the first place, he went after and rooted out the horrible system of thagi. This word is pronounced "tuggee," and I think perhaps we derive from it the English word "thug," though I am not sure. In any case, everybody knows the terrible story of the thugs of India, who were banded together in tremendous organizations and bound by an oath of allegiance to the Great Mother, Kali, the goddess of blood and destruction, to murder, to steal and generally to destroy. A more hideous story of actual fact has never been told in the history of any country. These bands were hounded out of their strongholds and fastnesses and dens of iniquity and compelled to submit to civil law.

After which—or correlative with which—Lord Bentinck decided, at the risk of a general uprising of the vast and grossly superstitious Hindu population, to abolish the time-honored Hindu funeral rite known as sati. And by the same token of never being able to know when an "a" is not an "a" in Hindustani or any other language of India, this word is pronounced "suttee"; and it was so spelled in an old school geography of mine upon a page of which was printed a thrilling picture, no detail of which I have ever forgotten, of a woman in Greek draperies and with long flowing hair, throwing herself most gracefully but tragically into the flames rising from a kind of marble classic funeral pyre that had hovering Christian angels for corner decorations. Thus were the youth of my country educated in my young days! Sati was nothing like that in reality, and that was not the way the Indian women committed it. But I shall have more to say about this extraordinary custom when I come to a consideration of modern Hindu culture. The spirit of sati still lives in India.

It was during the administration of Lord Bentinck, in 1833—the year the first reformed Parliament sat in Westminster; and the Parliament, by the way, in which the illustrious Mr. Gladstone began his useful career—that the charter of the East India Company was renewed for, I think, the last time. I am not quite sure about this. The great ceremony of renewal was supposed to take place every twenty years; but I am at sea—literally, I mean; not in the figurative sense, I hope—and have not with me a book of reference by which to verify or disprove the correctness of this impression. Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837; the Great Mutiny broke in 1857, and the territories and powers of the East India Company passed definitely to the crown in 1858, but I do not remember—depending entirely on my memory at the moment, you understand; so I if am wrong I may easily be forgiven that Queen Victoria was ever called upon to renew the charter, which was originally granted by Elizabeth in the year 1600.

However that may be, the renewal of 1833 was especially important to India and the Indians, since it embraced within its terms the first official concession to Indian demands for recognition that had ever been made, and the first great promise to the Indian people to which the British in India had ever been officially committed. The concession amounted to a declaration that India should be ruled for the benefit of the Indians—a distinct precedent for the Philippines-for-the-Filipinos slogan—while the promise read in so many words: "No native of the said Indian territories, nor any natural British-born subject of His Majesty resident therein, shall by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, colour, or any of them, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment under the Company."

This promise resulted in an immediate renewal or enhancement of ambition among young Indians of the higher castes, who saw in it the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. For generations no Indian had had anything to hope for that was really worth hoping for, and as time went on they had let themselves in for a kind of ingrowing spirituality by which they soothed themselves into a typically Eastern acceptance of the seemingly inevitable. But always there was the intelligent element, alert to lead the educated few into new paths as new paths opened up. The subject of education became of paramount importance.

By the time the old Mogul empire had reached its final stage of disintegration the once highly cultured people of the country had succumbed to the prevailing anarchy and wretchedness, and education had become in the general mind, even of the highest type, only a proud tradition. There had been great schools in India; there had been great teachers and many profoundly learned men; a splendid literature of poetry, religion and philosophy had been produced; Indians led the world in the finer developments of exact science; but all that was a thing of the past, and even the earliest British traders encountered few men with whom to deal of what they might regard as an educated class, while they found the people as a whole sunk in abysmal depths of benightedness.

An Educational Program

But, except as this condition hampered them in their trading operations, they were not concerned with it in any way. It was not a part of their job to get sentimental over a few score millions of children growing up in the outer dark of complete and unqualified ignorance; general education in England was not even a tradition, let alone a current fact; but they did need educated natives as clerks in their offices and to represent them in their commercial transactions with the multitudinous producers of those commodities they wished to buy, and the more multitudinous consumers of those commodities they were interested in introducing to the vast Indian market. And it was therefore, and therefore only, that in the beginning they became interested in very limited education. But as time went on, and the commercial enterprise of the British traders came more and more to be merged in the governmental responsibility they were compelled to assume and to acknowledge, the better minds among them began to turn to thoughts of their higher obligations, and we find an educational program of a somewhat liberal though curious character gradually unfolding.

The educated infinitesimal minority were mostly Hindus always; and because they could qualify for the positions, they got practically all the clerkships and minor offices in the gift of the company. This brought on a clash between them and their Mohammedan brethren, with the result that Warren Hastings was moved to establish in Calcutta, at his own expense, an institution of learning open to all applicants for admission to its benefits. This was in 1782, after which schools of various kinds began to open up here and there, and agitation in favor of the extension of educational facilities grew apace. It was not, however, until 1813 that Parliament was induced to take an interest, and then only to the extent of an annual grant of 100,000

(Continued on Page 144)

Let a picture call forth the words, "That is what I would like," and it is saved. When two women talk of their future possessions, an envelope full of treasured booklets is usually produced from somewhere.

The boy who saved catalogues did not perish with your generation. He is with us today.

Pictures of things that they would like to have

IS there an envelope full of booklets in your home? Unless your wife has everything she wants in the world, she probably has somewhere a collection of booklets or catalogs containing pictures of those things she hopes to have.

Some women save furniture catalogs. Some save booklets and folders of travel and vacation resorts. Some treasure pictures of homes, interiors, kitchens, bathrooms. Others save books that show silverware, jewelry, china, porcelains, vases, pottery.

In your home it may be flowers, gardens, vegetables, fruit, bird baths or beautiful things for babies. It may be books of schools and camps for boys and girls, or furs or front doors, or lamps or musical instruments.

If you want to know what your wife or daughter or son would like to own, examine the catalogs they have saved.

These cherished books, these feeders of dreams, contain pictures. And these pictures show the substance of hopes. Let a picture call forth the phrase, "That is what I would like," and it is not easily thrown away.

Millions of dollars are being saved today to buy things that are pictured in catalogs that are saved.

If you can get your catalog saved—against the day "when we have the money" you have sowed the seed of a future sale. Give people pictures of things they need and want—and if the pictures are good enough, you haven't long to wait. Even the obstacle of a higher price is overcome by the better picture.

You can't get better pictures without better printing, and better printing calls for better paper.

If your booklet or catalog is saved, when others are thrown aside, what matters a few dollars for better printing and better paper? If better pictures will make people want your wares, and better paper will give you better pictures, then no paper is cheap but the finest and no printing is a bargain but the best.

S. D. Warren Company has prepared a series of constructive books which are offered as helps to business men and advertisers who desire to issue more effective direct-by-mail advertising. These books will be issued at intervals during the year and may be obtained free from distributors of Warren's Standard Printing Papers. If you do not happen to recall the name of the distributor in your vicinity, write direct to us.

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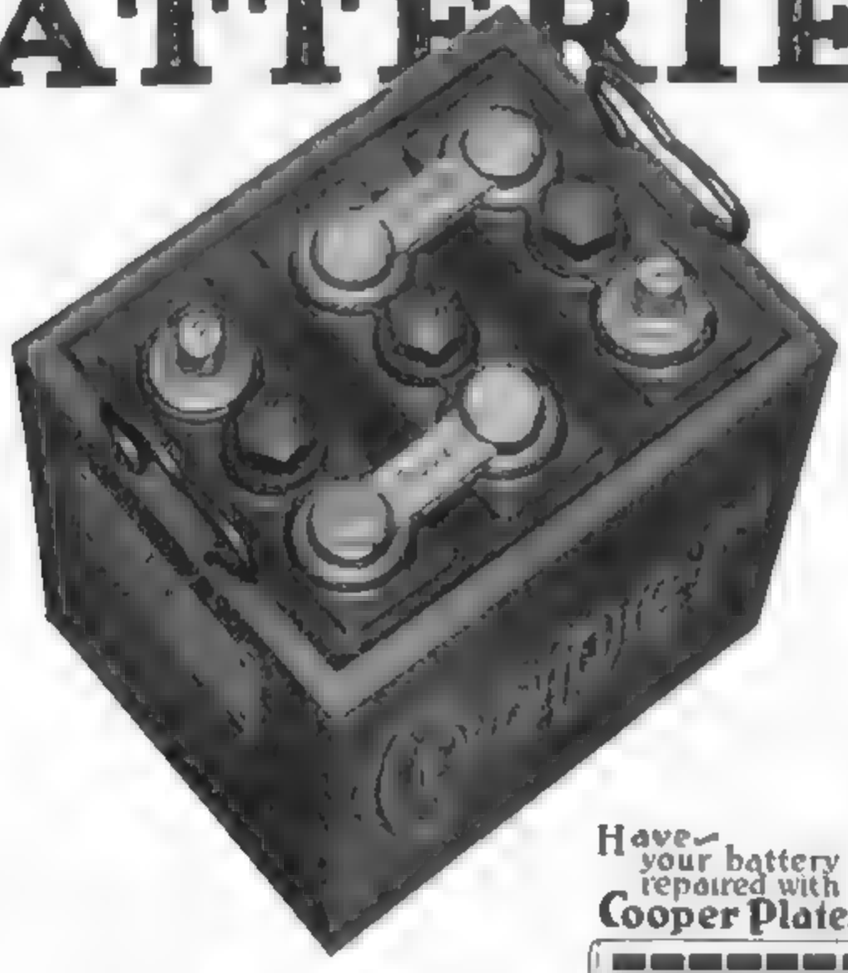

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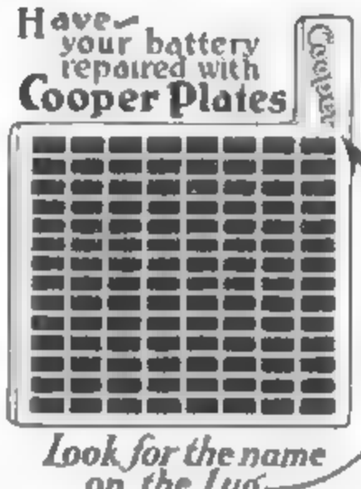

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(Continued from Page 142)

rupees for "the revival and improvement of literature and the encouragement of learned natives of India." One hundred thousand rupees is now approximately $33,000. What it amounted to in 1813 I have no idea, but it could hardly have amounted to very much in the way of encouragement to any save a carefully selected few among India's millions.

I may not go into the details of this development, because even the most voluminous and most generous of publications on earth has its limits as to space. I may not go into details with regard to the tremendous impetus imparted to educational impulse in India by Christian missionary zeal and right-mindedness; I may not go into details with regard to the great controversy which raged so long and so splendidly over the burning question as to the medium of instruction to be employed; but I may say that despite the violent opposition of a considerable party that did not believe in letting too many natives into the secrets of Western supremacy through Western education, Western education was introduced, English became the medium of instruction and the foundations were laid for the situation which Mr. Montagu journeyed to India in 1917 to investigate.

That the people as a whole benefited not at all by this important advancement is not to be wondered at. The people as a whole in India are somewhat of a proposition to deal with. Anyhow, the British were not interested in educating India either for education's sake or for India's sake, while no Indian of the privileged castes was ever sincerely intent upon alleviating the lot of the millions doomed by birth to eternal subservience to himself.

The Great Mutiny

The point is that the Brahmans and men of the higher castes flocked to the schools, with the result that progressively the different great centers of population and authority became fairly clogged with half educated or wrongly educated Indians who had pursued education with the one object in view of graduating into government employment. A system of examinations was instituted, and still obtains with some modifications, which reminds one for all the world of the ancient system by means of which the Chinese gained the heights of governmental employ under the Manchus; and each year this system in India accounted for a large and annually increasing crop of failures. Many were called for examination, but few were chosen for employment under the company; and the few who were had to content themselves with minor offices or poorly paid positions, while the British continued to monopolize the benefits of all the higher posts.

It is not difficult to visualize the steady development of that element in the population now referred to as educated India, which is the element dominating the present situation; but the progress of this element was slow enough, and one cannot help but wonder at its moderation and the patience with which it has waited upon the turn of fortune's wheel.

Came the Great Mutiny; the first important expression of impatience. And who has ever told the true story of that event? The truest story, probably, though distorted by a continuing hatred and vindictiveness, is told from the Indian viewpoint in the History of the War of Independence of 1857, by Vinayak Savarkar; but it is enough to allow that "the causes of this convulsion are probably to be found in the unrest which followed the progress of English civilization; in the spreading of false rumors that the whole of India was to be subdued; in the confidence the sepoy troops had acquired in themselves under British leadership; and in the ambition of the educated classes to take a greater share in the government of the country." This is the opinion of an anonymous writer in the India Year Book for 1922.

It was an insane rebellion, and resulted in nothing so serious for the people of India as the complete and all but permanent alienation of such sympathy as the British had felt and displayed in their former attitude toward them. Nevertheless, when in 1858 the administration of the Indian government was transferred from the company to the crown, and Queen Victoria became the first actual British sovereign of India, the pledge enunciated in the company's charter of 1833 was reenunciated in her majesty's proclamation of imperial authority; and once more the people bowed in hopeful gratitude, while once more they permitted ambition to begin to light their lives.

The years went on. Indians by the score broke with their caste laws and traditions and risked their all to cross the great waters for the purpose of entering British universities and fitting themselves to compete on equal terms with Britishers in the civil-service examinations. But save for a few judgeships and opportunities to distinguish themselves in the practice of law, which was the profession a majority of them embraced, their rewards were few and they continued to be excluded from the privileges, honors and emoluments of administrative and legislative office.

In 1877 Queen Victoria assumed the glorious dual crown which made her Queen of England and Empress of India, and on this occasion her viceroy, Lord Lytton, speaking in Delhi before a vast imperial assemblage, said:

"You, the natives of India, whatever your race and whatever your creed, have a recognized claim to share largely with your English fellow subjects, according to your capacity for the task, in the administration of the country you inhabit. This claim is founded on the highest justice. It has been repeatedly affirmed by British and Indian statesmen, and by the legislation of the Imperial Parliament. It is recognized by the government of India as binding on its honor and consistent with all the aims of its policy."

Twenty years later, on the occasion of the Queen's diamond jubilee, the India List disclosed the fact that in the three great presidencies of Bengal, Madras and Bombay, which I select for the purpose of brief reference, there were only fifty-nine Indians holding responsible positions in comparison with 702 Britishers. In Bengal there were 290 Englishmen—or Britishers, rather; in that part of the country they seem to be mostly Scotch—to twenty-six Indians. In Madras there were 208 Britishers to nine Indians. In Bombay there were 204 Britishers to twenty-four Indians; while in the less advanced and less important provinces throughout the country the percentage of Indians employed was very much smaller, and nowhere had any Indian been intrusted with legislative authority. Nowhere were any Indians sitting as commissioners or board members; nowhere were they employed as higher prison officials. In Bengal there were five Indian district magistrates, or collectors, out of a total of forty; but there were none in either Madras or Bombay. In Bengal there were two higher police officers out of a total of fifty-nine, but there were none in either Madras or Bombay.

The Demands of Educated India

And so the story goes, back through the years and on up through the years to the time when the institution of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms was decided upon. What educated India wanted was a share and a voice in the government of India. It may be that progressively as many were employed as could qualify for employment; but it was not to be expected that they would go on forever humbly acknowledging an incapacity in which they did not believe.

Able leaders rose among them who originated demands recognized from time to time, the demand for the abolition of race discrimination in legal procedures being a notable example. Sir Valentine Chirol says that the fate of this proposal revealed to Indians the potency of agitation. They proceeded promptly to apply the principles thus conceived, and the great historical consequence of this clash of racial interests through which they had suffered such deep humiliation was the institution of the Indian National Congress, a wholly unofficial but powerful political organization that came into being in December, 1885, when a small company of distinguished Indians from the various provinces and presidencies met in Bombay for the purpose of discussing measures whereby Indian influence might make itself felt in the councils of government, to the end that Indian aspirations might be respectfully considered and that eventually "the living forces of the elective principle" might begin to leaven the weight of a no longer supportable bureaucracy.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

MY CRYSTAL BALL

(Continued from Page 25)

It was rarely that success did not crown the efforts of these authors and producers of bloodcurdling drama. The only interruption of the runs as a rule was caused by the Christmas Pantomime, which was as much of an institution as the Tower of London. I have today the portrait of a great-aunt who had longings for the stage. She wished to become a real, live actress, but the nearest she ever reached her heart's desire was to elope with the scenic artist of the old Drury Lane Theater.

I remember so well my meeting with Gilbert and Sullivan, who had created a new model in the field of musical comedy. Probably Gilbert's lyrics and exquisite humor contributed the larger part to the great vogue of these men. Their names were trade-marks for many years, and their imitators, though feeble by comparison, are perennial.

I saw Sullivan first at one of those delightful Sundays of Mrs. Ronalds', who was a hostess of international renown. An American by birth, her husband a well-known merchant from Massachusetts, Mrs. Ronalds was one of the pioneers in the denationalization of our women. This contagion spread so rapidly that there are now many American grandmothers and even great-grandmothers whose names appear in the peerage. For a long while Paris enjoyed supremacy as the magnet of attraction, but the superior advantages of English titles won the day. French marriages were looked upon askance.

English titles, however, are still in demand, so let our country not be wholly discouraged because Continental aristocracy has crumbled to the dust. There are still a few openings in England.

Mrs. Ronalds gathered the most interesting people in her drawing-room. It was so the habit to lionize the successful actors and actresses of the day that a deadly pall of middle-class respectability settled upon the English stage. The domestic life of the artists became of paramount importance. I recall a remark of a British matron after witnessing a performance of Antony and Cleopatra as presented by Kyrle Bellew and Cora Potter: "How loving they seemed, poor dears! It reminded me of the life of our dear late Queen."

I have never been quite able to fathom the psychology or the mental context of this lady's remark.

Bernhardt's Retort

On another occasion I sat behind a stodgy couple when Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss, his wife, were delighting their admirers. The man, looking approvingly at the scene, remarked that he always liked them, as they seemed so young and gay; whereupon the woman replied: "That is so, my dear, but I always enjoy them because they lead such a beautiful home life and because they have such dear little children."

This reminded me of a time when in our own household we had fallen upon a very bad cook. My father had stood her administration as long as he could, until one night at the breaking point of his patience and incidentally of his stomach, when a thoroughly good dish had gone wrong, he exclaimed: "We must get rid of this woman. She spoils more than her wages." Whereupon my gentle mother answered, "I know that she is a very poor cook, but she is such a nice person, and so respectable."

Virtue was carried to such an excess by the Kendals that gradually a rebellious reaction set in, although the reign of Thespian propriety lasted for a very long while in England. Madge Kendal particularly was a whole vice commission in herself. I was present on one occasion at a most amusing conversation between her and Sarah Bernhardt. She had gone to the latter's dressing room to congratulate her upon her very fine performance, but qualified her approval by saying, "It is a pity, madame, that your plays always deal with passion, so that I cannot take my young daughters to see them."

Whereat Bernhardt gave her the retort courteous by remarking, "Ah, madame, you should remember that were it not for passion you would have no daughters to bring."

Though I admired Mrs. Kendal's art extremely, I confess that her constant use of toilet vinegar, instead of perfume, rather annoyed me. She considered that perfume, like the French language, savored of immorality. I had barely known her when she gave me a list of the prominent actresses with whom I must never be seen in public. This list was so long and so inclusive that I decided that I should enjoy myself more if I could demoralize it. I often wonder what Mrs. Kendal thinks today when she studies modern manners and modern standards. As the dear lady is not yet in her grave, she can neither turn nor perform the daily dozen in it. How many bad hours must she pass!

However, her censoriousness was good-naturedly forgiven, even by her contemporaries, for they felt the debt of gratitude due to Madge and Willie Kendal for all that they had done for the English stage. They were without exception the most delightful comedians of their day.

The Lure of Title

The majority of the managers who were my friends in London were subsequently knighted, and great was the heartburning when those on the list for this honor were obliged to wait, while another, more favored, had the privilege of hearing the coveted title.

To dearly love a lord was a general habit, and I remember one young director with an ambitious wife who never allowed his visitors to forget that the Princess Christian had dropped in to see them informally the day before.

When lunching at various times at this same house I observed that the meal was invariably interrupted by a note requiring an answer, brought in and announced as written by a royal highness or by a duke or duchess. This little comedy was staged with an automatic precision, and served its purpose as a rule by impressing the guests gathered around the table.

Nothing was more disturbing to the equanimity of the theatrical profession in England than this recurrent scrabble for knighthood. From the day when that honor was conferred upon Henry Irving, it became an annual upheaval. One after the other the simple misters with ambitious wives dreamed of the new visiting cards they might soon be privileged to have engraved.

When H. Beerbohm Tree became a successful candidate for royal recognition a member of the Garrick Club, having read the happy announcement in the Court Circular and knowing that at least three days must elapse before the investiture could take place, accosted Max Beerbohm, saying, "Old chap, this is very confusing about your brother. For the next few days how am I to address him? What is he now anyway?"

Max with an inimitable twinkle in his eye answered, "While he is now Mr. Tree in the sight of the law, he is Sir Herbert in the sight of Almighty God."

But nothing of this kind could exceed the story relating to a youth, well known in New York, who was always climbing socially. His father, by the way, was a retail haberdasher and sold my grandfather, the vice chancellor, very excellent shirts. My young friend had just returned from a trip abroad when, two days after his arrival home, he had a cable from Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, inviting him to spend the week-end a fortnight hence. Whereupon he booked an immediate return passage, arrived at Blenheim in time, and had the supreme joy of writing fifty letters to his friends on stationery bearing the magic name of this wonderful ducal estate.

Probably the most conspicuous figure in England with whom I came in contact during the formative period of my business was Oscar Wilde. I had met him in America while he was there on his first lecture tour. He was dressed, as has often been described, in brown velvet knickerbockers, a soft silk shirt with a Byronic collar, a flowing scarlet tie and a huge white boutonnière in the lapel of his coat. His appearance seemed ridiculous, but nevertheless it was well conceived and of value in stimulating curiosity and in providing copy for the press.

I met him at the house of Professor Doremus, holding a cup of tea, which he courteously offered me. At the time I felt little interest in the poet, and it was not until I really began to know him in later years

(Continued on Page 148)

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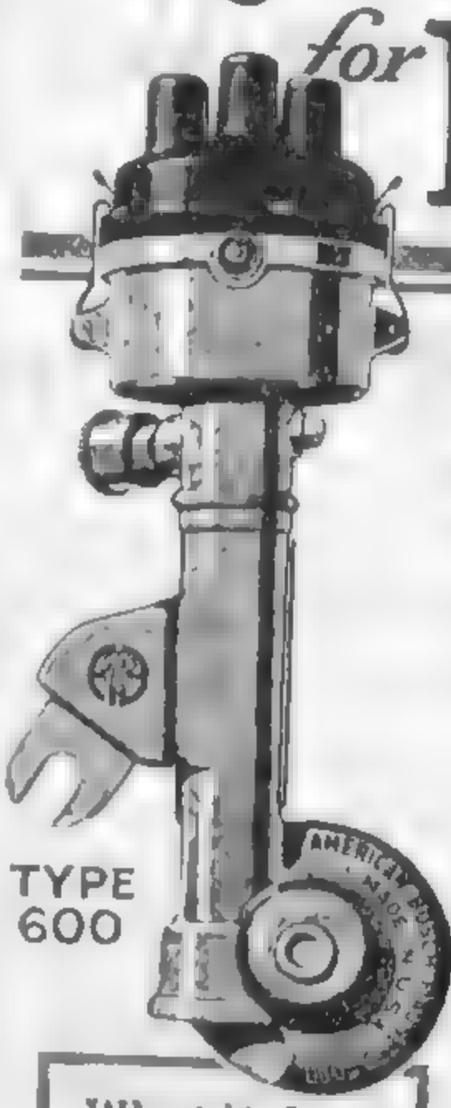

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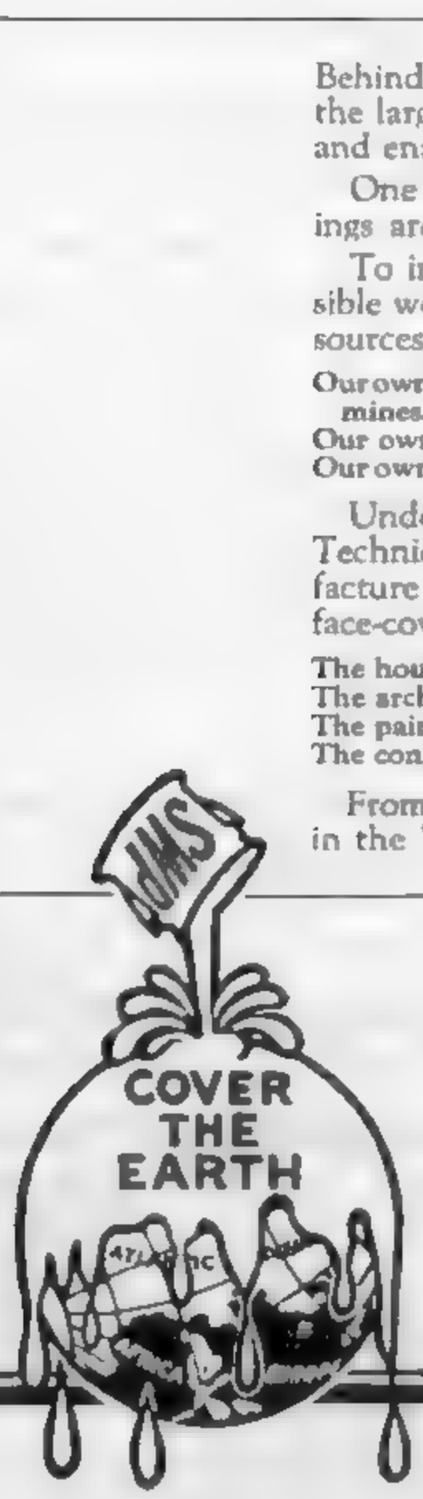

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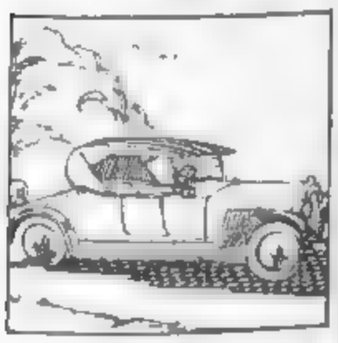

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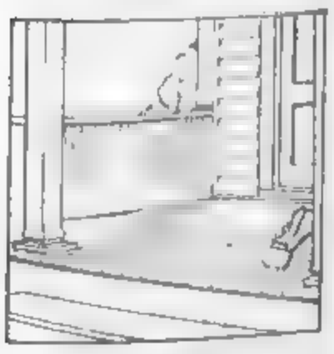

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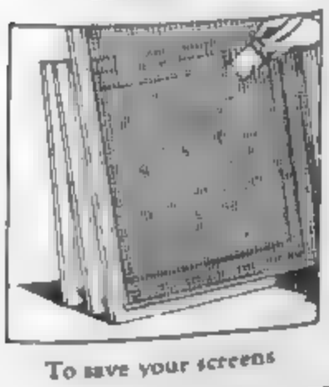

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BRICK	SWP *House Paint*: a full oil S-W *Concrete Wall Finish*			*Old Dutch Enamel*: full gl for outside exposure
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Exterior	SWP *House Paint*:	*Rexpar Varnish*: weather resisting	S-W *Oil Stain*: for new wood	*Old Dutch Enamel*: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect
CONCRETE	S-W *Concrete Wall Finish*: a paint, resists weather			
DOORS, Interior	SWP *House Paint*:	*Scar-Not Varnish*, gloss *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044*: dries to a dull finish	*Floorlac*: varnish and S-W *Handcraft Stain*:	*Enameloid*: assorted colors
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Porch	S-W *Porch and Deck Paint*:			
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SCREENS	S-W *Screen Enamel*:			S-W *Screen Enamel*
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WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard)	*Flat-Tone*: the washable, flat oil paint SWP *House Paint*: a full oil gloss			*Old Dutch Enamel*: white, gray, ivory, gloss or rubbed effect *Enamelaid*: assorted colors
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WOODWORK, Interior	SWP *House Paint*: gloss *Flat-Tone*: flat oil paint	*Scar-Not Varnish*: high gloss but can be rubbed to a dull finish *Velvet Finish Varnish No. 1044*: dries dull without rubbing	S-W *Handcraft Stain*: penetrating spirit stain for S-W *Oil Stain*: for new soft wood *Floorlac*: for new or old wood, a varnish and stain combined	*Old Dutch Enamel*: white, gray, ivory, dull or gloss enamels specially for trim *Enameloid*: assorted colors

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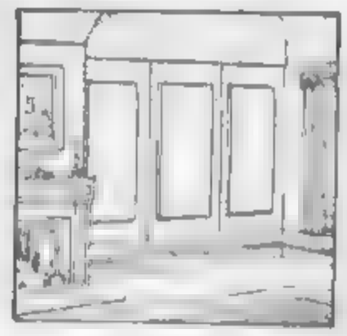

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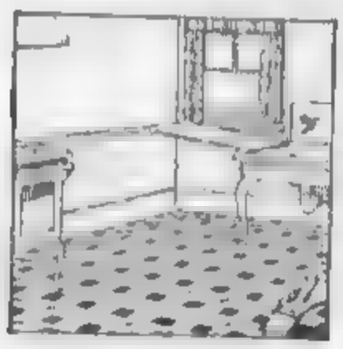

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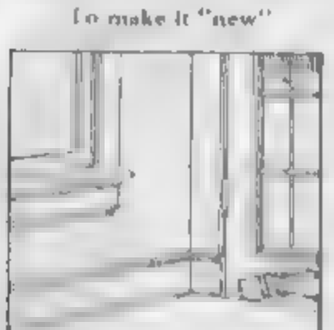
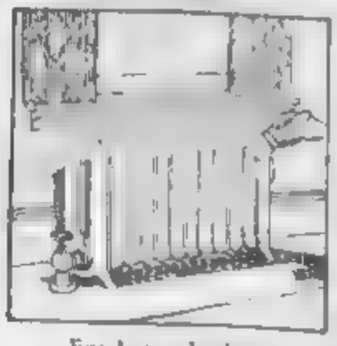
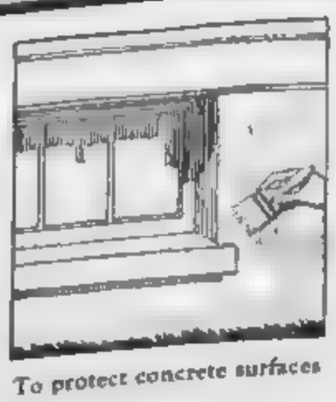


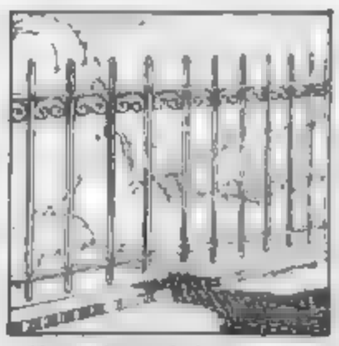
To properly finish woodwork



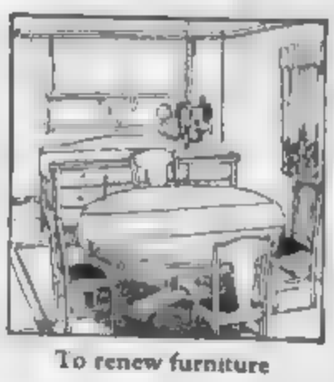
For better-looking radiators



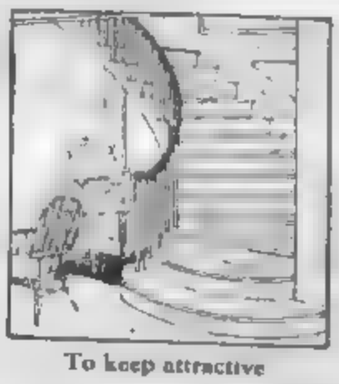
To protect concrete surfaces



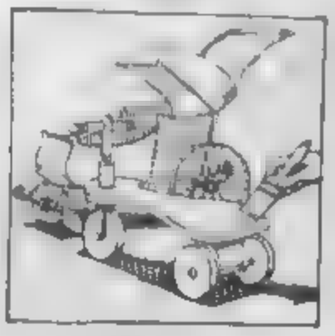
To withstand the weather



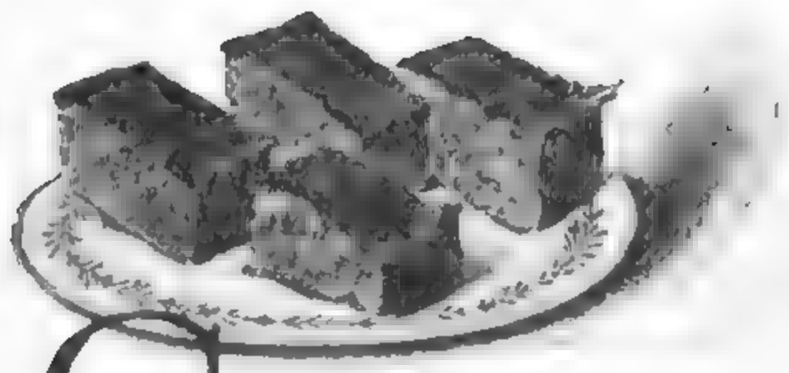
To renew furniture



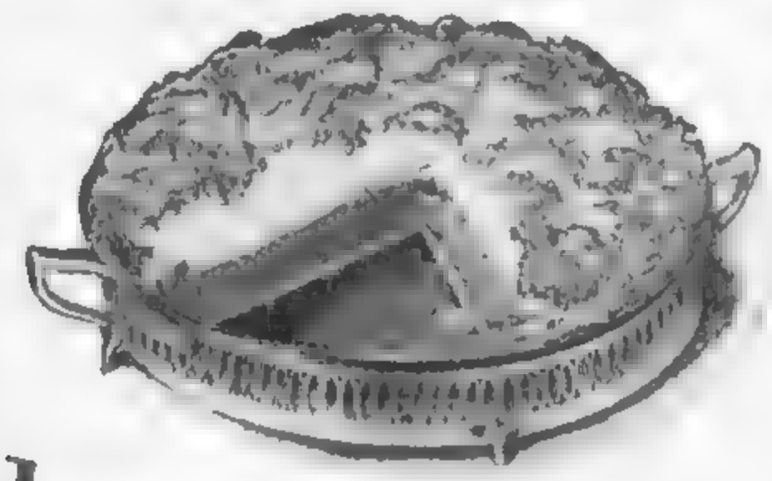
To keep attractive



To make toys "new"



Gingerbread!
...hot and crumbly
delicious with apple sauce



Molasses pie..
with the delicate
melting smoothness
of Gold Label
Molasses

To make Molasses Pie pour 1½ cups of scalded milk over 1 whole egg and yolks of 2, slightly beaten. Add ½ cup Gold Label Grade Molasses, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, and ½ teaspoon salt. Line two tins with pastry and fill. Bake until a knife comes out clean. Cover with meringue made of two remaining whites, and brown in hot oven.

Brer Rabbit
Molasses

Made in Two Grades—Gold Label and Green Label

Send for recipe book "B" Penick & Ford, Ltd., New Orleans, La.

(Continued from Page 145)

that I realized Wilde's intellectual potentialities. Like many others, I fell under the thrall of his gifts as a conversationalist and could listen with delight to the brilliancy of his talk. His wit scintillated incessantly. His joy in the phrases he compiled was always evident though never offensive.

Wilde's egotism, which eventually wrecked his life, was far too deep rooted to be of any passing importance. It was so obvious as to be beyond comment. It was so fundamental that it had become assimilated and an integral part of his being. It was such a magnificent gesture that it frequently inspired one to admiration. Nothing could exaggerate the importance of his rule in London society over a period of several years. There he reigned supreme, flattered, honored, sought after and imitated. His sway over the imagination of the British public was undisputed. He was literally without a rival. His self-confidence was abnormal. The atmosphere in which he lived supplied the virus, of which he, the victim, was sublimely unconscious. Nothing short of an upheaval such as he finally experienced would ever have torn Oscar Wilde from his social moorings. Though mocking and excoriating society, it was his very life. The adulation and servility which it exhaled were his daily diet. He reached the zenith of his success when his first modern play was produced, Lady Windermere's Fan. This paved the way to a long line of dramatic triumphs. One comedy after another glittered from his pen. Epigrams became the keynote of conversation. From the very outset I was his representative in this country. The plays reproduced here echoed his London fame. Their first nights were eagerly anticipated. Daniel Frohman was presenting An Ideal Husband at the moment of Wilde's downfall.

At the St. James's Theater, where this play was then running, the manager, George Alexander, determined that he would withdraw it shortly after Wilde's arrest. He lacked the courage to continue, for, like many others, he was afraid of public opinion and dared not be classed with the few friends who stood loyally by Wilde even in his darkest moments. Frohman, on the contrary, kept An Ideal Husband at the Lyceum until the play no longer attracted patronage.

The Home of Oscar Wilde

Although I had heard incessant innuendoes as to the flagrant offenses of Wilde's private life, nevertheless, knowing as I did that he was the center of a circle which was powerful in its connections and influence, I never believed that Wilde would be the scapegoat of this band; yet such was the case. Oscar Wilde was incarcerated in a common prison until his brain power was crushed and his spirit broken. Upon the testimony of science he should have been sent to a sanatorium and not to a penitentiary. His was a clear case of psychoperversity. Long before the final blow was struck it would have been a more humane thing to have placed him under the care of physicians than to have waited to deliver him over to jailers. But British justice was appeased when Oscar Wilde was condemned to pick oakum in a prison yard.

Directly after he was taken to Pentonville I became troubled about his royalties, which had been accumulating and which were in my hands. I was waiting until I could communicate with him, for I thought that at least these sums might be saved from the wreck in order to keep his wife and his two boys. Wilde had spent lavishly and without any recognition of his family responsibilities, therefore his list of creditors was long. When interrogated in court as to his assets, he referred to me as his American agent, stating that doubtless I had funds which could be appropriated toward the liquidation of his debts. I was soon notified that from that time on all money collected for Wilde would have to go through the legal channels. I confess to a sneaking disappointment at this turn of affairs, for sentimentally I felt the deepest sympathy for that wife and those little lads upon whom the sad fate of the husband and father had fallen.

How well I recall that little house on Tite Street, Chelsea, full of charm and infinite taste. It was there before his own friends that Wilde was at his best. Many were the plots of plays which he thought out aloud. He almost wrote them as he talked. I remember one terrible tragedy, brutally conceived, which revolved around a most revolting theme. It took me many days before I could prove to him that despite the dramatic value of the story the managers and public would never tolerate the motive. Wilde was so totally devoid of any ethical sense that, though he accepted my verdict, he was not in the least convinced by it. Form and treatment were everything to him; matter and morals meant nothing. I once complained that I had spent a dreary evening at dinner in the society of some dull but eminent people, saying that the neighbor on my right was a member of the City Council and that I had failed utterly in my attempt to interest him.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Wilde. "It isn't possible that you care whether you interest your neighbor or not? The one thing of consequence when one dines out is whether one interests oneself!"

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

How often in life I have been reminded of this! Again when I was sending him letter after letter urging him to come to New York to attend the rehearsals of a certain play which required most careful direction, he refused to sail. Afterward, in London, when I reproached him for not realizing the logic of my arguments that should have brought him over to this country, he remarked that in my logic lay the whole difficulty; that I was so convincing and impelling that it made him stuff cotton in his ears and put blinders on his eyes, and that after each appeal from me he had become more and more determined not to allow so reasonable a human being as myself to become his mentor. I never again tried to make Wilde reasonable. Heaven knows that all the stupid blunders of which he was guilty during the last days of his liberty could have been avoided and his freedom assured had he not wallowed in the morass of conceit, willfulness and lack of common sense.

From time to time he wrote to me from prison; then one day I received from him a roll of manuscript in his own handwriting. It was The Ballad of Reading Gaol. He said he had scribbled it down and wondered whether I would be his good angel and get him a few pounds for it, as he needed some personal articles which the sale of this poem might supply.

As I read it, it seemed like a voice from the dead. I remember that the tears rolled down my cheeks. Then I realized that to sell it might, after all, be difficult. My fears were justified, for, after peddling it about unsuccessfully, as no editor was willing to revive Wilde's memory in his magazine, I sold it to the New York World, which paid me two hundred and fifty dollars for it. This money I sent to Wilde, together with the manuscript, which he wished returned. I have often wondered whether this original is still in existence.

Then came the moment of his liberation. The story has been too often told. Shortly afterwards he sought me out in Paris, unkempt, forlorn and penniless. He told me that he had just staged a miracle play in the Latin Quarter. I knew that Charles Frohman stood ready to commission a comedy from him, and had even authorized me to prepare the contract and to advance Wilde five hundred dollars on account, which I did. But when I presented the agreements to him for signature his hand trembled and he wrote "Sebastian Melmoth," a fanciful name he had chosen to conceal his identity. I looked at him fixedly and said, "This contract is being made with Oscar Wilde, who alone has the talent to fulfill it. I will accept no understudy, my friend. This is to be your recall to honor and to fame." His tears blotted the page. The first name was erased, and with firmness his own name was affixed to that contract, which, alas, was never productive, as he died shortly after its execution.

The last time I ever saw him was in Paris, living in a wretched room in the attic of a squalid little hotel, and the last letter I ever received from him was written to warn me against a youthful adventurer who was then exploiting stray Americans.

The bed on which his bulky form was stretched was covered with a hideous brown blanket. The furniture was of the ugliest and plainest description. Not a creature comfort of any sort was visible. I recalled the house in Tite Street. The contrast was appalling.

His few remaining friends had given until they could give no more. They had at least

(Continued on Page 150)

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During 12 years that Tuska Radio Apparatus has been in use, we have accumulated records of long distance radio reception that have never been surpassed

TUSKA RADIO

Continued from Page 148

kept the roof over his head and had provided him with the necessities of life.

He barely recognized me. The memory of that visit is still painful.

One of the fathers from St. Joseph's Church, in the Avenue Hoche, was with him at the end, but whether Oscar Wilde was finally a convert to that faith in which even in his most clouded moments he had a mystical belief, will always remain an unsolved problem until the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed. It was said that when the priest leaned over to hear his dying confession he found that the throat had become contracted and that the lips had lost all power of speech. It seems a sinister fact that he who had reveled in irresponsible volubility all his life was unable at the end to proclaim a broken and a contrite heart.

Yet possibly at no time in his career had this poor soul been so near the recognition of truth which is eternal, as at this bitter moment of his physical disintegration and of his final detachment from that world from which he had been outcast.

I have always maintained that De Profundis was his masterpiece and a rich contribution to the treasure house of English literature. It was conceived and written in the depths. It was given to the world as Oscar Wilde's last message to save others from the depths.

The English theater in those days was unique. The list of managers included men of strong personalities. Henry Irving was the active dean of his profession. His productions became world renowned. I recall trivial effects which at that time were considered a sensation, but which today would be rejected and ridiculed. For instance, flames of fire were made by strips of ribbon upon which red and yellow lights were thrown. These were blown about incessantly by an electric fan operating from beneath the stage; a most simple yet successful device.

Irving had as his right and left hand men Bram Stoker and Loveday. Money was spent lavishly and, I might add, wasted in the Lyceum Theater. Economy there seemed sordid. I remember the indifferent expression on Irving's face when I once pointed out to him a certain saving of a thousand dollars in the handling of his scenery and costumes between London and New York. He heeded my suggestion by a characteristic elevation of his high brows.

Irving and the Spotlight

When a new production was nearing completion the rehearsals were incessant and exhausting. I had a rare opportunity of being present on many such occasions because, as Sardou would never risk the discomfort and, from his viewpoint, the peril of crossing the Channel, he appointed me as his deputy to follow the rehearsals of Dante and of Robespierre, both of which plays Irving had commissioned him to write in collaboration with Emile Moreau.

Henry Irving never rehearsed himself until the very end. An assistant stage manager, always with a book and a pencil in hand, was his understudy. This nation's idol would sit in the auditorium, watching every movement and calling out suggestions, which would be at once scribbled upon the manuscript; especially was close attention paid to the position of the wandering spotlight.

Despite my expostulations, Dante was played almost in semidarkness, with the exception of one scene, which was conceived in the spirit of Botticelli's Spring. The play moved lugubriously, which I insisted was due to the lack of lighting as much as to anything else.

Irving could not be reasoned with. He had at this period of his career become infected with the New Art and feared above all to be considered a victim of the old régime and its influences. It is always dangerous when an elderly man overthrows his traditions and makes a dash towards tolerance and license.

During these rehearsals I further discovered that Irving would never stand in the dark himself, nor speak from the shadow. I proved this fact by often drawing his attention to his understudy, who at that particular moment was in obscurity.

Immediately Irving would call to him and to the spotlight man to be more careful. They were rehearsed to be inseparable. It was an amusing insight into character which I have never forgotten.

Henry Irving was nothing of a musician, which I observed when Xavier Leroux came over from Paris with his score. It was he who had been selected to write the incidental music of these Sardou-Moreau productions.

When cuts were found necessary in the manuscript, Irving could never understand why in the world Leroux should not have blue-penciled his score in the same way. He insisted that when dialogue was shortened the corresponding bars of music should be also taken out. We all had many futile arguments with him on the subject, with the result that Leroux returned to Paris a very disgruntled and disappointed composer.

On one memorable occasion I enjoyed my brief moment of importance with Irving. There were some legal difficulties covering Madame Sans-Gêne, by Sardou, the English rights of which he had purchased. I knew every detail of the case, as I had studied it carefully; besides, I was fairly familiar with the questions concerning international copyrights, plagiarisms and piracies.

Shaw's Early Successes

Sir George Lewis was then the great lawyer of the members of the theatrical profession. He was their rock of strength and acted proverbially as their mentor in personal as well as in public affairs. Irving, who had retained the services of Lewis in this particular contention, took me to the latter's office. I found Sir George extremely well dressed, alert and courteous. He had a searching expression and a direct attack. His personality suggested a man who was a thorough master of himself and to whom all the world was a stage with the people merely its puppets. The eminent barrister, at Irving's suggestion, asked me to relate the facts as I had gathered them. I stated concisely and clearly each point of the argument, explaining much that was confused and giving evidence of much that helped to clarify.

When I had finished my summing up Sir George Lewis turned to Irving and said, "Instead of employing me to prepare your brief, I strongly advise you to engage Miss Marbury, for I am convinced that even without my aid she can win our case in any court in the empire."

Naturally I flushed with pride, but afterwards thought of the many mornings when I as a young girl had sat in my father's office at 64 Wall Street, reading Blackstone's Commentaries and studying case after case in the leather-bound law books which stood along his shelves. My training had been thorough and my legal mind was a direct inheritance.

It is with confessed timidity that I approach my early acquaintance with G. Bernard Shaw. The first time my eyes ever fell upon him was at the Criterion Theater. He wore a soft flannel shirt. I was told who he was and that his cult for socialism made him opposed to starched linen and other conventionalities. He was then just beginning to write for the stage, and was far from being rich in worldly goods at the time when he intrusted his American interests to me.

After the success of Richard Mansfield's performance in The Devil's Disciple, which success was duplicated in Arms and the Man, I began to send checks to Shaw as a result.

It was not very long before I received an amusing letter from him, which began:

Rapacious Elizabeth Marbury: As you persist in asking these large terms from American managers, and as you persist in sending me fat checks, I am compelled to do a thing utterly abhorrent to me, namely, open a bank account.

The two plays above mentioned were followed by You Never Can Tell, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, John Bull's Other Island, Fanny's First Play, Candida, Cæsar and Cleopatra, Man and Superman, Major Barbara, The Man of Destiny, How He Lied to Her Husband, Getting Married, and so on.

The Shaw theater was established. His success as a dramatist was beyond dispute. Even the intellectual snobs could not kill it. An occasional manager, like an occasional listener, would complain of the long stretches of involved dialogue. A few were honest enough then as now to confess that they couldn't discover whether Shaw was being funny to please himself or funny to confuse others.

(Continued on Page 152)

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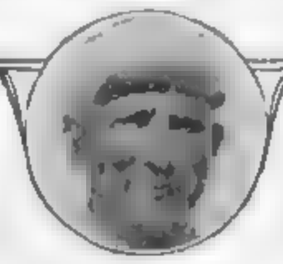

MORE THAN WATERPROOF – IT WEARS LIKE GRANITE

(Continued from Page 150)

However, this very query proved a good box-office asset, so that there is always to be found an eager public for any play Bernard Shaw writes, no matter what he writes or how he writes it, and the early habit which he acquired of indulging in a bank account has become chronic. He could not avoid his fate.

Shaw, as everyone knows, is a vegetarian, but no one can lunch or dine at a table more replete with delicious food than at his house in Adelphi Terrace. Vegetables and cereals, as there prepared for the great writer, are succulent and tempting. The menus would have delighted Brillat-Savarin. Each course is more delicate and appetizing than its predecessor, and personally I always felt that I gained pounds every time I enjoyed his hospitality.

I cannot refer, however, to this home without expressing an ardent admiration for Mrs. Bernard Shaw. A more charming and gracious lady it would be difficult to find. She is so extremely intelligent that at first this is not a too obvious fact. I often wondered whether she had ever allowed her brilliant husband to discover it. Under her influence Shaw no longer eschewed linen shirts and stiff collars. He no longer refused to own an automobile, and he no longer believed that Felix Holt would have been less radical had he consented to wear a necktie.

Socialism is an inspiring theme for either the pen or the platform, but it seems to be recommended with more enthusiasm for one's neighbor than for oneself.

"You Never Can Tell"

One of the most successful of Shaw's early plays was You Never Can Tell. I had arrived in London shortly after its production and was walking down the Strand towards the theater where it was being given. Near the Charing Cross Hospital I met the author, who greeted me with a pleasant friendliness and asked whither I was bound.

"To see your play," I replied.

"Foolish Elisabeth," he answered, "your afternoon will be wasted. No one will buy a play in which the opening scene takes place in a dentist's office and having the hero a dentist."

"If he is a skilled operator who doesn't charge too much, the play might be produced as propaganda against extortion," I replied.

I need not dwell upon the real fate of this comedy. Charles Frohman was the manager who risked its production before the American public, and was well rewarded for his courage.

It was through the production of the Shaw plays that I was thrown intimately into the company of Richard Mansfield, one of the greatest geniuses I have ever known. He was always a law unto himself, both in and out of the theater. He was intellectually brilliant and proverbially irresponsible. His moods were his governing forces. He refused to be disturbed by financial anxieties. No man believed more than did Mansfield in the advantage of letting the other fellow worry.

One of my earliest recollections of him was before he was married and when he lived in an apartment opposite Delmonico's, on Twenty-sixth Street near Fifth Avenue. Royalties had been long overdue and I went by appointment to see whether I could coax him to make some settlement. He received me wearing the most wonderful yellow satin brocade dressing gown, lined with a costly mink fur. On his feet were a pair of richly embroidered Oriental slippers.

His manners on such occasions were courtly and impressive. Hardly had I been seated when there came a knock at his door. This second visitor was the agent of the apartment house, who had come to collect the long-delayed rent.

Mansfield, looking at him as though he were a worm, said, "You consider that I owe you rent. A preposterous idea! Cannot you and those you come from realize that it is I, Richard Mansfield, whose mere presence in this house has filled it to overflowing and thus raised the price of these apartments? I have brought the owners fortune and fame and should be paid by them rather than that I should pay to them."

The agent, needless to say, retired with profuse apologies.

I found him so magnificent on this occasion that I never pressed my own claim. In fact, it often seemed disgraceful to ask Mansfield to pay one for anything. I preferred to have our differences settled in court. I could not bear to introduce into our personal relations such a sordid theme as finance. However, I had begun a suit over Cyrano de Bergerac, sailing for Europe only after the papers had been served on Mansfield. But when I boarded my steamer I found a gigantic box of roses in my cabin, with his card and an affectionate message of Godspeed. I often thought that no one I had ever met could owe money so gracefully as did Mansfield.

The circumstances under which he acquired the rights to produce Cyrano were unusual. Edmond Rostand, its author, had published the text in France without observing the formalities of copyright in this country, for at that time the law required that every play should be simultaneously printed here, set up with American type by American printers, to be eligible for American copyright. Therefore, technically speaking, the play was public property. Not so, however, as regards the stage instructions, which were confined to the prompt copy.

Mansfield wished to produce the play and was willing to pay a straight 5 per cent on all gross receipts, provided that Rostand would furnish him with scenic and costume models, and with the complete stage business and directions. Thus the agreement was made, and thus I gained further reputation among the French authors.

Rostand loudly sang my praises, because he had been informed that he could expect no protection for his property in America, whereas he received from Richard Mansfield, during the life of this famous play, many thousands of dollars in royalties.

Edmond Rostand was a very fine lyric poet. He stood practically without a rival, and the talent evinced by his only son, Maurice, is a direct inheritance. Rostand was never physically strong. His nerves were his torment. He suffered constantly from insomnia. For this reason the last years of his life were spent in the South of France, at Cambo, as far removed as is possible from the boulevards of Paris. The rehearsals of his plays were most exhausting to him. Fortunately he was not a prolific writer, for his only salvation was the long periods of rest between productions.

He was one of the most distinguished men in appearance I have ever seen. His diction was delightful. Rostand was the quintessence of dignity and of refinement. His poetry and his personality seemed in complete harmony.

L'Aiglon, in my opinion, was his masterpiece. I recall the deep impression it made when I first received the manuscript and enjoyed the initial reading of the text. It seemed to me as graceful as the Gothic lacework in stone which stretches across the front of the cathedral at Rouen. Perhaps the greatest value conferred by Napoleon upon the human race was the inspiration of this drama revolving around the imperial bee, the fragrant violet, and the touching story of his little son.

Residents of Versailles

During many years the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel seemed to me like ferries, I crossed them so frequently. They became a habit. Much time was always spent on the other side, and subsequent to my childhood it was not until the year 1915 that I ever knew what my own country looked like during the summer months.

The selection of Versailles as a permanent residence came about in an unexpected fashion, and no one was more surprised than Miss de Wolfe and myself when we finally became property owners in France.

We happened one day to meet Minna, Dowager Marchioness of Anglesey, at the home of a friend in Paris. She kindly invited us to Versailles, where she had been living for many years. At that time we were at a French *pension* in the Avenue Hoche, kept by the wife of an ex-professor of some rural college. We were fairly comfortable there, and, after all, it was an experience

Some extremely nice compatriots were fellow lodgers, and among them were Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson and her daughter, who were there awaiting the arrival of their son and brother, Owen, a lad of sixteen, who had been bicycling on the Continent. I remember him so well when he literally dashed up to the door on his wheel. He was redolent of health and of enthusiasm. How little did I think, when I thus saw him twenty-eight years ago, that he was to achieve eminence as one of our best and most popular writers. I must confess, however, that in appearance he was not unlike many of his juvenile heroes.

We found Versailles most attractive, and a sincere friendship grew up between Lady Anglesey and ourselves which led to our renting a little *pavillon* of hers which adjoined her lovely villa. There we settled down. It was simple and required a very small contingent of servants. The expense to run it was trifling. Prices then had not soared to their present proportions.

One advantage was that we were thrown almost at once into a delightful society, men and women who lived plainly, but who thought highly. We ourselves began to entertain in a modest but agreeable fashion. Of course at times we had the usual contretemps of young housekeepers.

The Borrowed Footman

I remember that on one occasion when we expected some distinguished guests a neighbor urged us to accept for the evening the services of her footman. Our chief dish, a specialty of our cook's, was a mousse of pâté de foie gras. We had advised our friends of it, so that they might enjoy the pleasure of anticipation. At the given moment of its appearance, the door of our tiny dining room was opened, the borrowed attendant, resplendent in livery, stumbled, fell, and the mousse was splashed all over the floor. For a few seconds we were overwhelmed by this tragedy, then our sense of humor came to our rescue. We laughed, and Jean Richepin, the poet, who was at the table, exclaimed: "It is thus that we are spared indigestion!" Let me add that this was the first and last time when our hospitality was bedecked in the borrowed plumage of a neighbor's grandeur.

This little *pavillon* stood contiguous to the famous historical property known as the Ermitage, the retreat of Madame de Pompadour when she no longer disputed her ascendancy over Louis XV.

In those days Lady Anglesey entertained delightfully. She was, as I have said, an American by birth, but married twice in England: the first time to Mr. Henry Wodehouse, who died, and finally to her second husband, the Marquess of Anglesey.

She was amazingly pretty, with a style wholly her own. Hers was an effervescent brain. Some witty Frenchman described her as always agitating and agitated. She was and is a brilliant woman. She does not temporize with convictions and certainly has never failed in courage, once she has decided upon the righteousness of the cause she espouses. In the Dreyfus affair she was so definitely outspoken against his enemies that she was deserted by many of her reactionary friends.

At the time when Miss de Wolfe and I first became habitués of her circle, there were few drawing-rooms so agreeable. Her house was permeated by her personality, which was attractive and most interesting. In recent years she has lived almost entirely in the French provinces. Her dread of the ocean has prevented her from ever returning to the land of her birth.

Before many seasons were over we removed from this little house in Versailles to one rather more commodious. This property was near the Porte St.-Antoine, practically adjoining the larger place which we afterwards purchased. Our new landlady was also an American, the widow of an artist, Charles Morgan. The house was most deceptive in size, and built somewhat like an English cottage. Before the front door there was merely a courtyard, but in the rear was a large English garden which gave directly on the park of Versailles. The furniture was simple yet attractive, and both Miss de Wolfe and I were thoroughly pleased with our new quarters. We were, however, forced to leave there finally, as Mrs. Morgan, who had invited a niece to join her, decided to return to Versailles and resume her life there. But their enjoyment in this quaint property was short-lived, because, much to the surprise of their friends, both ladies decided to give up the world and to join religious communities, which they did in England. The niece died a professed nun. The aunt, I believe, is still alive, a member of an inclosed order. No one who knew these ladies has ever quite understood the influence which determined their choice of vocation.

Lady Anglesey's was by no means the only salon which became a storm center during the Dreyfus trial. The most amazing feature of this case was that the men who were his ardent champions and who devoted their money and time to effect his liberation were nearly all strangers to Dreyfus. They were frequent visitors at our house. Joseph Reinach, Sardou, Cornély and a dozen others who defended him never laid eyes upon Dreyfus until he returned for his reëxamination at Rennes.

At the time, feeling ran so high that those who were on his side flatly formulated that for them all honest men were Dreyfusards, whereas all who were anti-Dreyfus were dishonest. As years went by and as the facts of this astounding miscarriage of justice became better known, it was found that people could remain honest without believing that Dreyfus was wholly innocent.

Politics played too large a part in this extraordinary trial in which race and religion were such potent factors, so that even now we may be too near the time of its occurrence to regard it with an impartial and unbiased judgment. That Dreyfus had an unsympathetic and even repellent personality was generally admitted. At those crucial moments when he should have been eloquent he was disastrously furtive, his speech dry. There was nothing about him which was appealing. The sympathy aroused by the cruel severity of his punishment was cerebral rather than personal. When he appeared before the tribunal at Rennes, hundreds flocked there hoping that he would be compelling in his own defense. He had been so long an exile, his sufferings had been so intense, his martyrdom so poignant that those present felt that at last when he did speak they would be rocked by their emotions, for this was the opportunity he had craved, this was the hearing which he had demanded. Thousands in the nation had asked that Dreyfus should be given the opportunity to tell his story before an impartial bar of justice, so that at least his voice would be heard and the truth become revealed.

The Undramatic Dreyfus

Constant Coquelin, that great actor of the Comédie Française, was one of our warm personal friends. He had gone to Rennes, and from there had wired asking whether he might dine with us en route to Paris.

I shall never forget his description of the scene he had left. From an actor's standpoint Dreyfus had proved a miserable failure. His speech in his own advocacy didn't get over. Legally it scored, but emotionally it failed. I can remember Coquelin impersonating Dreyfus for our benefit and showing us how he, had he been in his stead, would have swayed the audience with laughter and above all with tears, how he would have led up to his climaxes, how he would have visualized each step of his way to that Calvary where he had endured crucifixion during so many cruel months.

"But," cried Coquelin, "he gave us nothing; he stood before us, blind to his great moment. He seemed to us no more than a gentleman who had been robbed of his pig by a neighbor instead of the victim of a nation which had singled him out as the scapegoat of a political conspiracy."

Associated with the trial was a mysterious lady in white who secretly made the nightly trip to Paris, furnishing the Figaro with the inside information. Every precaution was taken by the police to prevent the appearance of these daily articles, which were forbidden by the government censorship. Nevertheless, every morning saw a full column giving the most minute details of all that had transpired at Rennes.

The name of Coquelin reminds me of a story connected with his first tour in this country. Lillian Russell was at the zenith of her beauty and playing an engagement at Wallack's Theater, on the corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street. Coquelin had heard of her charm and had studied her photographs. He was most anxious to make her acquaintance, and with this end in view sought the kind offices of a mutual friend.

An appointment was duly made and it was arranged that upon a certain evening after her performance the gentlemen were to present themselves in the actress' dressing room and escort her to Delmonico's for supper.

Immaculately turned out, Coquelin and his friend drove up to the theater. They were at once made conscious of some undue excitement. There was an atmosphere of hilarity which was unusual. Arriving in the room, they found flowers, champagne

(Continued on Page 157)

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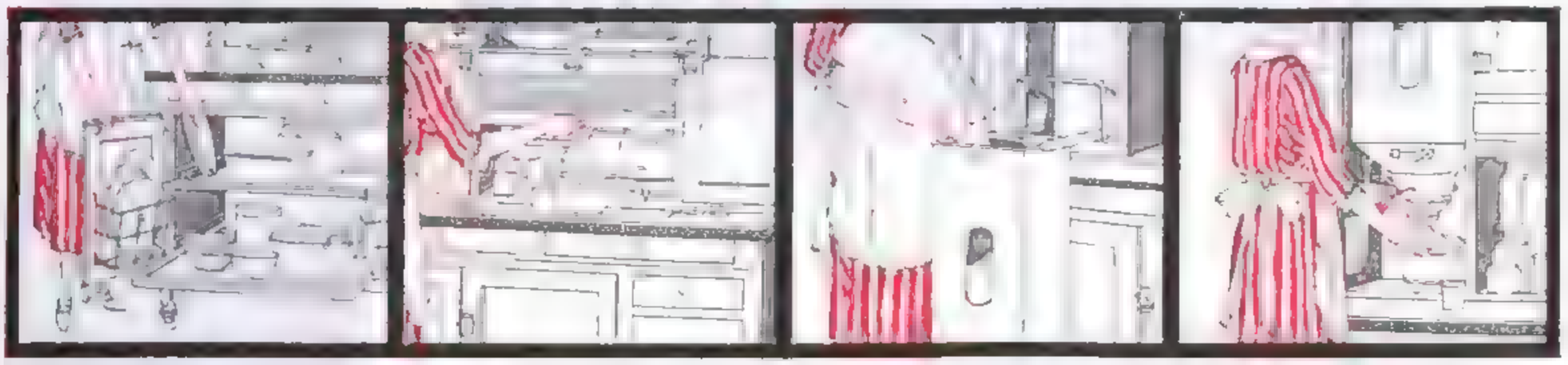
The STORY of a CAKE

Have you ever thought how many helpful Sellers features you discover in even the simplest kitchen task? When you bake a cake, for instance, the Sellers offers an amazing number of conveniences to save time and steps

To get your clean apron, you have to go no farther than the lower drawers of the cabinet. The cook book goes into a special eye-level rack on the cupboard door, that holds it open at the right page.

Of course, you want plenty of working room. The beautiful PorcelironTableTop slides forward to give you additional space, and locks in place. The Dust-Proof Base Top keeps dust from the lower shelves.

Mixing spoon and egg beater are within easy reach, even with the table pulled out. The Extending Table Drawer Section brings the cutlery drawer forward with the table top.



You need not stoop to get the mixing bowl and cake tins from the lower shelf. The Automatic Base Shelf Extender brings the lower shelf and its contents forward within easy reach when the door is opened.

Sugar is at your finger tips, in its wide-mouthed, tilting glass jar, that takes a scoop easily. The Roll Curtain Front enables you to reach it without disturbing anything on the table. Baking powder is just as near.

Flour, of course, is in the famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. (It pulls down level with the table top for filling, and automatically returns into place again at a light touch.)

If you want only a little flour, you slip your cup under the sieve of the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin. To fill a large utensil, the bin pulls forward to give room for the bowl directly under the sieve.

Flavoring? You can't forget it, when it is just in front of you in its Cupboard Door Rack. Spices, if you need them, are in their trim glass jars on the special spice shelf, behind the Roll Curtain Front.

How simple it all has been! Just a few deft motions of your flying fingers, a few swift turns of the big spoon, and the cake is mixed. No tiresome walking back and forth—everything is at your fingers' ends.

After the cake is baked, the aluminized metal-lined Bread Drawer keeps it fresh. Ant-Proof Casters protect bread drawer and entire cabinet from ants. These are but a few of the many Sellers conveniences. Why not have them all?

You can see the Sellers, and learn about its countless conveniences, to speed and simplify every kitchen task, in a store near you. Most dealers will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. Write for booklet and dealer's name.

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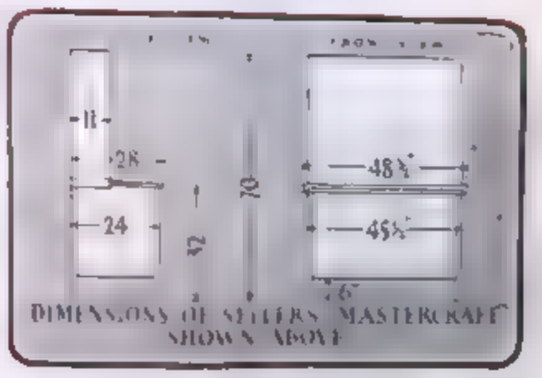


LEVIATHAN

—watch her as she glides out toward the horizon with the grace of a giant swan.

Pace her decks and realize that this is, in truth, the largest vessel afloat.

Go below. Loll in the lap of luxury and be reminded that the Leviathan is the *finest* ship in the world!

Sit at her table and delight in the exquisite perfection of a cuisine that is second to none.

On such a ship as the Leviathan—in such an environment of sumptuous creature-comforts, you will naturally expect to find the finest—the most popular coffee, which, of course is Maxwell House.

You'll not be disappointed. Ten thousand pounds, 400,000 cups of Maxwell House Coffee, have been purchased for the enjoyment of the Leviathan's passengers.

It is fitting that the finest ship in the world should serve the finest coffee!

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

Also Maxwell House Tea

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE CO.

NASHVILLE, HOUSTON, JACKSONVILLE, RICHMOND, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 152)

and a dark-eyed young man who was sharing congratulations with the prima donna. Hardly had Coquelin been introduced before the announcement was made that the young man in question was the tenor, Signor Perugini, who had that very evening persuaded the fair Lillian to be his affianced bride.

As Coquelin and his friend left the theater to eat their supper alone, the former remarked with a cynical lifting of his eyebrows: "What fools men are to marry women who are fools enough to marry them."

Coquelin died with his life's dream unfulfilled. The long line of his stage triumphs was incomplete, for he had always insisted that given the opportunity he would have proved himself the finest Romeo of his century. He knew every line of the rôle and was never reconciled to that inexorable fate which prevented the world from realizing that he could be the greatest lover in the history of the stage. His Cyrano de Bergerac never compensated him for the loss of Romeo of Mantua.

How many must recall with a shudder that awful disaster in Paris, when one hundred and thirty lost their lives in the fearful fire which destroyed the Bazar de la Charité. Like similar entertainments prepared in the interest of some worthy cause, the general style of decoration consisted in a display of inflammable material. Flags, banners, shields, paper festoons and flowers were in evidence. The booths lining the long room at the head of a wooden staircase were constructed with light laths and stucco which could easily be ignited. It was during the afternoon hours, when the place was packed, that this holocaust occurred. The room was full and overflowing with fashionable patrons, the greater part representing the exclusive society of the Faubourg St.-Germain.

Suddenly a cigarette, carelessly thrown in a corner amidst a heap of rubbish, started the conflagration. The curling flames were detected, panic ensued. Men, women and children beat their way in terror to the doors, they were trampled under foot, walking sticks and parasols lashed the air, screams and curses resounded as the mad crowd rushed on. Fortunately the back windows gave upon the Cours la Reine so that some escaped into the courtyards of the rear dwellings.

Among those lost was the Duchesse d'Alençon, sister of the ill-fated Empress of Austria, and a member of that family which for many generations has been associated with the historical tragedies of Europe. Today, in the royal chapel at Dreux, this victim of the Bazar de la Charité is seen carved in marble and stretched upon her tomb, with feet and hands drawn up in agony to remind the world eternally of her death, which was so horrible in its struggle and in its suffering.

A Feast of Reason

It was at this time that I became acquainted with Comte Robert de Montesquiou, a direct descendant of that chivalrous D'Artagnan made famous by the elder Dumas. No one has ever written better verses than this poet. They were as aristocratic in form as though penned with the steel of his picturesque ancestor. Their wit was caustic, their beauty was all-pervading.

His prose, though of excellent quality, could never rival his poetry. For many years he was a prolific writer, and those with whom he did not enjoy popularity waited with fear the appearance of each new volume, for they knew full well that one verse of satire from De Montesquiou's pen would make them the target of ridicule in every salon of Paris. Nor did he ever restrain his venom, which in a few polished phrases lashed with no gentle skill. He was a distinct personality at the time of which I write. His Pavillon des Muses, at Neuilly, and later his Pavillon des Roses, at Le Pecq, drew together the wits of that most worldly of all societies; artists from every profession were conspicuous. Cécile Sorel was then at the height of her beauty, and she was rarely absent from these gatherings. I recall that on one occasion I counted as present twenty-six members of the French Academy.

The host, himself, always surrounded by a group of faithful satellites, moved from room to room dispensing a graceful hospitality. It was a feast of reason, literally, for the actual entertainment was of the most frugal description. Montesquiou's poverty was a proverbially acute condition with him, and had it not been for his devoted henchman, Gabriel d'Yturri, I fear that he would have been frequently overtaken by dire distress. As it was, his house was so animated by beauty and so replete with anecdote that one was rarely reminded of any vacuum caused by a depleted exchequer.

His subsequent lecture tour in America was under my auspices. He came richly supplied with powerful letters of introduction, but a prejudice of unusual proportion existed against him, fanned to activity by his enemies abroad. I am happy to state, however, that despite this fact these conferences were a pronounced success. It was a clear case of those who went to scoff remaining to pray. Rarely have any lectures in the French language proved more delightful. The room was always crowded and the audience always appreciative.

Montesquiou's Sacrifice

Many were the amusing comments made by Montesquiou upon American social habits. He could never grasp the psychology of a luncheon at which no men were present. He could not understand business as a controlling force. To go to a social function, to be asked to mount the stairs and to have one's hat and coat laid upon a bed, which was the common fashion in those days, was something which to him seemed abhorrent and unsanitary. Galoshes piled around a priceless console table in a hall seemed to him as incongruous as indecorous. On the other hand, he reveled in the press and enjoyed its publicity. One of his most precious souvenirs was the scrapbook which I had carefully prepared for him and which contained columns both of description and of criticism. I believe that this compilation alone would have compensated him for the journey across the Atlantic.

Robert de Montesquiou during the war took little active interest in its performance. Its victories were hardly more emphasized to him than were its defeats. He detached himself completely from the vibration of the boulevards and buried himself in his Louis XIII château in the South of France.

On one occasion during this period I offered him his favorite white carnation as a boutonniére. He gracefully waved away my gift, saying, "Ah, dear friend, while the war lasts I shall never wear a flower. That is the sacrifice which I make to my country." The egotism of this seemed to me sublime.

It was at the Pavillon des Muses that I met Gabriele d'Annunzio as a man of letters; the hero of Fiume had still to be revealed. The Russian ballet had just burst upon Paris in all its pristine glory. The Blue God walked upon the streets while Nina Rubenstein had become their presiding goddess. The name of Léon Bakst was upon the lips of everyone. Brilliant and blatant, sensuous and scintillating, crushing and clashing, mighty and mysterious, immoral and immortal was this new form of entertainment, which in its journey across Central Europe had gathered impetus and inspiration. It was the era in which the Dance of Death reigned supreme.

A wild debauchery of mind prevailed. Everything seemed distorted. The spirit of unrest, the soul in distress, the whole morale of mankind perverted—were the signals which flashed their searchlights ahead, revealing the approaching confluence with a river of blood.

D'Annunzio with his lyrics created harmony, even out of this discord. It is true that he struck the cymbals of his century, but as his background stood that figure of classic romanticism, silent and immutable, Eleanora Duse, the artist whose attachment to him was made the common property of the world only through D'Annunzio's novel Il Fuoco, which should have been one of consecration and not one of desecration. But like many others, his after achievements as a patriot made the world forget his delinquencies as a man.

The traditions of the French Academy were being frequently attacked, and even though Emile Zola had knocked in vain at its portal, the latter was, nevertheless, threatened by an invasion of new and ruthless minds. Modernism was rampant, and the chairs of the immortal forty were disputed by destructive forces.

I owe to Sardou my first opportunity to attend a symposium within those sacred precincts. It was on the occasion when De Heredia took his seat. His sponsor was François Coppée.

All along the Quai as one approached the Institute one felt a thrill of excitement. The intellectuals of France were in the ascendant. Every celebrity was in evidence. The chamber in which the function takes place on these occasions is comparatively small. The cards of admission represent the different sections. The seats are arranged in rows of uncomfortable benches towering one upon the other. The floor is filled with the rostrum and the *fauteuils* of the Academicians.

There is practically no ventilation whatever, and all the light is furnished by a glass roof, which on a sunny day makes the heat almost unbearable.

After my first visit I was present at several other sessions, notably the reception of the well-known novelist Paul Bourget, when the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé made the speech of introduction.

There are always two important discourses—one of introduction, made by a carefully selected sponsor, and one by the new member, who replies in terms that might almost be a profession of faith.

The world owes an eternal gratitude to this august assembly of scholars, for though the literary Bolshevists of France jeer and satirize this group of men, nevertheless, they always have been and always will be the defenders of the classic school they represent. They are the keepers of the holy seal of form and taste, of accuracy and of discretion. They are not easily wooed nor are they casually won. Their standards are inviolate and to be respected, and no facile and sporadic talent shall prevail against them.

The French Academy, like fashionable society, is theoretically spurned by those to whom entrance therein is denied; nevertheless, let these contemptuous critics be given the slightest hope of admission and they will forthwith become sycophantic in their admiration and truculent in their expressions of esteem. It is a well-known fact that no influence so quickly converts a radical into a reactionary as does his election to power.

I could never quite understand why any writer of comedy should aspire to become a member of this very austere body. The atmosphere it exudes is traditionally against the spirit of mirth. Everything savors so intensely of serious responsibility that levity of any kind seems sadly out of place.

Gentle Jules Claretie

One interesting feature is that when in broad daylight the Academicians don their historical costume, consisting of a cocked hat and a coat embroidered in gold palms, this is not viewed as an absurdity. It is a part of the traditions which no one would be courageous enough to criticize.

But when this same costume is displayed for sale in some pawnshop window in the Rue de Provence, or worn in a London drawing-room, as was the case whenever Jules Claretie crossed the Channel, then the grotesqueness of this literary livery becomes apparent.

Jules Claretie personally was a gentle and attractive soul in Parisian society. While administrator of the Théâtre Français this very pliability, however, was a crime. He disliked so especially to seem ungracious that he agreed to everything and agreed with everybody. It pained him to say no. Thus each author whose play was under consideration often lived for months in a fool's paradise, unmindful of the day when his manuscript might be returned with a letter of sympathetic regret. And when an excellent part was to be given out, it was invariably found that this same part had been promised to each member of the company who had privately been an applicant for it

Nevertheless, Claretie remained in power for many years. His charm was felt even by those who warred against it. His was the soul of hospitality, and to sit at his table was a joy, as he gathered there most gifted and agreeable guests. The place of honor, however, was always reserved for his very aged grandmother, who delighted the visitors with her personal recollections of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette. At first glance this did not seem possible, yet the dear old lady could prove the accuracy of her chronology without the slightest difficulty.

Another dominant figure was Jean Richepin, famous as a lyric dramatist and writer of verse, but above all for his still rarer mind and personal charm. Many were the tales told of his conquests of the fair sex.

WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS

Not while she keeps her health

WE have a museum in which we keep Red Edge Shovels that have made unusually fine records, and we particularly coveted a Red Edge veteran known to be in the possession of a certain old miner in Alabama.

One of our representatives trailed him to his lair. "Look here, Joe," he said. "I'll swap you a brand new Red Edge for that old one of yours."

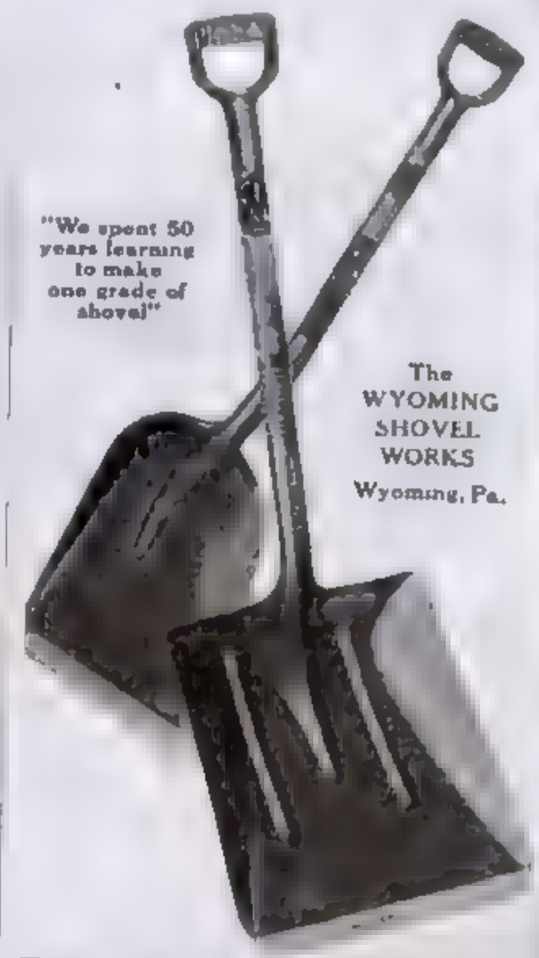
"No, suh"—replied the old man. "This here shovel is balanced just right. She's got an edge like a razor, and she's got just the right shape to take a big mouthful at a load. I ain't trading."

"Well, I'll give you a new shovel and five dollars to boot." The representative *wanted* that shovel.

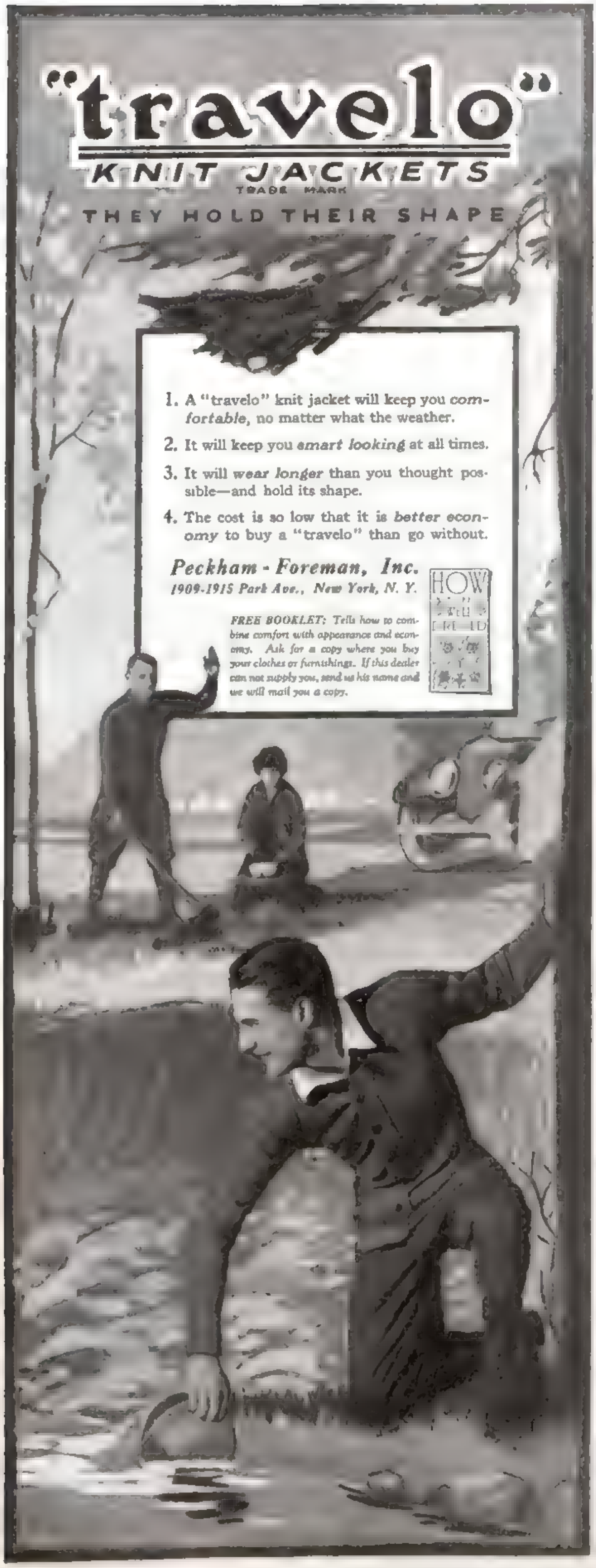
"No, suh—and not for five dollars to boot." Joe ran his thumb over the business edge of his shovel. "Not while she keeps her health. I've had this one a long time. I reckon maybe they don't make shovels as good as this one any more."

When a man won't take a new shovel and five dollars in exchange for a two-dollar shovel that has been in constant use for more than a year—

But perhaps if you knew the wear and service which a Red Edge gives, you would understand Joe's point of view.



WYOMING RED EDGE SHOVELS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HOW

The second Madame Richepin was an irregular descendant of Alexander of Russia, and quite one of the most lovely women I have ever seen. Running true to form, Richepin, who could have passed anywhere as a Bedouin chief, dragged madame away from the civilization of Paris, crossed the Mediterranean, landed in Algiers, and then headed for the desert, where they lived for months in tents or on the backs of Arabian horses. Thus they wandered together, recognizing no laws but those of Richepin's own creation. Only approaching maternity drove them back to the commonplaces of life.

However, Richepin's talent seems to have been stimulated by this great experience, although he had already given to the world that most beautiful drama, Le Chemineau, which became popular in every language.

All this transpired many years ago, and the children of this union have inherited the beauty and the grace of their mother, as well as the artistic soul and the literary talent of their father. By his contemporaries Jean Richepin was invariably referred to as the fatal man, for it was proverbially believed that no woman could resist him.

Another member of the French Academy was Paul Hervieu, who always gave one the impression of chronic despondency, yet he, too, possessed a rare attraction for our sex. For years he had become the habit in a certain household presided over by an aristocratic and titled chatelaine. There Hervieu was petted and considered to an incredible extent. There his every wish was anticipated, his every taste gratified. But once in the later years of his life he developed the wandering eye, which led him temporarily afield. There was, however, no real rupture so far as his adopted home was concerned, for Lady Number One, instead of overwhelming Hervieu with tears, reproaches and complaints due to his recurrent absences, welcomed Lady Number Two to her own attractive and luxurious villa. For months Hervieu was never invited there without her, nor was he ever allowed to enjoy any relief from her society, which at best was fairly dull. He was forbidden to relax in the charming and tactful society of Lady Number One, until at last he could simply bear it no longer. He became bored beyond endurance. Lady Number Two was thrown over, and Hervieu crept back to the quiet haven which he had temporarily deserted for a foolish sail upon a summer sea.

I watched the going and coming, and was deeply impressed by the finesse of this very clever Frenchwoman, who proved herself a past mistress in the art of having and of holding.

French Playwrights

Henri Lavedan, author of The Duel and of many other successful plays, is another member of the French Academy whose work I personally represented in English-speaking countries. He suffered from the great affliction of incurable deafness, and I remember that once when he spoke with resignation of the crushing noise which was grinding in his head during his waking hours I felt a sympathy for him beyond utterance. Yet I never knew Henri Lavedan to complain of this burden, which he had carried through life. He was a man of unusual taste and culture and surrounded himself with objects of beauty so that he could at least live through his eyes, even though his ears were closed.

To spend an hour with him was a lesson in character. It dwarfed one's puerile complaints and belittled one's trivial burdens. It taught that in the mystery of pain lay the secret of life and that within a man's soul could be found the real inspiration which insured his achievement. To know Henri Lavedan is indeed a privilege.

As I turn my crystal ball I see a long line of men and women of note filing across my memory: Here is Georges Feydeau, whose blood relation to an imperial duke was regarded as a source of pride rather than as a blot on his escutcheon. When comparatively young he married the daughter of Cabanel, the artist. His talent as a writer of jovial farce was unequaled. He was the soul of geniality, and the laughs he produced were but the echoes of his own impulses. He was one of the first collectors who bought modern pictures, and the famous School of Fontainebleau furnished his walls with many of the best paintings by Diaz, Corot, Rousseau and Millet.

Feydeau would have died a very rich man had it not been that he was always a heavy speculator in the stock market. At the end, as is generally the case, he was beaten by the ticker. Its constant click lured him on until, when the day of reckoning came, his heavy assets in brains were discounted by his losses in shares and securities.

The list of men who contributed to the glory of the French stage in those days would be incomplete without including Pierre Decourcelle, the nephew of D'Ennery, who was the author of The Two Orphans. Although successful as a dramatist, he has devoted himself in later years to the making of moving pictures, so that he is now preëminent in the world of films.

Decourcelle was and still is a very handsome man. He is a familiar figure everywhere; not only in the theater but at every private art view in the Rue de Seize, at the Hôtel Drouot when important auction sales are in progress, at Longchamp on the day of the Grand Prix, at Auteuil, in Deauville when the season is at its height, in the most exclusive salons of Paris; in fact, Pierre Decourcelle is in all and over all. He is noted for his marvelous taste, for his knowledge as a collector, for his own overwhelming energy and for his universal courtliness.

Another turn of my ball and I recognize such a master of style and such an interpreter of emotions as Maurice Donnay. He in his turn is followed by Tristan Bernard, Pierre Wolf, Pierre Weber, Gaston Caillavet, Maurice Hennequin, Henri Bernstein, Brieux, Curel, Robert de Flers, Francis de Croisset and a score of others, some of whom have passed beyond. Many of the dramatists I have known were among the early victims of the war.

The Postwar Influence

In France, as elsewhere, the destructive force of so-called realism has penetrated. It has advanced hand in hand with cubist art. It shares with the latter a lack of form and of logic; it ignores dramatic values and spurns dramatic plots. Simplicity becomes an offense. Any understanding of the story is interpreted as its weakness. Romance and beauty are discarded. The normal struggles of normal humanity are despised.

This moral miasma in literature and in the drama seems to have spread over the face of Europe. It is not confined to any one country. It is ubiquitous in its influence. The microbes of degeneracy were germinating prior to the Great War. Those who were healthy minded predicted that this awful Car of Juggernaut would mow down the weeds and purify the soil. They believed that out of the dire disaster the world would be born again. They thought that from the terrifying darkness an effulgent light would spring. They felt that the rivers of blood would wash away all evil, that the toll of human lives would redeem the loss of human souls, that the holy dove of peace would thereafter descend upon mankind and that the glory of God would encompass the earth.

How far away from the bitter reality were this prophecy and this belief!

Instead of love, hatred unchecked stalks in our midst. Instead of mercy, injustice. Instead of forgiveness, revenge. A lust for gold, a greed of conquest, a barrier against fear—have been the dreams of the victors. The map of Europe has become the slaughterhouse of the world. The tears of the weak fall unsoothed in the shambles. The wasted hands of the children are raised in a vain appeal. Men have ceased to be human because the war has turned them into beasts. They are steeped in obscenity. They are corroded by selfishness. The women who were once their ministering angels are given over to vanity and to viciousness. They have become mere physical puppets, pandering to their bodies while asphyxiating their souls.

The devil has indeed come into his own, and the prayers that once ascended unto heaven are now drowned in a pæan of sensuous pleasure or revolting passion and of ruthless extravagance.

The starving and innocent victims of this lust and greed and hatred are dying unheeded by the way, yet God is marching on. The gates of hell shall not prevail against Him and neither you nor I shall escape the handwriting on our walls, because it has been written in blood and the price it has cost the world has made it indelible.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of nine articles by Miss Marbury. The next will appear in an early issue

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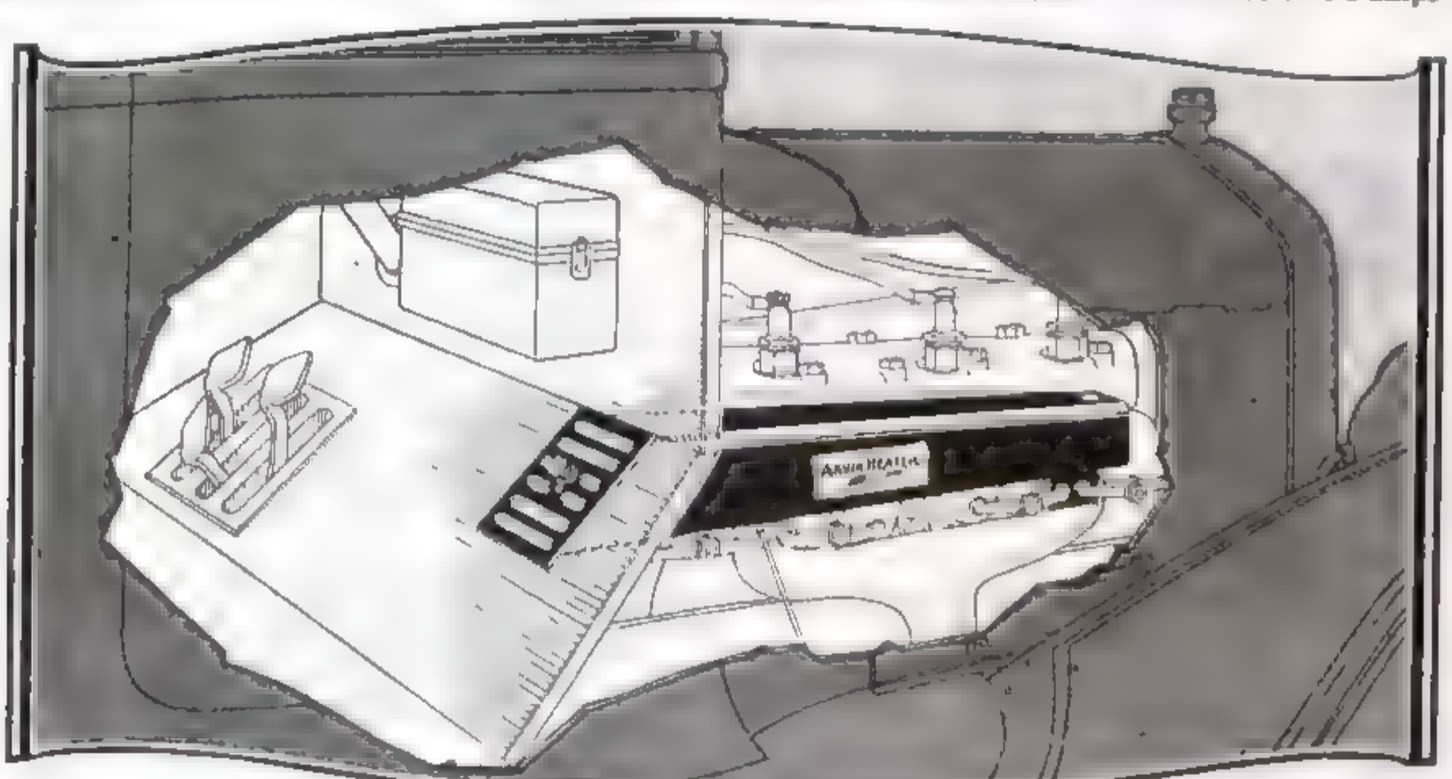

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BLAH BROADCASTING

(Continued from Page 13)

I ain't hardly done wiping the dishes when they arrives, Magruder looking like he was thinking three cheers for hisself.

"Well," says he, jovial, "how's she working?"

"Grand," I replies. "I just got done listening to a guy giving a imitation of a jazz band marching through a boiler factory during a hailstorm."

"Don't waste your ears on him," snaps the frau. "They is something the matter with the radio."

"I guess," remarks Jim, with a pitiful smile, "you folks don't quite know how to handle them things. Observe me close."

You couldn't observe that tightwad no other way, but I watches him while he fools around with the set.

Pretty soon the smile on his map does a fade-out and I can see from what he's doing that he ain't got no more chances of finding out what's the matter with the layout than a dried cod.

"What," I inquires, after about fifteen minutes, "would you say, from a quick look, appears to be the trouble?"

"They is a kinda buzzing," says Jim, "and ——"

"Yeh," I interrupts, "I figured that out too. You see, Kate, I ain't such a stupid, after all. They is a coupla things about this radio that I has learned already. Just as soon as I puts on them ear pieces, I says to myself, 'What is that funny noise?' and right away the idea comes to me it's a buzzing sound. Not so bad, eh, Jim, for a lad that ain't hardly had no schooling or ——"

"I wouldn't go no farther," shoots back Magruder, "than call it a triumph—for you."

"Being around Jim so much like you is," says Lizzie, "you is bound to pick up a lotta knowledge."

"You mouthed a saidful then, gal," I comes back, enthusiastic. "You'd be surprised at the things I learns how to do just by watching the way he does them. I won't never have no troubles fixing up this radio when it gets outta whack just by piping the quick way he's putting it into shape now. All done, Jim?"

"Who wants to know?" he bawls back, red in the face.

"Tom Edison and Hank Ford just called up about it," I answers. "What's the matter? Them statics on another spree?"

"I know," he comes back; "but I ain't got enough small words to say it so you will. I could easy fix it in the daytime, but the light here ain't so good."

"Let's go over to your place," suggests Kate, slipping me the shush sign. "I got my ears all set for a radio concert and I guess your set is O.K."

"You mean," I inquires, "the one the expert hooked up?"

"No," says Lizzie. "She's talking about going over to our house."

Magruder sends over a mean glare, but don't make no objections to the wife's idea. We all piles into the Magruders' wagon and in ten minutes we is squatting around his radio. Jim's let hisself get nicked for one of them big horns. He don't have no troubles a-tall starting the machine off, and right away we is listening to the middle of a song to the effects that you is gotta call on your mother every night or you can't see the old lady a-tall, on account of her not having no bananas, I suppose. I don't know nothing that's got lesser sense to it than the words to them jazz spasms unless it's maybe the notes to the music, if any.

We gets by the chorus in great shape, and Jim's beginning to smile natural again like he was responsible for the raw treat we is having, when they is a sound of a guy gritting his teeth on a piece of sandpaper. When that dies down, the old hen that's gotta have her kiddo every night, including Sundays and holidays, is left hanging by her toe nails to a bar of ether while another bobo steps into the spot and slips us some rollicking inside info about what a rotten sewer system we is got and how much rottener it's gonna get unless the campaign run by the Daily Whoof goes over.

At first I think this is one of them talky bits they drag into these songs; but, like it sometimes happens, I ain't right.

"That's KNT cutting in," explains Magruder.

"Who's him?" I asks. "And what business is he got connecting up a sewer with this here hymn?"

"That's a station in the next town," says Jim, "and they has got a stronger broadcasting layout than we has; but I'll tie a knot in them babies."

He turns knobs and acts generally like a stage safe-cracker trying to bust into the old miser's strong box for the missing will, and pretty soon we is got the sewer shouter on the run. We don't get the old frill back that was cuckoo about company; instead of which we draws a lad which tells funny stories, one of them, I remembers, being about a radio nut telling another filbert about just sticking a wire outta the window and getting Cuba, to which the come-back was: "That ain't nothing. I stuck my head outta the window and got Chile."

Finally even the statics can't stand no more of this wheeze baby and for the next ten minutes we don't hear nothing excepting the music of the spears, like some poet writer calls noises that ain't got no meaning.

"You had enough?" asks Magruder.

"You ain't got no idea how much more than," I replies. "Can't you hook up with none of them places like Frisco or Dallas or the like?"

"Your ignorance is refreshments," comes back Jim. "This kinda set is only good for a coupla hundred miles, and you couldn't get nothing outside of BLAH and a few other stations around here. What do you want for fifty smackers?"

"I ain't kicking," says I; "but I kinda got a idea from what Bill Cates told me today that it was all in the way you handled them things; that some babies could get London with the same layout that other lads couldn't pull in something broadcasted off their own roof. You know Cates, don't you?"

Magruder shakes his head no.

"The feller that tried to show you how to hook up a radio," I explains.

"Nobody," cuts in Lizzie, "ain't got to show Jim nothing about electricity."

"Considering the flummux Jim made of the job at our house," says I, "it looks like nobody ain't got no show to show Jim nothing."

"Why don't you try and do it?" sneers Magruder. "You don't know a radio from radium." He acts pretty riled and I get riled too. Besides which I'm getting tired of that bozo working the high dome on me and even getting Kate to believe that I'm a boob and him a bearcat.

"Listen here!" I yelps. "They is eight-year-old kids that is stringing up them layouts, and what they can do and you can't, I sure can. Come on over to our place tomorrow night if you wanna see what a radio can do when properly approached."

"What you gonna do?" he asked. "Get a bigger set?"

"No, I ain't," I answers, "and nobody ain't gonna monkey with the flivver we got excepting me."

"Yeh," jeers Magruder. "Maybe you'll get Dallas and Frisco and them places."

"Perhaps not," I shoots back; "but I'll get a hell of a lot nearer to 'em than you can. Come on over."

"All right," grins Jim. "I'm crazy to hear that station they is got in Hong-Kong."

III

IN THE morning I drifts over to Cates'. He's still in the radio business.

"In the first place," says I, "I wants one of them horns that lets a whole gang suffer at one time. In the second place, I'm looking for some trick stuff that can't be seen from the outside, that'll let this set of mine take in more territory than it does now. In the third place, I want you to keep your trap shut about what I gets from you."

"Number One and Three I has," comes back Bill. "What kinda layout you got?"

I tells him the name and explains what I has on my mind.

"Not a chance, Dink," says he. "Them sets ain't worth a hoot and they ain't no way to make 'em better. You is lucky to get BLAH with it."

That hurts some, but I ain't discouraged altogether. I figures I can easy fix up the mess on the machine which I made the day before, and even if I can't get none of them far-away places, I can, at the leastest, do as good as Magruder done, maybe even better if the statics ain't acting up. I let Cates tell me something about operating the radio and then I beats it with the horn.

Around noon I gets to thinking of the fodder date I got with McKay and in the so doing a idea hops right outta the air and lands in my dome. The more it rattles around in my bean the better it listens, and when I meets up with the broadcasting kid at the greasy spoon we has picked for the rounder-view, it's all settled as far as I is concerned.

"Gabby," says I to him, "is you still so strong for tin-canning your job and getting hence outta here like you was yesterday?"

"I is," he answers.

"That being the cases," I continues, "you don't know of no reasons why you shouldn't take a hundred iron men for doing me a favor, is they?"

"Without knowing what you is talking about," comes back McKay, "you're on for anything ranging from strangling your wife and throwing her down the well to listening to you sing. A century note will just take me where I is going."

"Where's that?" I inquires.

"Away from here and BLAH," he answers.

Then I tells him about the idea I got, and right away he says it oughta work all right and agrees to sit in. Besides, he comes through with some suggestions of his own for putting the stuff over good.

"You ain't afraid none of them babies up there will spoil the beans, is you?" I asks.

"Nope," he replies. "They is coupla nice lads and ain't neither of 'em got no notion they can lick me. Does that friend of yourn read the radio programs that is printed in the Dispatch?"

I tells Gabby, Jim don't take that paper, even; and after a few more words, we separates, me first slipping McKay a fleet of ten spots and a pint of something I noticed in my hip pocket when I flops down in the restaurant. Everything is sitting so pretty that I is bubbling over with good humors when I gets home that evening. The wife is fooling with the radio.

"Here, little one," says I, showing the horn, "is some competition I has brung home for you. It's a real snappy loud speaker."

"You might as well," answers the wife, "bring home some piano music without having no piano. This thing don't work."

"Run along to the kitchen, rosebud of mine," I urges, "and let father fix up the bad old radio, and ——"

"You!" she cuts in.

"Yep," I replies, jovial. "None other than Dink O'Day, the boy prodigal."

She mutters something about the sorta hooch they is selling and beats it out. In a little while I has got the horn in place, and besides has fixed the which I unfixed the day before.

After dinner I says to the misses, "I got a little more work to do on the set and I wish you would drive over and get the Magruders. You remembers I promised to call for them."

"What's the use?" she wants to know. "That radio ain't working, is it?"

"Maybe not now," I answers, "but it will be by the time you is back."

"All right," says Kate, with great confidences in my abilities. "I'll bring 'em over for some bridge."

When the three of 'em hoofs in I'm in my shirt sleeves, fussing around the radio, the busiest baby you ever seen doing nothing. I'm all surrounded with saws and hammers and files and oil cans and a lotta other stuff I dug outta the cellar to give the act a big-time setting.

"Just a minute, folks," I says, "and we'll be all fixed. I'm just putting a few finishing touches on the kitisch tubes and the dingle dorkits; you know, Jim, them things which gives you a stronger muskokas in the ether."

"Uh-huh," mutters Magruder. "Where'd you learn how to work on these things?"

"Just from watching you last night," I answers, modest. "One gets so much that way, doesn't one?"

"I always says," rings in Lizzie, "that if everyone ——"

"I'll bet you is making a fine mess of it," says Jim.

"Now," I remarks, giving one of the knobs a useless pat, "we is all ready."

"To hear Dallas?" inquires Magruder, sarcastic, "or Frisco?"

I just grins, takes a look at the time, stalls around a few minutes, picking up the truck on the floor, and then I opens up the evening's festivals.

"Station BLAH broadcasting," comes through the horn, and I easy recognizes Gabby's voice, even though it's kinda thick like he'd been hitting the pint I give him. He goes on to announce that they will be a violin solo, and so they is. Luck's with me right.

The music comes along without a break and without nobody dropping no tin cans around in the ether like they done over at Magruder's shack.

"How do you like it, Liz?" I asks.

"Not bad," says Jim. "The air conditions is good."

"Not bad," repeats his wife. "The air conditions is good. I noticed they was when we was riding over here."

"I thought," sneers Magruder, "you was gonna show us something extra special. You ain't done nothing but watched me and ——"

"Wait a while," I cuts in. "All I is doing now is tuning up. Pretty soon I'll go after distance. Watch!"

The violin quits and right quick I gets busy fussing with the machine, pushing things around and then pushing 'em right back where they was in the first place. I'm all nervous with anxieties as to whether McKay'll be able to deliver when they is a little buzzing sound, and then ——

"Stytion ZOP, Tower of London, England, now broadcasting," comes in a squeaky voice. I gotta hand it to Gabby. He was always good at them imitations and he ain't lost none of his cunnings. "Lydies and gentlemen," goes on McKay in his best cock-eyed accents, "I wishes to introduce the Honorable Violet Oats, third daughter of His Gryce, the Duke of Bullchester, who will sing Where Was You, 'Arry, on the Last Bank 'Oliday?"

They is a kinda sound that listens to me like a frill trying to keep from laughing, and I figures that Gabby is got in good with the performers and they is playing ball with him. I takes a look at Jim and Lizzie and the wife. Their traps is all open and their lamps bulging out. The duke's gal begins singing.

"Not so good," I remarks, careless. "It should oughta be clearer."

As a matter of the facts, it couldn't be no better if Violet was in the room sitting on my lap.

"What kinda set you got?" asks Magruder, hoarse.

"Just like yourn," I answers. "Only you gotta know how to handle 'em to get the long shots."

"And you fixed it up yourselfs?" he wants to know.

"I seen him do it," answers Kate, giving me the kinda look she used to when we was friends before getting married. "They wasn't nobody else here today."

"You folks make too much of a mere triffle," I remarks, nonchalant.

By this time the duke's gal's run outta wind. They is a little buzzing, and while I is again doing my stuff with the knobs et cet Gabby again comes to the bat.

"Station XYT, American Club, Hong-Kong, China, now broadcasting," he announces, in a voice that ain't nothing like the one he had on the Towers of London. It sounds awful thick and they is a kinda drunken wabble to it. My pint, I figures, is getting shot fast.

"Hong-Kong!" gasps Magruder.

"Yeh," I said, careless; "you asked for it last night, you know. I hears they has a good station in Sydney, Australia. Shall I try to pick it up?"

Nobody don't say nothing, and I lets the guy McKay introduces go on with the funny yarns he is telling. They is so old they easy sound like they mighta come from China.

The baby finally dries up and I'm ready to call it a night when ——

"How'd you like my work, Dink?" comes through the horn. "Did that Magruder lad fall for the London and China stuff?"

I rushes over to turn off the radio. That flathead McKay's got all hooched up and blown the works!

"Thanks for the hundred, Dink, and don't ——"

At which points I get Gabby shushed off, but it's like trying to steal horses after the barnyard's closed. The eggs is fried.

"Bah!" snaps Magruder, giving me the disgusted eye.

"BLAH!" says I.

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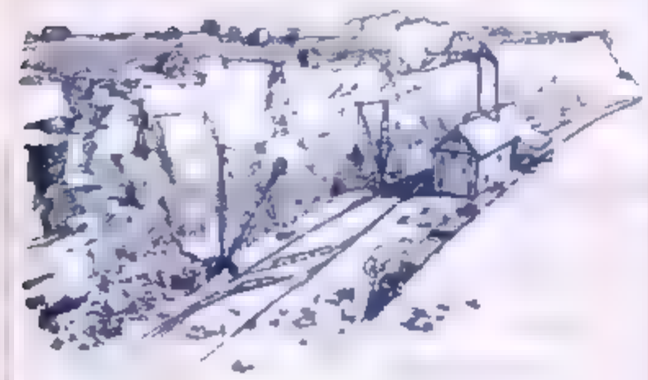

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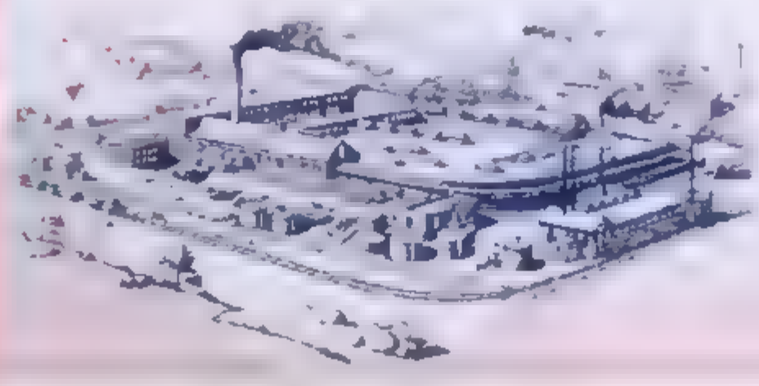

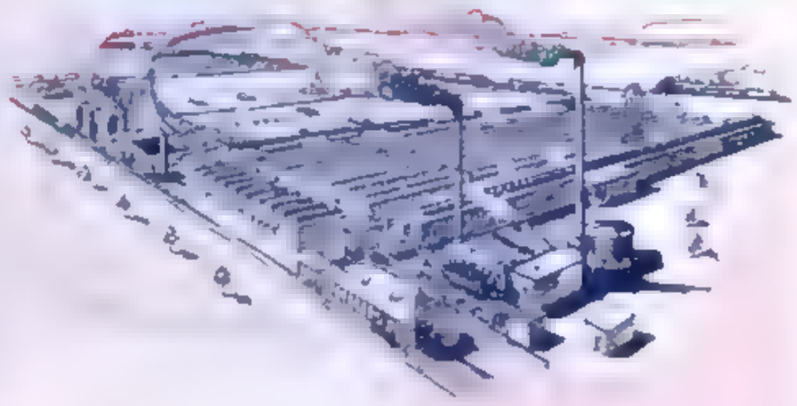

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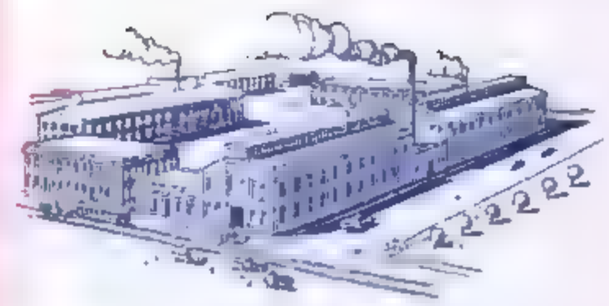

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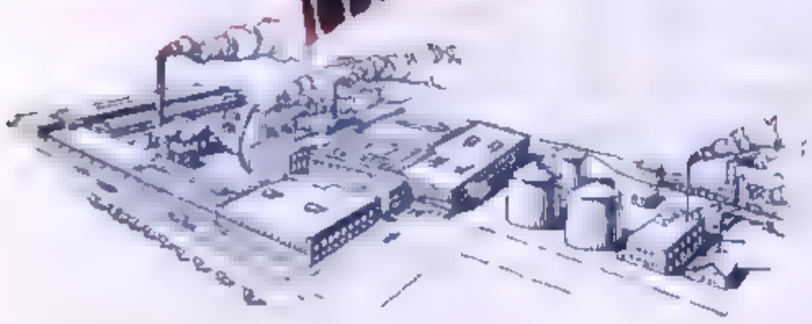

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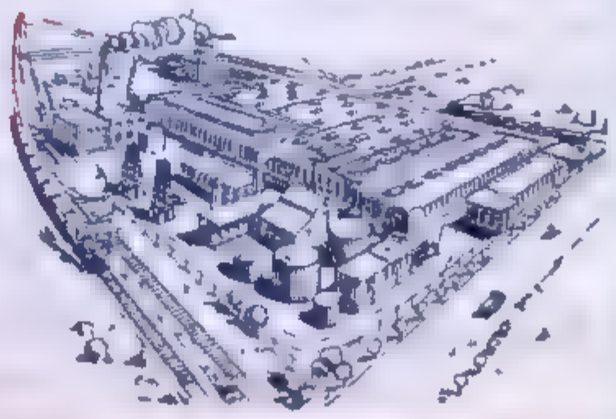

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PERHAPS more intimately than any other room, a bedroom interprets personality. Every detail of this bedroom by the New York Galleries expresses the most charming refinement.

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Linen, you know, has a great capacity for color and so you find in Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting particularly lovely colors in solid tones of sand, gray, chestnut, rose, mole, taupe, green, blue, mulberry and beige.

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You know that "feel" of roughness and stiffness that all *new* linen has. And you know how it softens with use. You will notice that Klearflax, too, has a certain roughness of texture. This is because the tougher fibres of the linen plant are woven in with the silky ones. These strands soon soften, however, and like *all* linen, Klearflax becomes finer and more beautiful with use.

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Genuine Klearflax is guaranteed pure linen, both warp and woof, by the Klearflax trade-mark label attached to every rug, which protects you against cheaper imitations. You will find Klearflax at one of the better stores near you. If you do not know which one, write us.

We will be glad to send you our booklet on home decoration, giving size and color range of Klearflax Linen Rugs and Carpeting. The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc., Duluth, Minnesota; New York, Textile Bldg., 295 Fifth Ave.; Chicago, Lytton Bldg., 14 East Jackson Blvd.; Boston, 1058 Little Bldg.

Klearflax

LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

from The Klearflax Linen Looms, Inc.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

(Continued from Page 38)

They entered. Bruce pushed aside a mat curtain, saw Fanshaw busy writing at his table. He glanced up at them with his lantern-jawed, tight-lipped, worried-looking face as they came within the threshold.

"Hallo, you fellows!" he said rather ungraciously. "Paying visits? My wife's out—but you'll find the siphon over there." He jerked his pen towards the sideboard, while his eyes went down again to the letter he was writing. "Help yourselves."

To Bruce's surprise he found that he could speak.

"Fanshaw ——"

Fanshaw looked up again irritably from the half-written word.

"Yes?" And then he saw the ghastliness of their faces. "Why—what's wrong?" His tone changed sharply to startled concern. "What in the world's the matter? You look perfectly awful, both of you."

Again Bruce found that he could speak.

"Fanshaw," he said, "we've come to talk to you—Rolfe and I. D'you mind if we sit down?" He felt that he must sit or fall.

Fanshaw stared at them.

"You'll find chairs there," he said shortly. "What is it?"

They seated themselves, confronting him over his writing table. Bruce glanced up to the wall behind Fanshaw, where a revolver holster was hanging from a peg.

"D'you mind," he asked awkwardly—"d'you mind letting me have your revolver, Fanshaw?"

Fanshaw stared at them, puzzled, and then rose, took the revolver holster from the wall, threw it upon the table rather peevishly.

Bruce picked it up.

"Now then, what's the trouble?" queried Fanshaw as he sat down again. "What do you want my revolver for? I can see by your faces that something is wrong."

Bruce dandled the heavy holster.

"Fanshaw," he said, "we—Rolfe and I—have come on a pretty rotten job. Plan C has been got at and copied."

Fanshaw frowned at him in incredulity.

"Plan C?" he echoed. "Good God!"

"Pretty loathsome, isn't it?" said Bruce between his teeth. He was beginning to hate that thin-faced traitor in front of him—he would dare to try and bluff them, would he? If only he weren't Nina's husband! "Pretty loathsome, Fanshaw," he repeated with grim directness.

Fanshaw put up an amazingly good show of bewilderment—almost impressive, had it not been for the general's coldly logical, step-by-step demonstration.

"Good God! But the general slept with the keys fastened round his neck; he told me so himself!"

Bruce looked him in the eyes, tried to look into the soul of him.

"We don't want to go into that," he said. "We know all about it. The general has sent us, Rolfe and me, to settle the matter without a public scandal."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Fanshaw looked from one to the other of them, his face a study in lack of comprehension.

"You know—perfectly well!" said Bruce. "The game's up, Fanshaw. There's no use bluffing. You're caught out. We've got the evidence."

Fanshaw stared at them.

"You've—got—the—evidence?" he said slowly, in a tone that seemed to try to make it real himself. "What evidence?"

"More than enough for a court-martial to shoot you half a dozen times over," replied Bruce succinctly. "Fanshaw, this is a rotten business. It makes me sick to have to do it. But for the honor of the army—for the sake of your own family—we don't want a scandal. We give you an easy way out. We want a written and signed confession—I give you my word that no one shall see it but the general, no one shall know anything about it—and then"—he drew the revolver from the holster, laid it upon the table, pushed it towards Fanshaw—"we'll leave you with this. You can pretend to have been cleaning it."

Fanshaw stared at the revolver, shrank back from it, looked up again at the two of them, a sudden horror in his eyes.

"You mean ——" he began.

Bruce pushed the weapon a little nearer to him.

"Precisely what I say, Fanshaw," he said, his words distinct despite the dryness of his mouth. "And no one—not even Nina—shall ever guess." He had used her Christian name unconsciously. "The episode will be buried—with you."

Fanshaw knocked away the revolver, jumped to his feet.

"You must be mad—both of you!" he cried. "Utterly mad! I'm going to see the general at once!" He took a step towards the door.

Bruce placed himself in front of him.

"I'm sorry, Fanshaw, but it can't be allowed. The general sent us to you. He gave us half an hour in which to bring back your written confession." He glanced at his wrist watch. "Ten minutes of it have gone. You've made a bad break, Fanshaw; but own up, and play out the only decent game open to you. You ought to be grateful for the chance."

With a strong arm he thrust him back towards the table.

Fanshaw stood looking at them, trembling suddenly, his face as white as theirs.

"Either you are both mad," he cried, "or this is an infernal conspiracy to murder me!" He looked into Bruce's eyes with an insulting suspicion. "I can imagine that one of you has a motive," he said deliberately; "though I should not have thought it of you."

Bruce winced as though he had been slashed across the face.

"Leave that out, Fanshaw," he said. "For just that reason I'd rather be dead than here. I'm obeying orders; don't make it harder for me. Will you write out that confession?"

"Of course not! I know nothing about it. If anyone has any charges to bring against me, let them be brought forward in a proper manner—and I'll deal with them." He wrapped himself in his dignity as an officer, spoke with curt contempt.

Rolfe intervened for the first time in this colloquy.

"Fanshaw," he said thickly, "you know that means a court-martial—and I wouldn't give tuppence for your chance."

Fanshaw swung round on him.

"Look here, I've had enough of this! Clear out—both of you! And I'll trouble you, both of you, to meet me in front of the general!"

Rolfe shrugged his big shoulders, looked at Bruce.

"Well," he said, "I suppose if Fanshaw insists on a court-martial, we're helpless. We can't compel him to write a confession. The only thing is to report it. We've done our best—and for my part, Fanshaw, I'm glad of an excuse to be out of a very unpleasant business. Come along, Bruce!"

He took a step towards the door, was checked by Bruce's restraining arm.

"No," said Bruce, his teeth clenched; "we're going to stay here until we've done our job—and there's not going to be any public scandal in this business. Fanshaw"—he looked him in the eyes—"for the sake of all that was ever sacred to you in the world—for the sake of your old school—the army—for your wife's sake!—play the man and own up decently. You haven't the ghost of a chance before a court-martial, and though they might not shoot you, the disgrace would be worse than death—for you—and"—his voice choked—"for Nina."

Fanshaw's look at him was an insult.

"Major Bruce," he said, "I shall be obliged if you will refer to my wife as Mrs. Fanshaw."

The three men jumped at a bright girlish voice from the other side of the mat curtain. "Dick, darling! I'm back! I've escaped!" There was a happy little laugh as the mat curtain was pulled back and Nina stood on the threshold. Her fresh young face lit up in pleasant surprise as she saw Bruce. "Why, Frank! How nice of you to come so soon!" she exclaimed, coming towards him and stretching out her hand.

Bruce had one glance at her, and something seemed to smite him sharply, viciously, inside him. He turned away his head, omitted to notice her proffered hand. He got his voice somehow.

"Fanshaw," he said, "will you please ask your wife to leave us? This—this is an official matter."

She came nearer, perceived Rolfe, who had turned to stare at a print upon the wall, and now nodded awkwardly to her. Her eyes went round the three men.

"Why—what is wrong?" she cried. "What has happened? You look ghastly, all of you!"

There was a silence.

"Frank! What is the matter? What have you and Major Rolfe come about?" He did not reply, avoided her eyes. "Dick!" She clutched his arm. "Tell me!"

Fanshaw shrugged his shoulders, smiled unpleasantly at Bruce.

"My dear," he replied, "apparently some important secret plans have been stolen, and it seems that in some way or other it has been made to look as though I had done it. Consequently, Major Bruce and Major Rolfe have come here with the amiable proposal that I shall write out a confession and then commit suicide." Bruce set his teeth, stifling a groan. The cad! Not to keep it from Nina! Fanshaw went on: "Alternatively, I shall be condemned by a court-martial."

She swung round upon Bruce in a flame of indignation.

"Oh!" she cried. "And you can believe this? You could come here to—to ——" She made a gesture of horror. "You—of all people!"

He met her eyes—and wished that he were dead.

"I couldn't help myself," he managed to say. "I tried—not to have to do it. It was an order—from the general—to both of us."

"But you believed it! You believed this of Dick! You—you who had promised me to be his friend—you did not tell the general that it was utterly impossible—you did not stand up for him—you—you believed it!"

Her contemptuous indignation scorched him.

"I'd have given all I know not to—not to have had to believe it," he said desperately, "but—but ——"

"But what?"

"If I must—the evidence is too convincing!" He cursed himself for saying so much, even as the words were uttered.

"And what is this evidence?"

Bruce turned from her to Fanshaw.

"For God's sake, Fanshaw, I can't stand any more of this. Either ask your wife to withdraw or"—he gestured abandonment to disaster—"we must let matters take their official course."

Fanshaw was the least perturbed person in the room.

"I should like to hear your precious evidence myself," he said with an unpleasant curtness of tone. "Tell her!"

Bruce looked again at the woman whose happiness was the one thing in the world that mattered to him.

"I insist!" she said. "And I have a right to insist!"

He surrendered to the look of proud authority in her pale face.

"I'd infinitely rather not," he said, "but since so much has been said already ——"

He flashed a glance of scorn at Fanshaw. His face haggard with the long-continued strain, with a succinct clarity he told her of the tampering with the secret plan, known to Fanshaw, Rolfe and himself alone; of the finding of Fanshaw's camera, with the focus set to three feet and flashlight ash still upon the bellows, within twenty-four hours after the plan had been copied and forty hours after Fanshaw had said he had lost it.

"But someone might have stolen Dick's camera, used it and put it back!" she exclaimed.

"They might," he agreed, "but that's not all." He went on to tell her of the banker's draft for thirty-five thousand pounds paid by the Asiatic Bank to the credit of a new account opened in an assumed name by cable from Menangpore and confirmed by letter. "And," he concluded through his set teeth, "both cablegram and letter were typed on your husband's machine, which he uses personally."

"Good God!" ejaculated Fanshaw, mopping his face with his handkerchief.

She had listened intently. "And is that all your evidence?" she asked.

"It's damnably convincing, Mrs. Fanshaw—though I hate to say it. The man who got at that plan must have been either your husband, Rolfe or myself. You can't imagine us coming on a job like this if either of us did it. And all the evidence piles up

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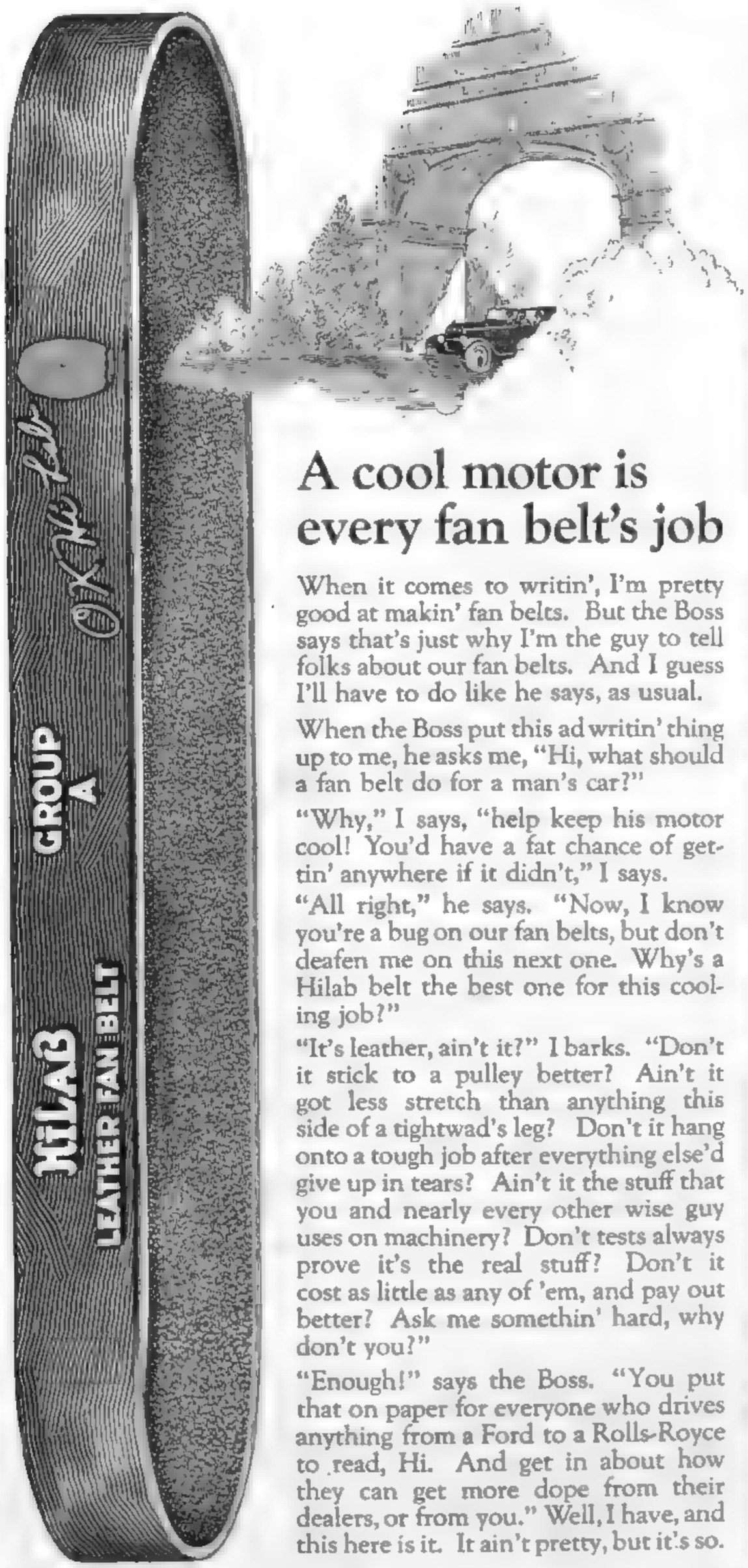

A cool motor is every fan belt's job

When it comes to writin', I'm pretty good at makin' fan belts. But the Boss says that's just why I'm the guy to tell folks about our fan belts. And I guess I'll have to do like he says, as usual.

When the Boss put this ad writin' thing up to me, he asks me, "Hi, what should a fan belt do for a man's car?"

"Why," I says, "help keep his motor cool! You'd have a fat chance of gettin' anywhere if it didn't," I says.

"All right," he says. "Now, I know you're a bug on our fan belts, but don't deafen me on this next one. Why's a Hilab belt the best one for this cooling job?"

"It's leather, ain't it?" I barks. "Don't it stick to a pulley better? Ain't it got less stretch than anything this side of a tightwad's leg? Don't it hang onto a tough job after everything else'd give up in tears? Ain't it the stuff that you and nearly every other wise guy uses on machinery? Don't tests always prove it's the real stuff? Don't it cost as little as any of 'em, and pay out better? Ask me somethin' hard, why don't you?"

"Enough!" says the Boss. "You put that on paper for everyone who drives anything from a Ford to a Rolls-Royce to read, Hi. And get in about how they can get more dope from their dealers, or from you." Well, I have, and this here is it. It ain't pretty, but it's so.

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against ——" He broke off abruptly, with a gesture towards Fanshaw. "The whole thing's too ghastly," he finished.

Fanshaw was about to say something when his wife checked him. Her brow was wrinkled with a sudden thought.

"Wait a moment," she said. "What was the name of the bank in London, and what name was on the cablegram?"

"The cable was sent by someone signing himself John Smith to the London and Northwestern Bank."

"John Smith?" She gave a little cry of triumph. "And who handed in that cablegram?"

"A native who has not yet been traced."

"Then perhaps I can throw some light on it. Four days ago, after dark, when I was sitting on the veranda, a native came wandering up the road and asked me, in broken English, if I had seen a certain officer. I could not understand him very well at first, and as he had a piece of paper in his hand I made him show it to me, thinking that it would give the name. That piece of paper was the receipt from the cable company for a cablegram sent to the London and Northwestern Bank by John Smith. I didn't know the name, and I asked him if he was sure it was Smith he wanted. He said, 'No, no; Major Sahib Roff!' And I sent him along to Major Rolfe's bungalow!"

"That's a lie!" Rolfe burst out furiously. "A stupid lie!"

"Steady, Rolfe!" said Bruce. "You forget you are speaking to a lady."

"She'd tell any yarn to save her husband—and it is a lie!" Rolfe reiterated.

"That same evening," she went on, coldly ignoring the interruption, "we heard that Major Rolfe had shot a native who was trying to burgle his house."

"That's true enough!" exclaimed Rolfe. "I just caught the brute as he was clambering through the window. But the other is sheer imagination. Look here, Bruce, I'm not going to stay here while Mrs. Fanshaw invents red herrings to draw across the trail. I'm going back to the general to report that Fanshaw refuses to sign a confession. Come along!" He took a step towards the door.

"No!" cried Mrs. Fanshaw. She stepped in front of him with a quick movement, blocked the doorway. "You will please wait a little, Major Rolfe!" she said, and then turned to Bruce. "Frank! Supposing—I only ask you to suppose—that Major Rolfe was the one of you three who sent that cablegram, and that he still has the receipt in his pocket—is it safe to let him go out of here, and perhaps destroy it? It might be the one piece of evidence that could save Dick."

"Nonsense!" said Rolfe angrily. "It is a monstrous suggestion! Please let me pass."

She ignored him, looked at Bruce.

"Frank! I want you to search Major Rolfe before he leaves this room."

Bruce hesitated, glanced at Rolfe, who was red with indignation, his hands working irritably, as he stood, unable to pass Mrs. Fanshaw without sheer violence to her. It was impossible—fantastic! No man could have come on such an errand if he were himself guilty. Bruce despised himself for even momentarily admitting the suspicion.

"But, Mrs. Fanshaw, what you ask of me is outrageous. Rolfe and I have been friends for years. It is unthinkable that he should have done it. You must have been mistaken about that native."

"I am not mistaken," she replied doggedly. "Frank!—things have been made to look black for Dick. He needs a pal—badly. Today you gave me your word. Are you going to break it?" Her eyes challenged all he had ever felt for her.

He took a long breath, looked at Rolfe—cheery, thoroughly decent Rolfe, who now stood outraged by this diabolical supposition. All the long years of their intimacy rose up in protest. Insult him for that man he had no doubt was guilty, that man he had to keep himself from hating—Nina's husband? Nina's husband! Yes—just because of that! There was just one faint improbable chance. He had to have it. He turned to Fanshaw.

"Fanshaw, before I insult Rolfe, I ask you—before God—whether you sold that plan?"

"Before God," replied Fanshaw with sober emphasis, "I did not."

Bruce twisted himself round to Rolfe.

"Rolfe," he said, "I hate even to seem to suspect you of such a horrible thing, but I must ask you to let me go through your pockets."

"Certainly not!" said Rolfe indignantly. "I have just as much right to search you! Mrs. Fanshaw can make her absurd accusation before the court-martial—and the court will decide whether Major Fanshaw is guilty or not. But I'm certainly not going to submit to the indignity of letting you go through my private papers without any authorization whatever!" His broad face was livid with anger.

Bruce placed himself in front of Mrs. Fanshaw, blocking the doorway. For the first time a real suspicion shot up in him.

"Rolfe," he said steadily, "I am certainly going to search you—even if I knock you down for it."

"You'd better try!" replied Rolfe in furious scorn. "I'm going straight to the general—and I advise you to stand away from that door!"

Bruce smiled. The next moment Rolfe had rushed at him, and, rushing, met a straight left from the shoulder. He went with a crash to the floor.

Before he could stir Bruce was on top of him, one hand on his throat, the other going through the pockets of his tunic. He extracted a letter wallet, held it out to Mrs. Fanshaw. She took it, went to the window, examined it, uttered a sharp little cry.

"Here it is!"

Bruce got to his feet, reached for the revolver on the table, held Rolfe covered.

"What is it?" he asked. "Here, Fanshaw, take the gun and see he doesn't rush."

He went to the window, took the two pieces of paper Mrs. Fanshaw handed to him. One was the receipt from the cable company; the other was covered with evidently practice-signatures of "John Smith." He turned to Rolfe, who had also scrambled to his feet and stood sullenly, scared and silent, under the menace of Fanshaw's weapon.

"Have you got anything to say?"

An ugly word was the only answer.

Bruce spoke to Mrs. Fanshaw.

"Mrs. Fanshaw," he said with a quietly grim politeness, "will you now please leave us? You have played your part. Dick and I will do the rest."

She went straight out of the room. The three men, left alone, stood looking at one another in a pause of silence. It was Bruce who broke it.

"Rolfe," he said curtly, "I once had the honor of serving under your father. He was a gallant gentleman. For his sake I give you the chance the general sent us to give Fanshaw." He pointed to the table. "Sit down—and write! And afterwards Fanshaw and I will see you as far as your bungalow."

Rolfe stood staring at him, a little foam upon the lips of his broad white face. For a moment he looked into Bruce's eyes, measured the inexorability of that decision, and then, slowly, unsteadily, he walked towards the writing table.

The general was still at his desk, leaning back in his chair, blowing meditative smoke rings towards the ceiling, when Bruce entered, saluted.

"And Rolfe?" he asked, as his eyes came down to Bruce's solitary figure.

Bruce stepped forward, handed him a written sheet of notepaper, pointed shakily to the signature at the bottom.

"Here, sir," he said, in a voice that lacked steadiness for all his effort at self-command.

The general contemplated it, shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, bit upon the stem.

"H'm," he said. "And afterwards?" He looked up at him.

Bruce blew out an imaginary match.

The general nodded, smiled grimly.

"A bad hat," he said. "I was pretty sure he was the man, but everything pointed to Fanshaw. Rolfe's frontal defense was as good as impregnable. And we learned in France, I think, not to make frontal attacks on impregnable defenses. There's nearly always a way round."

Bruce stared at him.

"Then you guessed, sir?"

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"It was one of the two. I knew Fanshaw wouldn't sign if he were innocent, and I sent you to see fair play. The art of war, my dear Bruce, is the art of producing sudden crises and taking measures to profit by them. You can never foresee exactly how you'll do it, but you nearly always get what you want—if you put the right man on the job. In the very special circumstances" he smiled significantly—"I knew you were the right man."

MR. AND MRS. KIMBLE

(Continued from Page 23)

One other thing disturbed her—the flirting. She hadn't realized married people flirted so casually; and she made a critical comment the first time Victor danced conspicuously with another girl, an extremely pretty girl. Victor, she soon found out, was frankly susceptible to a pretty face.

"Oh, bosh!" he replied good-humoredly. "That girl's nothing to me and you know it." Then: "Be a good sport, Flash."

So Flash set out to be a good sport; she wanted to be a good sport.

Victor, that first summer, wasn't in too regular attendance at his office in town. When the old man mentioned the matter to him he answered that he'd start settling down in the fall when he moved into the city. But in the city there didn't seem much chance for anything so prosaic as settling down. And as for Flash, she merely transferred her fairy-princess feeling to another setting. The parties—cocktail parties, dinner parties, theater parties, gambling and dancing and cabaret parties—she hadn't dreamed life could hold so many parties or so many kinds.

They lived now in an apartment, also rented furnished, but a novel and quite fascinating place. Shortly after they moved in, the old man came on a tour of inspection. The young householders showed him round.

"Well, what d'you think of it?" demanded Victor; with his arm around his pretty wife, he looked like a debonair young god who has just set up housekeeping. Flash looked very young and radiant and content as she rested in the curve of his negligent arm—a glowing and zestful if somewhat tired-eyed young pair.

"Humph!" said the old man, moving in his brisk military fashion to a window. "On a court! Seems you might get some sun and air for the money you pay."

"Oh, that's the neighborhood. You've got to pay to be close to things and in the right neighborhood."

"Humph! I see." Then, to his daughter-in-law: "You like it?"

"Well, it's awfully convenient and decorative. Doesn't it remind you of some of those settings you see on the stage?"

"Exactly," replied the old man.

"It was done by one of those high-priced decorators."

"Somebody's been done all right," said the old man. Then: "Doesn't look like a home—anybody's home. Why don't you two start out right—buy your own furniture?"

He was looking at his daughter-in-law, but it was Victor, who knew best how to manage the old man, who answered:

"Couldn't swing that just yet, dad. Furniture, the kind you want to own, costs like the devil, you know."

"You've got a pretty fair allowance."

"I know But, you see, when a fellow gets married everything's sort of topsy-turvy for a while"—in genial explanation. "Things'll simmer down presently, and Flash and I'll know what's what—what we really want to do and spend our money for and everything like that. But at present ——"

"I see"—interrupting dryly and glancing at a closet door, which, partly ajar, revealed the closet's contents. "At present it's booze before furniture."

Young Victor, unrebuked, grinned at him.

"Lot of entertaining to do, dad," he explained. "Everybody's showing us such a good time; we've got to keep up our own end. That's one thing that puts the crimp in my wallet."

The old man didn't speak at once; when he did it was along another line, to Flash:

"That's a pretty frock, my dear, and very becoming."

"Ought to be," said Victor. "Ought to see the bill!"

"I probably will," the old man said dryly. Then he took up his hat and gloves. "Well, I suppose the flat's O. K. Might as well enjoy your toys, I suppose, till the paint comes off. Good-by, you two. Whenever you want anything in reason let me know."

"Dad's a good old scout," Victor said after the old man had gone. "A bit prickly, but he always comes through."

Flash looked a little sober.

"Vicky, do you know, I don't like to hear you say that. He is so generous. Sometimes I feel we shouldn't take so much."

"That's his biggest pleasure, dear. He's always wanted me to have the things I want, and he's got plenty of money."

"Yes, but ——"

"Now what's the but, sweetheart?"

She looked at him as he stood smiling down at her puckered brow. He was so handsome, so light-hearted, so dear; it was hard for her to pick flaws in her Vicky Anyway, wasn't it as he said? Vicky's father's heart was all bound up in Vicky, and he loved to lavish things on Vicky. Moreover, to be fair, didn't she herself enjoy the lavishments? So she banished her little ghosts of misgivings, and Victor came and tilted up her face.

"Happy, sweetheart?"

She nodded up at him and he put his arms around her; and feeling Vicky's arms around her, and feeling Vicky's cheek against her cheek, she felt a rush of beatitude flow round and engulf her. She closed her eyes and forgot that life with Vicky offered everything. Vicky was everything.

But life with Vicky continued to offer everything, and it was entrancing. Later that winter he declared a holiday and they went South for golf. Flash had delightful new clothes. Victor won a delightful new championship, and they made scores of delightful new friends. They lived in a world so devoid of care, so brimming with play and pleasure, that it seemed almost unreal. At times Flash had to pinch herself to realize she was the Felicity Bradford of the Jericho Center parsonage.

On this joyous expedition the Kimbles had their first little tiff. A certain man, whose face and bearing betold he had lived in the insouciant world a long time, took no pains to conceal his admiration for young Mrs. Kimble; and one night the two disappeared from the dancing floor for a noticeable period. When Mrs. Kimble explained later that they had been out for a walk she faced an angry husband.

"Ha!" he exclaimed as soon as they were alone. "Out walking!"

"Yes."

"With that bounder!"

"He's a friend of yours," she replied.

"His attitude toward women is well known!"

Mrs. Kimble went on removing the pins from her hair. The young husband proceeded: "He tried to make love to you, didn't he? Didn't he?"

"Oh, yes," Flash answered nonchalantly; she had traveled far and learned much in these past months.

Victor came and swung her round to face him.

"Did he kiss you?"

She lifted her eyes demurely.

"No, dear, he didn't kiss me."

"Held your hand, I suppose?"

"Well, it was rather cold, walking"—with a smile.

Victor let go his grasp of her and took two or three strides.

Flash didn't speak for a minute; her expression changed. Then, slowly: "I didn't think you'd—care."

"Care!"

"Well, all the people we know flirt a little; some a great deal. You've never seemed to think it out of the way; you've told me to be a good sport. And you yourself"—she halted and drew a deep breath—"you've been enjoying yourself, haven't you—that Southern girl?"

"Oh, yes, enjoying myself!"

His mouth was contemptuous and his eyes anger-bright.

"Well, you kissed her the other night—before a lot of people—right on the mouth."

"She brought it about herself. She invites that sort of thing; she's that kind of girl. Besides, it wasn't a sober party, as you know. I'd been drinking."

"And you've been drinking tonight," Flash retorted.

Then she came and put her hand on his arm. Her look was very earnest; her eyes sought his directly, beseechingly.

"Vicky, I don't think you'd talk this way to me if you were yourself. Because you know the kind of girl I am—the kind of wife I am." She faced him honestly, with that look of appeal. "I was foolish tonight," she said; "I think I'd had too much to drink too. That sometimes makes you look at things the wrong way, makes harmful little things seem harmless. But in my heart—oh, Vicky, you know ——"

(Continued on Page 169)

BOBBED around

Ride in a taxi *alone*—and you bob like a cork on an ocean wave. Gabriel Snubbers control spring action and keep you from being thrown around in any car.

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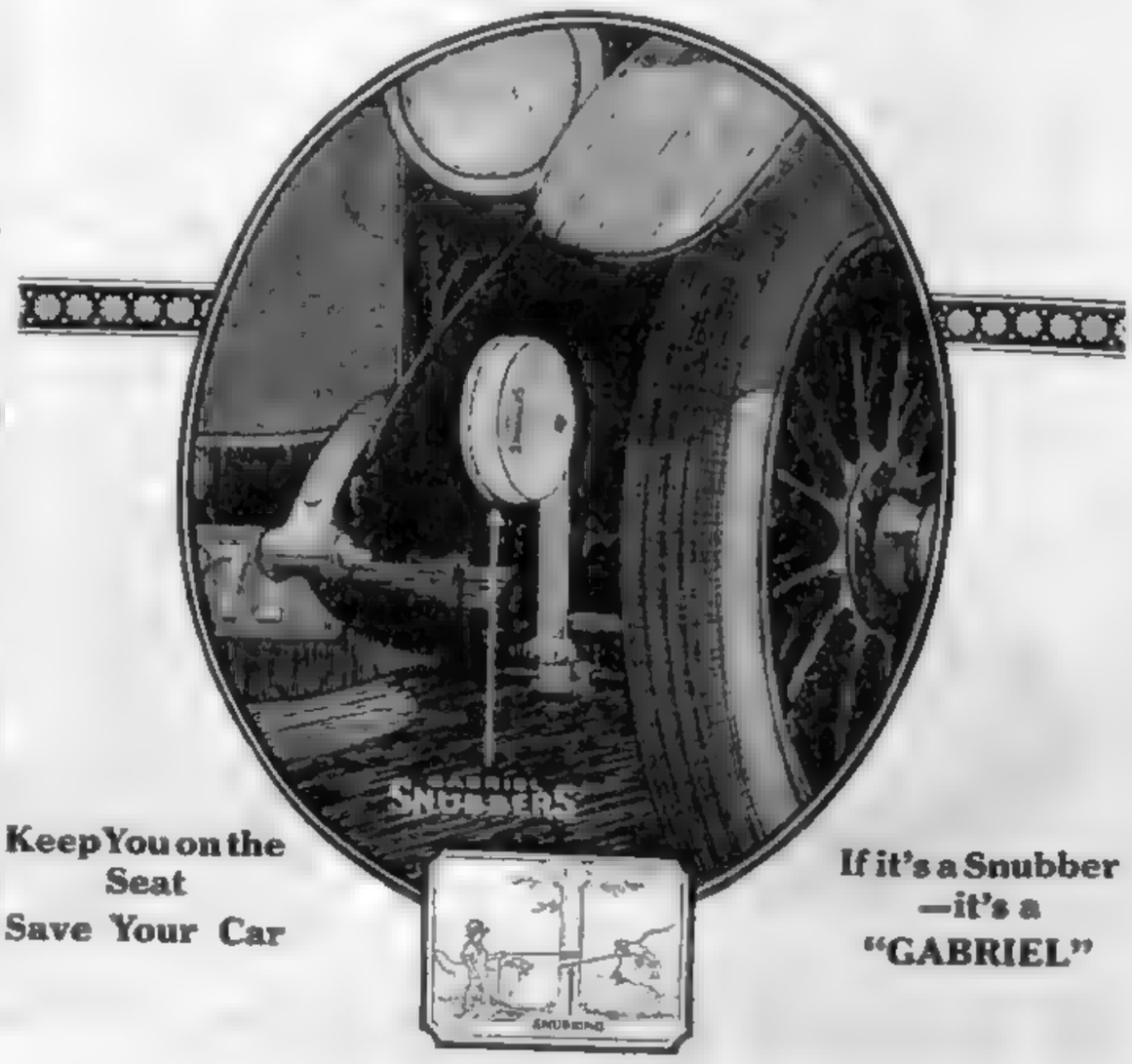

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The right start of millions for a good day's work!

Wheatena Bread

1 cup Wheatena
3 cups boiling water
¼ cup lukewarm water
1 yeast cakes
5 cups white flour
3 tablespoons light brown sugar
3 tablespoons melted lard
1 tablespoon salt

Pour boiling water over Wheatena, stir well and cool. Dissolve yeast in the ¼ cup warm water, add to Wheatena, also 1 tablespoon of the sugar and [illegible] the flour. Beat well and let rise one and one half hours. Then add rest of the flour and sugar, last add salt. Knead ten minutes after dough is on the board and let rise in [illegible] in bulk. Keep dough in kneading as greased. Greasing the hands will facilitate the work. Mold into loaves, fill pans ⅓ full and let rise until double in bulk. Brush melted butter over tops. Bake 45 minutes.

When you sit down to a generous dish of Wheatena, your appetite is whetted by the delicate aroma of the whole wheat. By the time you have stirred in a bit of butter, and topped off the golden feast with sugar and cream, your mouth is fairly watering for the taste of the delicious, distinctive whole wheat Wheatena flavor.

Wheatena —Nature's strengthening, sustaining gift from the sunny wheat fields—is all wheat, the plumpest, choicest grains that grow.

By the exclusive Wheatena process the heart of the golden grains is retained with all the great body-building, health-sustaining elements of whole wheat—roasted and toasted to give them that delicious nut-brown flavor.

That's why for over forty-four years Wheatena has been on the family breakfast table in thousands and thousands of homes every morning, and is served in leading hotels, restaurants and dining cars.

That's why grown-ups, children, dietitians and doctors agree that Wheatena is "the right start of millions for a good day's work" week in and week out.

Try it for muffins, cookies and desserts; for breading chops, cutlets, and oysters. Your family will enjoy the many delightful ways in which you can use Wheatena to vary the daily menu.

All good grocers have Wheatena or can get it for you. Get it today—for breakfast tomorrow.

Sample package free! Write for free sample package and book of recipes showing many dainty and economical ways in which Wheatena may be served.

The Wheatena Company, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

WHEATENA — First Thing in the Morning Since 1879

(Continued from Page 167)

Then he answered the appeals of her eyes and voice and touch; he wanted to answer; he caught her to him.

"Oh, Flash, I do know, I do know! But for a while I got so miserably jealous ——" And he buried his face in her hair.

"You mustn't ever be jealous," she whispered. "Not ever." And then she added, "And I mustn't be jealous either."

"Heaven knows you have no reason," he said solemnly.

He was entirely sobered now. She felt very safe, very secure, in the haven of his arms; and because she felt so safe, she shivered a little. "We must never quarrel. Just think, we almost quarreled!"

"Yes; I was feeling pretty sick. You were gone so long; my rotten imagination got the best of me."

"It was the drinking principally, I think, Vicky. Do you know, I think that's one thing we should be a little careful about—drinking too much."

"Yes," he agreed, very humble in his relief of mind and heart. "Drinking sets one off."

Then he squeezed her close, then held her off to gaze at her.

"Oh, Flash, you're a girl in a million—and you belong to me! And we're going to be happy always—happier than any two people who ever lived!"

She nodded up at him and they gazed at each other with bright, misty eyes.

The Southern holiday cost a good deal of money, and Victor must, as he phrased it, touch the old man. But the old man showed no crustiness beyond his wont when he came to welcome his daughter-in-law home.

"Well, you look healthy and brown. It's becoming to you. Got all caught up with sleep, I suppose."

Flash laughed.

"I can't remember sleeping at all! But down in that atmosphere you don't seem to miss sleep; you simply never get tired."

"Humph! I take it you had a good time."

"Oh, heavenly!"

"Humph!" he said again; but meaning nothing, because it was just the old man's way. Then: "I see you're smoking—learn that down South?"

She nodded.

"Finally mastered it down there. It's the latest of my worldly accomplishments. D'you mind?"

"Takes a pretty woman to get away with it, and you're a pretty woman," was all the old man answered to that. Then, somewhat grimly: "Victor brings home a little silver cup and you the art of smoking—the trip must have been worth what it cost."

"Dad's a good sport," said Victor.

And so ended the first year of the young Kimbles' marriage. The second year was about like the first; and the third and the fourth—unless for going perhaps accelerando, crescendo. Of course, there were variations. The second winter they lived in a different apartment from the first, and the third winter chose still another, and once they altered their choice of a summer colony; and some of the earlier friends got lost in the shuffle, but were so quickly replaced that they were scarcely missed. And the new seasons brought new clothes, naturally; and new cars and such things; and new diversions. Victor's job and salary remained unchanged, but the old man continued to come through. Her own father Flash visited less and less often. All in all, the young Kimbles lived as brightly, lightly, as the phosphorescence on the foam of a wave. Yet there came a day, in their fourth year of marriage, when Mrs. Kimble said to her husband, "I'm tired, Vicky—tired of everything." And they decided to call quits—just like that.

The decision came at the end of a bitter quarrel. He had been waiting for her on the porch; it was autumn, and they were still in the country. He had been waiting an hour, two hours; alone, for Doris Geer, who was their house guest, had got petulant and gone up to bed. It had been quite early in the evening when Flash had averred she was tired of bridge, and leaving him alone with Doris, had motored off somewhere with young Rawlins. Young Rawlins, who made their fourth, lived in the colony. He was a good enough chap, Victor had to admit; but he was getting too darned attentive to Flash. And Doris had said ——

The autumn night was very beautiful. There was a high, bright moon. The air was soft, still, save for the crickets and distant frogs. Serenity and loveliness were all around, but only mocked the waiting husband. Again and again he looked at his watch; and each time he looked his fear increased, the fear that grows to anger in a man and clouds his clearer vision; and the stuff he kept pouring from a handy bottle didn't serve to help him. At last he heard Rawlins' motor on the gravel, and the two of them climbed out and came up to the porch.

"Hello," called Flash, "are we late? Where's Doris?"

"Gone to bed—hours ago."

"What is the time anyway?" asked young Rawlins.

"Half past one," answered Victor shortly.

"Gee whiz!" said young Rawlins. "We stopped at a place for a bite to eat and a dance. Time certainly can get away."

"Yes, it sometimes does," said Victor. And then: "You trouble to make some sort of explanation, I see. That's more than Flash'd do. Thanks."

Young Rawlins opened his mouth as if to speak, and then closed it without saying anything. There was a little pause. The husband stood eying the two others. The wife had assumed an absent and uncaring pose; she stood gazing off somewhere in the moonlit spaces. She made a picture in the moonlight, in her beautiful and expensive clothes, in her passive, indifferent pose. Young Rawlins shifted uncomfortably.

Then he said, "Well, I'd better be moving on. Have to get into town early in the morning, you know."

"If you're going in early you won't have much time to kill," said Victor.

"Right you are. Well, I'm shoving off. Good night."

And he jumped in his car and swung it round and down the drive, with no further word to Flash. That meant they had already said their good night!

Victor watched his wife as, saying nothing, she skirted him and started into the house.

When she reached the door he called, "Wait a minute! I've something to say to you."

She turned.

"Well?"

"Come closer. I can't shout what I have to say."

She shrugged, but came closer.

"Well, what is it?" Then, as he laid a hand on her arm: "You've been drinking."

He ignored that; in a voice that was quiet and yet not quiet he demanded: "What'd Rawlins keep you out for? Has he been making love to you?"

"Why do you ask?" she asked back.

"Why do I ask? Well, for one reason, because he's in love with you. Any fool can see that." She shrugged. "And because you're in love with him."

"And can any fool see that?" she inquired.

"I've been suspecting it for some time," he went on. "And Doris—she said so just tonight."

"Yes, Doris would say that"—very quietly. "But the purpose of her saying it would not be to make you jealous."

"I'm not jealous!"

"I'm not really supposing you are. I don't flatter myself."

"I'm not jealous!" he flung out again. "I wouldn't live with a woman I had to be jealous of! That's not my idea of a wife!"

"What is your idea of a wife?" Flash inquired, almost idly.

"A woman who wouldn't stand for the game Rawlins would like to play. It's the game these days to pick out an attractive married woman!"

"Yes, so I've noticed," she answered. "Doris is one of the most attractive married women I know. Only it strikes me there's something inconsistent in your argument, somewhere." Then, equably: "I think you must have been quarreling with Doris, Vicky. You're in such a disagreeable humor tonight. Why did she leave you and go up to bed?"

"Doris doesn't enter into this; this is between you and me!"

Suddenly he dropped his hands heavily on her shoulders.

"Flash, has that man ever kissed you? Will you swear before God that he didn't kiss you tonight?"

She turned her face away from his, so close.

"You've been drinking," was all she said.

"Ha, you don't answer! He did! Well, it only stands to reason. A man in love with a pretty woman ——"

Then his hands, heavy on her shoulders, shook her.

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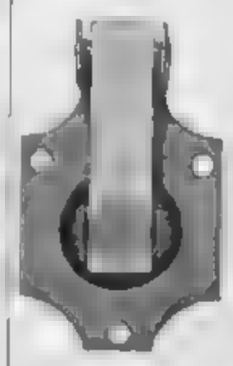

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ALCORUB

For the Beauty and Health of the Skin

"You'll answer me! Did he kiss you?"

Suddenly all that languid calm of hers vanished. She wrenched herself free of his grasp, very white in the moonlight and with eyes like stormy stars.

"You shook me! Don't you dare shake me! And don't you dare ask me such questions!" Then hotly: "Who are you to call me to account? Haven't I watched you for four years. Any pretty face! Haven't I watched you with Doris Geer all this summer? And even in my own house! You think precious little about her husband or how he may feel—and she too! But that's the kind of woman you seem to admire. Why talk about me?" She paused for breath, then added: "I've never seen you kiss her, but I dare say you have." Then shooting the question fiercely, directly: "Have you?"

He seemed a little sobered by her anger. He stood for a moment with lowered gaze.

Then he said, "Yes, I've kissed her."

Flash's anger seemed to have burned itself out in that one outburst.

She shrugged again and said wearily, "Well, then, why talk about me?"

"Rawlins has kissed you, then?" he demanded.

She didn't answer, and Victor's fear rose swiftly within him again, a fear so sickening it seemed too sick to hold anger.

"You're in love with him," he said.

She still didn't answer, only looked away with tightened lips. He went on:

"When a woman—a woman like you—lets a man kiss her she's in love with him. With men those things are different—a man's not necessarily in love when he kisses a woman."

Flash made no comment.

"You're in love with Rawlins," Victor asserted for the second time. But his voice held a shade of question.

Flash only tightened her lips.

"Very well," he said then bitterly. "If you want me to get out of your way—well, I'll clear out."

For a long breath she did not speak. Then: "You seem very willing to clear out, as you put it. I wonder why."

"You know why."

"I'm not sure I do, but"—she hesitated only the fraction of a second—"but certainly I shan't try to detain you."

He took an involuntary step back.

"You—mean that?"

"Why, certainly." Her tone was calm and cool. It sounded quite final.

Then he stepped forward again.

"Flash, do you realize what this means? Probably the smash—the smash of everything. You realize that?"

Then she made a weary gesture; her voice, too, sounded weary.

"What's left to smash—what that matters? When two people's faith is gone, when whatever beauty they ever made for each other is gone—well, then it's about time to smash, don't you think?" Then she made another weary gesture—infinite weariness. "I admit I'm tired—tired, tired, tired: tired of carousing—never a chance to rest; tired of spending money and running after your father to get the money; tired of our unstable position and of the acorn that's in his heart; tired of scenes like this; tired of everything."

"Meaning principally me," said Victor bitterly. Then he flamed up. "Well, I'll go! You certainly have expressed your opinion of me and the life you lead with me! I'll get out—leave you a clean sweep." Then he forced a sneering laugh. "After I'm out of the way, you'll let this man go on making love to you, of course."

"I can't see that that makes much difference to you if you go away," Flash answered.

For a long minute they stood facing each other in the moonlight, eye measured against eye—antagonists. Victor spoke first. His words were now measured, almost emotionless.

"If I go," he said, "it probably means the end. I won't come back unless you whistle me back."

Flash stood white and tense and rigid as a statue.

"I won't whistle you back," she said.

For another long minute they eyed each other.

"I'll go," he said then, on a long breath. "I'll go! I'll go in the morning. I'll fix the money part up with dad—he'll see you about that—but I'll clear out of this house in the morning."

Then Flash said, acidly sweet, "Oh, I wouldn't go in the morning if I were you. Doris doesn't leave till evening; and though she presumably visits me, I'm afraid she'd be bored with a day of my exclusive society."

Then she said good night and went into the house and up to her own room.

A few years earlier, we remember, though they may have forgotten, the young Kimbles had had another tiff scarcely more serious in its fundamentals, and that difference had been easily adjusted. Then they had been young, very young. They were still pathetically young, else such a quarrel could never have been, or such a climax. Yet somehow their journey on the road of life had brought them to a place where they must face, now, not the sweetness of reconciliation but the bitterness of rupture

The next day Victor packed and left his wife's house. Flash was alone and free, and all about stretched the beauty of autumn. The leaves were brown and red. A golden mist lay over the land. The sky was pale and remote, the days seemed more beautiful than she had ever imagined could be; and sadder, for beauty is not enough. It is a colored phantom that only mocks a lonesome human heart, that only stings eyes which strain for what is not there to see.

Flash had been unhappy with Victor there, but now she was miserable and lost For she still loved him, you see, though they both had stumbled so pitifully somehow, somewhere. And now she felt herself stumbling blindly through the days. Every passing day she watched for his return. But in her heart she knew he wouldn't return not unless she whistled him back. Always she had had to make the overtures, he was so impetuous and self-willed and spoiled. Just like a boy. He was just a boy; irresponsible, fun-craving and spoiled. But withal so dear—her Vicky!

On the third day she weakened—as loving women will—and decided to go to the old man for counsel. She had never succeeded in feeling really close to the old man, and through these rushing years their points of contact had seemed to grow less and less. Yet he had maintained his tolerant indulgence, and she knew Victor's welfare was the core of the father's heart. So she phoned and made an appointment.

The old man received her in the library of the old-fashioned and rather drab old house she visited so seldom, and he listened to her story.

"Humph! I thought there'd been some row," he said when she finished. "Haven't seen Victor, but been hearing of him. He's in town cutting loose." Then: "He's a bum."

"Oh, you mustn't say that—you oughtn't to say that! You're his father!"

"Yes; that's why I can say it—why I do say it"—dryly. Then he rose and began striding up and down the room; she could see he was angry. "I've done everything a father can do for a son—given him everything, and he repays me by being a bum I repeat it, a bum! Twenty-six years old and has never done an honest day's work in his life! Content to play day and night! Hasn't an ounce of ambition! Hasn't an iota of an idea of what life really means! To spend his father's money and to play his games and to get drunk—that's his idea. And to have rows with his wife, involving other men and women—bah!"

He halted his striding to glare at her Flash had never before seen the old man explode, and she was frightened and aghast; but she made herself say:

"I don't think you're entirely fair, dad. You say you've given Vicky everything, and I know you have. You're more than generous. And then you turn on him because he's learned to accept it. Is it fair to blame him, unqualifiedly, because he's been trained as a rich man's son?"

"What're you trying to do? Blame me for all this mess?" And she could see he was angrier than ever.

But having somehow taken her ground, she stood it. She who so lately had arraigned Victor now defended him.

"I'm not blaming anybody. I don't know who's to blame. But I've seen a lot of rich men's sons, and it seems most of them are more or less like Vicky—some are a lot worse."

"That's no excuse. If they were men they'd make all the more of their opportunities." He took his glowing eyes off her and began striding up and down. "Victor's not a man—that's the upshot, and every day he lives he makes himself less a man. I doubt if he ever does pull up, make himself one. But the truth is, young woman, if you want to hear the truth ——"

Then he halted again and stood facing her

Continued on Page 172

How 5 sq. ft. of waste space in your store can earn $600 to $3000

Butter-Kist popcorn machines are making extra profits like this for thousands of merchants

—now a New Model at about one-half former cost

Five feet of waste space!

And for each foot, profits of $120 to $1,000 yearly!

$600 to $3,000 profits per year for the five feet!

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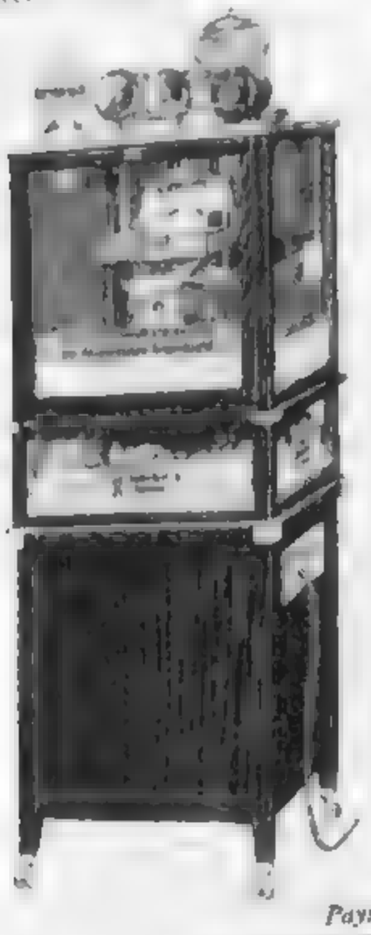
"I have had several offers to buy it but would not take $1,200.00."



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Investigate! Write now for our free location chart. It will enable you to estimate closely the returns possible for your particular town and location.

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"The machine makes us more money per square foot of space than any other class of business we do."

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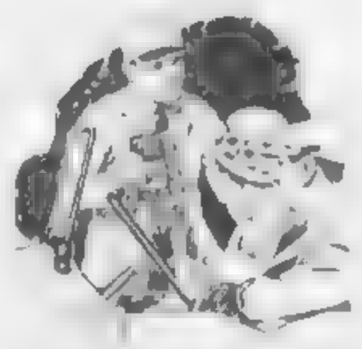
Probably you wonder why Butter-Kist popcorn profits are bigger than those from ordinary popcorn. One big reason is this: Butter-Kist is all evenly buttered with pure creamery butter and super-heated to an appetizing crispness. This exclusive process gives Butter-Kist a tempting, toasty flavor. Once you eat it, you can tell it from all other kinds. It is made the same everywhere—and nationally known.



And in every dollar's worth of popcorn you sell there's at least 65c net profit. That is why many merchants actually pay for their machines out of profits in just a few months. Investigate our easy payment plan.

New Model Costs Only Half

The new Gold Mine model is a beauty. Rich Mahogany finish cabinet, sparkling glass sides, double-nickeled parts. It takes only 5 feet of floor space. But it produces 30 ten-cent packages an hour. A special compartment for peanuts means added profits.

This is a marvelous machine in every way. Yet it costs only about half what former models did.

Your Opportunity Now

Investigate this opportunity for adding a new source of profit. In a small Wisconsin town, Mr. M. J. Pocquette writes us as follows:

"During five months time, we have sold 2,700 pounds of popcorn for $2,700, of which the profit has been $1,620 net. In addition to this we have sold 2,200 pounds of peanuts."

"I am hitting up a gait of $70 a week now and going stronger every day," writes Fred Fargo, in a small Illinois town. "Getting people too, who were never in my store before."

If your store has just an *average* location, you can surely get big profits from Butter-Kist and new trade for your other merchandise. And today you get a new improved machine away below the cost of the old models. Think of it—five feet of waste space in your store can be made to yield $600 to $3,000 profit yearly! Get the interesting location chart that will enable you to see the opportunity for *your* store.

Send the coupon today. No obligation involved. Nothing to lose, but much to gain. Act now!

BUTTER-KIST

POPCORN AND PEANUT MACHINES

HOLCOMB & HOKE MANUFACTURING CO.

World's Largest Manufacturers of Popcorn Machines and Peanut Toasters

2600 Van Buren Street • Indianapolis, Indiana

Pays for Itself

I purchased my Butter-Kist machine in November, 1918. It was purchased on the installment plan. The last year payment was due August 1919. The machine paid for itself and I had two months' time ahead. I can run this machine from January 1 to October 1, 1922, my gross receipts have amounted to $6,9[illegible]

DONALD E. HAIGHT, Iowa

$5000 Gross Profit

"Things were dull with me—exceedingly so. My problem was to get people into my store. Putting your machine into operation drew the people inside, which brought me trade. My profits last year amount to $5,000 gross which I would not otherwise have gotten. I feel that the machine has been a business saviour to me."

FRANK BRADSHAW, Michigan

Holcomb & Hoke Manufacturing Co.
2600 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free Butter-Kist book. I also want the location chart which I will fill out and return to you.

Name_____

Street_____

City and State_____

Business_____

"George, dear, be careful!"

Consider the "driver" on the rear seat—

COUNTLESS thousands of women are today losing half the pleasure and benefit of motoring that might be theirs. Countless thousands are suffering needlessly from shock, strain and nervous apprehension—expending many times the energy of the man at the wheel. These thousands literally bounce about on the rear seat, due to the roughness of the road and uncontrolled spring action.

If they but knew the cushioned comfort of the Hoo-Dye spring control; if they but understood the easy, smooth elasticity of this double-acting hydraulic device; if they but realized the freedom from mental strain, bodily discomfort and nervous shock brought about by this world-famous shock absorber they would insist on having their cars Hoo-Dye equipped for their health's sake.

The Hoo-Dye, by absorbing both shock and recoil, by laying a gentle restraining hand on over-zealous spring action in direct proportion to the need, by cradling the car body against all the exigencies of motor travel has proved a life-giving boon to many thousands of "Rear-Seat Drivers."

For your own health's sake send for a free copy of "How Motoring Shocks Affect the Nervous System," by R. Kendrick Smith, M. D.

THE HOUDAILLE COMPANY, 1416 West Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
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HOO-DYE
Shock Absorbers
Hydraulic

WILL hosiery which looks well in the store look equally well after laundering? Will it fit snugly around the ankles? Is the price right? These are a few practical hosiery questions which a man may answer with great satisfaction for himself by saying Shawknit to the store salesman.

SHAW STOCKING CO
Lowell, Mass.

(Continued from Page 170)

"What did you come here for? Wanted me to help fix things up, eh? To help bring you two together again—was that it?"

"Why, yes. I know how you love Vicky—how you have his interests at heart ——."

She faltered and stopped. Something in the old man's gaze instilled her suddenly with a new fear—premonition.

"Humph! I have got his interests at heart. What I'm going to say will sound brutal, but I may as well be frank. We're down to brass tacks. And I think that that young man will have a better chance—if he's got a chance at all—without you."

Flash felt a wave of sickening lightness pass over her, and then a sharp, painful sensation as if someone had squeezed her heart.

The old man went on:

"We've got to be frank. When I first heard he was married I was mad—he was too young. Then I thought maybe it was a good thing—might be the making of him. You were a minister's daughter—that sounded favorable. But as soon as I laid eyes on you I knew all bets were off. You had no more conception of what true marriage means, true living, than Victor himself. You were two of a kind, and that generally means a mess in the end. A man may be unstable or a woman unstable, but never the two together—and it generally depends more on the woman. If you'd been a different kind of girl maybe you'd have braced the boy up. I'm not excusing him, mind! But you were content to live round in other people's houses, no desire for a home of your own. You were content to run around and drink and dance and gamble and flirt instead of bearing children. You were content to see your husband a good-natured, loafing wastrel—you aided and abetted him."

Flash listened to the long arraignment, the list of indictments. She had grown very white. She sat very still.

Then, in a tone of bitterness, she asked, "Why have you never said all this to me before—years ago?"

The old man made a brushing gesture.

"What was the use? You were married before I saw you. The fat was in the fire. No use stirring up a hotter conflagration."

Flash didn't answer. She thought of many things she might have retorted—at least he might have appealed to her, tried her out! But her pain and bewilderment and shock seemed to freeze her tongue and her pride. He had said, in so many words, that Vicky would be better off without her!

She said, at last, "So you'd be better satisfied if—Vicky didn't come back to me?"

"I would!" said the old man.

"All right, then," said Flash.

She refused to make any financial adjustment, though the old man urged an allowance upon her. He was quite upset about this. He assumed she would go home to her father, but she declined to discuss her plans. She didn't see Victor again. She took herself resolutely out of the Kimbles' lives, and a few months later there was a divorce—quite unsensational and quiet as divorces go—and soon thereafter young Victor sailed for Europe to win a new championship. He spent most of his time in Europe for the next few years, and where Flash disappeared to none of her old crowd knew. The story of Mr. and Mrs. Kimble was ended.

At first Flash's soul was in such darkness that she could not see it; she went through stages of cynicism and bitterness, uncertainty and cruel despair. But in the new habitat she went off to she gradually trained herself not to think back. Generally the past was forgotten, the golden glory and the black aftermath. The most that remained was a little prayer, a verse she read one day in some magazine which her heart would not let die:

O, God, my God, where'er Thou art,
Keep my beloved in Thy heart;
Fold in Thy heart that heart so bright,
Heal him with Thy most gentle light;
And since Thou mad'st forgetfulness,
Forget whate'er Thou find'st amiss;
And since Thou mad'st remembering,
Remember every lovely thing.
And then, my God, lean down and see,
And, pitying, remember me.

She could not—and did not wish to—let die that prayer for Victor. And as for the pitying part, her days grew so busy and absorbing as time went on she didn't seem to need that so much.

Three years after the Kimbles' story was ended, Mrs. Kimble, out of her busy day, was snatching time for an early morning golf round with the club professional. She drove off, then straightened; but her eyes forgot to follow the soaring ball. Over the soft swells of turf lay an air of bright peace. There were no other players yet on the scene. Everything was quiet and beautiful; even the high white clouds were scarcely moving. The fairway stretched out soft and green, and in the distance glowed something that bloomed like yellow fire. Mrs. Kimble's eyes were fixed on that golden blur.

"Forsythia!" she murmured. Then: "This landscape, so sunlit and soft—and yet doesn't it make you want to weep, Mr. Duncan?"

"Not so long as it's sunlit"—practically.

Then Duncan shot her one of his shrewd, kindly glances. The lanky Scot doesn't significantly belong to this story; but he must be introduced, as he was to make one chance remark that struck Mrs. Kimble as significant, and was to be present on a significant occasion. We may pass further accounting of him beyond the fact that he liked Mrs. Kimble and admired her game and pluck—and sometimes wondered a little. On their early rounds they sometimes talked quite a lot.

Now, with that swift, shrewd glance, he added, "And I guess it'd take more'n that to make you weep."

Mrs. Kimble flashed him a smile.

"Well, I hope so. Weeping's so futile. I've thrown it out of my philosophy of life."

"You have a philosophy of life?" he asked as they picked up their bags and started after the ball.

"Indeed, yes. In three parts, like all Gaul," lightly. "Like this: The past is dead, today's a grand adventure, and who knows what may happen tomorrow? Isn't that a good philosophy?"

"Maybe; but it sounds odd, your talking philosophy. People don't start doing that until they start to feel they're growing old."

Duncan sent her another of his canny upward glances. She certainly wasn't old.

She suggested those young saplings sung by many poets, slim and vibrant and fearless. Her hands were quick moving, and her feet, even when she walked, seemed resisting an impulse to run. Her hair, with its lights and shadows, might be either black or brown, and her eyes were either blue or gray—you forgot to notice specifically while she was present and talking. You forgot to notice, too, whether she was beautiful, and planned to observe more critically next time, and then forgot again. Probably it didn't make much difference. Yes, she was young and gay; yet so poised and calm and strong.

And the Scotchman, regarding her shrewdly, repeated, "That's when people start making up philosophies—when they're grown too old or too wise."

Mrs. Kimble quickened her pace and suddenly looked away, screening her eyes with her hand.

"Where in the world did my ball go?" she asked. "I didn't notice."

"You weren't noticing too much when you drove the ball," said Duncan. "Your ball's somewhere over in that stubble to the right."

She looked crestfallen.

"How could I ever have been so stupid? Now I've given you a monstrous lead. I'll never catch up."

"Oh, yes, you may. Your biggest asset in this game," he said encouragingly, "isn't your straight game. Your driving is erratic sometimes. But I've got to hand this to you—I've never seen anyone who was better at playing from trouble."

"Now, that's nice of you," she said gratefully. But Duncan was proceeding in his professional manner:

"That's a big point in this game. The main idea's to shoot 'em straight. But it's almost as important to know how to deal with all these bunkers and hazards and ditches. No player can get far who doesn't know how to play from trouble."

This was Duncan's chance observation which suddenly struck Mrs. Kimble as significant, terribly significant. The phrases caught in her mind and her eyes grew thoughtful.

"Do you know," she meditated aloud, "I believe life's something like that—the golf course of life."

"My, you are philosophical this morning!" said Duncan.

But she didn't answer; her gaze was absent. She seemed to see stretching out the fairway of life, a smooth velvet sward over

which one expected to play easily and fast. The golf course of life! Stretching smooth and fair—but enmeshed with pits and traps and stubble!

And then, as they ascended a rise of ground, over the crest she saw an early lone player approaching from the other direction. Her absent eyes focused sharply, her heart gave a plunge and then a flight.

The man approaching, almost upon her, was Victor.

For a minute she stood rooted. She hadn't seen him in these three years: it was the first time they had encountered each other. And he saw her, too—was staring at her. He came on. He spoke first.

"Flash!"

Then she came to herself. She was amazed at her own poise.

"Why, hello, Vicky"—and she shook hands. "You're looking tremendously fit." He was handsome as ever, lean and tanned.

"Just up from the South." He was scrutinizing her. "I must return the compliment—never saw you looking better. Still, you've changed ——"

"The aging years, Vicky!" Then she caught the Scot's inquisitive eye. "May I present Mr. Duncan, who is nearly as good at this game as yourself? This is Mr.—er—Kimble." Then she laughed and said frankly, "Why is it one stumbles at the name of a former husband? Mr. Kimble was formerly my husband, you know."

"I've heard of Mr. Kimble and his game," said Duncan. "Many a time I'd have liked to offer you congratulations."

"Thanks," said Victor, eying the lanky Scot rather coldly. Then he looked at Flash.

Duncan took in the situation. He was a naturally inquisitive man, and he had long been curious about young Mrs. Kimble, so it is to his everlasting credit that he acted as he did.

He looked at the watch on his wrist, then said, "I'd better be getting back to the clubhouse. I've a pupil due about now, and you people will be wanting to talk."

Flash looked startled.

"Why, Mr. Duncan, you were going to finish this round with me!"

"I'll finish it with you if you'll let me," offered Victor.

She looked hesitant. Her gaze went uncertainly from Victor to Duncan, and then back again.

"Please," said Victor. His eyes were as bright as ever, and as blue.

"All right, then," she said.

So Duncan said good-by and went back down the slope and toward the clubhouse.

"Who is that man?" demanded Victor.

"Don't start talking like a husband!" she laughed. "You heard him—he's the professional here."

"I didn't mean to talk like a husband. But I'm glad he's gone. Now we can talk."

But it seemed a little jerky and constrained, their talk.

He said, "Tell me about yourself, what you've been doing."

"I thought we were going to finish this round," she reminded.

"I'd much rather talk—unless you'd rather ——"

"Oh, no."

"Then tell me what you've been up to."

"Oh, nothing that would merit that phrase. It'd be more exciting to hear you; I'm sure you've had the more exciting time."

"Too much excitement at times"—with a little grimace.

Then she noted he had changed a little; he looked a little bored and tired. And a tiny thread, like electricity, tingled within her, but all she said was, "You're just back from the South, you said. How do you happen to be out here? You didn't use to like Jersey."

"Oh, I'm visiting in the neighborhood." Then he dismissed that with a gesture. "What are you doing here?"

"I? Oh, I live near by."

He took a step forward.

"You're not married?"

"Oh, no! But I have a little house, a tiny place, but sweet. You should see it." Then: "Where are you visiting? I wonder if it's anyone I know."

"I doubt it. The place has been shut up for some years. I'm visiting Mrs. Proctor."

"Oh, yes; quite a show place. I've heard of her. She's very beautiful, isn't she?"

"She's considered so," said Victor.

"Didn't I hear that her husband died?"

"Yes, he died several months ago in Europe. I first met them in Europe—two or three years ago."

Flash was terrified at the way her heart began doing flip-flops. Everything suddenly seemed terribly clear and significant; even Victor's constrained manner. Vicky had always been susceptible to pretty faces! There had likely been a flirtation in Europe while the husband still lived, and now Victor was a house guest of the widow. The first thing after arriving home he had rushed to visit the widow.

Victor, shifting the topic, was saying. "That grass looks nice and warm. Would you like to sit down?"

"If you like," said Flash.

But Victor didn't seat himself. He frowned slightly, then smiled and said, "You know, I've a better notion—a jolly idea. It's sort of preposterous, I suppose—but it would be jolly."

His smile seemed a little diffident, which seemed odd in Vicky, and almost embarrassed. Flash smiled back.

"What is the jolly notion?"

"That little house of yours—I'd like to see it—see where you live. Suppose it'd be proper for us to run over there? I've a car here. What're the deuced conventions in such a case anyway?"

His smile held hers. And that funny diffidence—how boyish he was! To hold her thoughts together, and her judgment, she looked away.

"I really ought ——" she began.

"I thought you threw all the oughts and ought nots out the window! Let's go!"

How often she had heard him say "Let's go!" just like that!

"All right," she said.

So they drove off through the sunlit avenues of spring—in Mrs. Proctor's roadster.

Mrs. Kimble's house sat on the top of an emerald green slope, like a little white crown, jeweled with sunlight. It was built in the Dutch Colonial fashion, of native stone and white clapboards, with a long porch and green shutters and dormer windows peering out of a roof which sloped down deeply and tenderly, as if to protect loved ones within. Two little magnolia bushes flowered either side of the doorstep, like the prim decorations on a magazine cover. Ruffled white curtains were tied back in the windows, and everything about the place looked singularly diminutive and neat and bright.

"Gee whiz," said Victor, "it looks like a doll's house!"

"It's really larger than it looks," she said proudly; "eight rooms."

The maid who appeared at the door seemed surprised to see them.

"I'm not going into town just yet," Flash informed her, and led her out back somewhere for some secret conference.

Victor could hear the murmur of their talk. He gazed about the room in which he had been left—how singularly cozy and inviting! Everything inexpensive and simple, yet with an air of sweet invitation.

He caught Flash's voice, the words: "Don't forget to phone the office." Then she reentered the room.

"What office must you phone?" he asked.

She appeared not to hear, and called his attention to the potted tulips in the window. He praised the room and she seemed gratified at the praise; she asked if he would care to see the other downstairs rooms. He would.

"But I mustn't overstay myself." He looked at his watch. "I promised my hostess to be back by ten." And she thought—or was it just imagination?—that he frowned.

All she said was, "Don't worry—I'll watch the time."

Victor continued warm in his appreciation of the cheery dining room, of the sun lounge, which was a nosegay, and of the downstairs guest chamber.

"Lord, but this has been done well!" said Victor. "Don't imagine it cost much either."

"No, it didn't cost so very much."

"Who did it—whose place is it?"

"I did; it's mine," she answered.

He stared at her. "Why ——" Then, a bit uncertainly: "I didn't know you went in for such things."

"No," she smiled. "I didn't use to know it either."

She stooped to adjust the counterpane on the quaint four-poster.

"I don't know that it's any of my business," Victor went on, still uncertain, "but I'm curious to know how you ever got hold of this place—how you ever chanced to come out here."

"I came because I bought the place," Flash answered with a certain serene pride.

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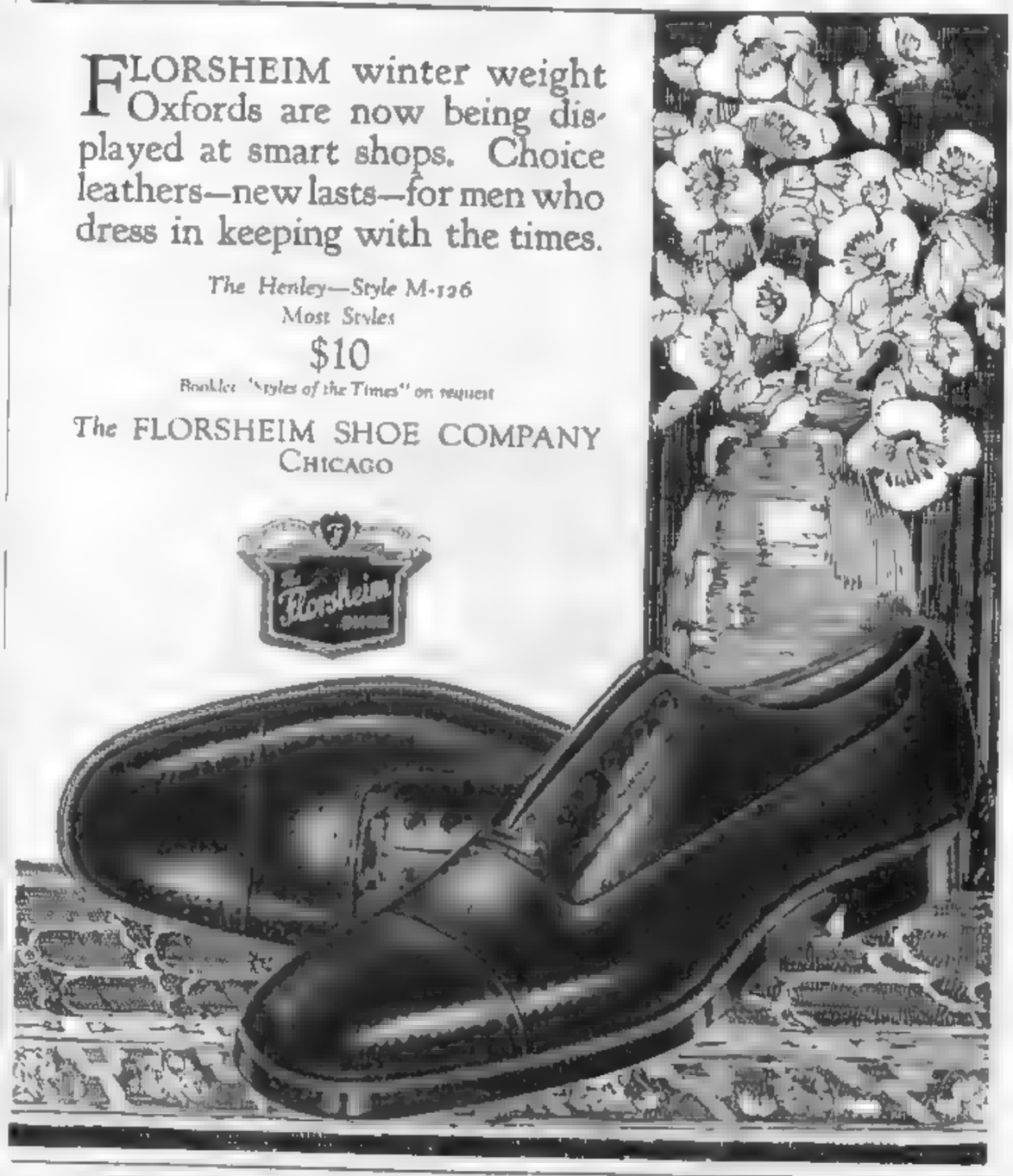

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For Style For Service
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"And that's how I got hold of it—buying it. I'm paying for it in installments. It's nearly a third paid for!"

Then, as he stared more dumfounded than ever, she proceeded:

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you all about it. I always expected to tell you if we ever ran into each other. You see, not a great while after we separated I went into business."

"Into business?" he ejaculated.

She nodded, and proceeded in a matter-of-fact, informative manner: "I got the notion I'd like to build up a sort of ordered existence—on my own. So I got me a job, and it turned out I was pretty good at it. I found it interesting, and pretty soon I found I was saving money; and then I saw this house, which was a darling and a bargain, and presto!—here I am!"

"Great Scott!" He stared at her. Then: "I always knew you had mettle, but I never dreamed—that!"

"It's a pretty house, isn't it?" she said.

"What was the job?" he asked.

"It's still in the present tense; I still hold it down. That's why I had to phone the office."

"What office? What is the job?" he insisted.

Then she flushed and laughed a little laugh; her voice wasn't quite so steady.

"That's a sort of joke, Vicky; but I hope you won't mind. Anyway, I'll have to tell you. I asked for your old insurance job after you gave it up and went abroad. You know, I always had a lot of energy, and somehow the idea sort of appealed to me; I thought maybe I could make a go of it. I got right down to brass tacks, and it was interesting, and ——"

But she saw Victor wasn't looking at her. He had moved over to the window and was staring out between the ruffled curtains. She took an uncertain step toward him.

"Vicky, are you annoyed? I don't want you to be annoyed."

He made a short sound that was hardly a laugh.

"I don't know whether I'm annoyed or not. But I know one thing—I'm ashamed—as ashamed as hell!"

Flash's heart gave a flip-flap for the hundredth time that morning. She wanted to cry out, "Oh, are you ashamed, Vicky? I'm so glad you're ashamed!" But, being of the mortal ilk which is centuries-trained in the use of words to conceal thought rather than to reveal it, she only said, "Don't say that, Vicky. You'll make me sorry I told you."

Then, glancing at a little ticking clock: "I hate to have to remind you—but it's nearly ten."

Then he went deliberately and turned the clock with its face to the wall.

"I'm not going," he said; "rather stay here."

"The same old Vicky!" she laughed. But a little flush came into her cheeks. "Well, if you're going to stay we can talk more comfortably in the front room"—leading the way. "But don't you really think"—testing the fates, woman fashion—"that if you promised your hostess ——"

"I'm not going," he asseverated firmly. "I don't want to go."

"Why not?"

"A million reasons. There are a million things I want to ask you about, that you haven't explained. I want to stay here. And then—besides ——"

A shade came over his face again, the shadow of discontent, of irritation, she had imagined she'd caught there earlier.

"Besides what?"—as he hesitated.

Then he turned to her with a rueful expression, half ashamed; he half laughed.

"Flash, I wonder if I could tell you. I suppose it wouldn't do—of course not! But I'd love to out with it. But it would be simply too absurd, and too unseemly ——"

"Out with it!" smiled Flash.

"Well, I'm in a sort of mess. You see, this Mrs. Proctor—well, I saw a lot of her three years ago in Europe. We became good friends—very good friends. Of course, her husband was alive then, and ——"

He hesitated. His face had grown a dark red. He looked at her with that rueful, unhappy expression, just like a bad boy who wants to make a confession yet is ashamed to make it. Flash didn't help him; she just looked at him, with gravely sympathetic attention, and he continued:

"Well, to cut it short, we kept up the acquaintance by letters, and I saw her now and then. I was a fool. Then Proctor died, and when she invited me to visit her here I was fool enough to come. Guess she's got a notion I think more of her than I really do. For now that she's free she seems to assume —— Lord," he broke off, "but I feel like a babbling fool!"

Flash tried not to laugh, and truly she didn't feel like laughing.

"Poor old Vicky," she murmured. "You haven't changed a bit, have you?"

"Wish I had," he said bitterly, "if I've brought this hellish mess on myself." Then: "I know I sound like a rotter—guess I am one. But it's getting so I positively dislike the woman. Of course, I can clear out; but she takes things so damnably for granted."

Then Flash indulged in the faintest of smiles. "In the old days you'd have asked me to come to the rescue. How often I had to come!"

"I wish I could ask you still!"

How grotesque, yet how pathetic was his muddled despair! But the pathos gripped her most; pathos, because he showed himself unworthy—he whom she would have liked to see the worthiest of men. It was hard for her to banter:

"Want me to try, Vicky? Want me to come and vamp you away?"

"Don't joke, Flash! Not in that way—not you. I can't bear it!"

She quickly looked at him and quickly looked away. Then he went up and took her by her two arms. There was something in his face, his eyes, she had never seen there before.

"Oh, Flash," he said, "what a girl you are! And I have lost you!" She didn't speak just then she couldn't speak. He went on: "What you've accomplished things that I, a man, couldn't accomplish! What you've been through!"

Then she spoke, forcing her eyes to meet his. "The pulling out—that was really wonderful, Vicky. For a while I was bothered, I admit—terribly at a loss. But then I got a sort of light—I thought I saw where we had made mistakes. So I went ahead and tried to pull out ——"

Her voice broke a little. He was still holding her by the arms. His face still wore that expression she had never seen on it before. It was blended of shame and wonder and many things; but it gave the effect of a man being blinded after years of darkness, and it had hope and purposefulness. Her eternally boyish Victor for the first time looked the man!

"Flash," he began, "is it too late? Could you give me another try? I want another try at that job downtown. I want to be taken in this little home—want it to be my home too. I want to see that light you spoke of. I want to carry the responsibility, and I want you—oh, so desperately."

She had averted her eyes. Then, for answer, she raised them. They were misted over. She said nothing, but her eyes held that which makes a woman's eyes more eloquent than all the speech in the world.

"Oh, Flash!" he said.

Saying no more, for no more was to be said, he put his arms around her and held her close.

But presently she whispered against his neck, "I never kissed George Rawlins—I never told you I kissed him."

"Damn Rawlins!" said Victor.

That evening the old man came out to test his ears and eyes, and to bestow his blessing. It was the hour between sunset and dark, when, in the country, the world waits drowsy and serene in the confidence that all is well. A translucent glow mellowed the rolling meadows and bright slopes; and, on its crest, the little house nestled down trustfully under its sheltering roof. The old man was ecstatic in a way that, in the old man, was amazing and generally delightful.

"I tell you this is great!" he said as he stood on the doorstep taking in the scene. Then he turned and surveyed the softly lit room within. "This is something like!" Then: "I tell you what I'll do. There's a lot can be done with this place—it needs money. You two young folks are on the right track, so I'm going to lift the mortgage and increase this young man's allowance as well. That's what I'm going to do!"

"Oh, no you won't!" said the young man. He put his arm through his father's with a certain indulgence. "This is my place—I'm going to run things myself."

And the pride and happiness in the heart of Flash was so keen that it hurt; but she couldn't resist sending her father-in-law a little look of triumph.

And so the story of Mr. and Mrs. Kimble ends. Only, in reality, it had just begun.

MULTIBESTOS

The Brake Lining with the Interlocking Weave

IT'S not the newly lined brakes that fail to perform and cause accidents. It's the brakes whose linings have *grown old before their time.*

Multibestos retains its gripping power after ordinary brake linings have lost their ability to take hold. The reason is the Multibestos Interlocking Weave, an exclusive Multibestos process which locks both the cross-wise and length-wise strands together securely.

How often do you test your brakes?

Many drivers need more information than they now have on the subject of their brakes. We have prepared a brand new booklet, "Braking Safe," full of helpful suggestions. Write for a free copy.

Department S E P-9

MULTIBESTOS COMPANY, WALPOLE, MASS., U. S. A.

Makers Exclusively of

Multibestos Brake Linings *Multibestos Tuxitrux Linings*
Multibestos Clutch Linings
Multibestos Transmission Linings for Ford Cars
Multibestos Heavy Duty Compressed Linings for Ford Trucks

Branches: New York, Chicago, Nashville, Detroit, San Francisco
Export Office: 461 Eighth Avenue, New York

There's a copy of this book for you. Write for it.

DEALERS: The new patented Multibestos Relining Method saves hours of time. Write for our plan which will tell you how you can "corner" the relining business in your town.

GUNN LINO DESKS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

With Inlaid Lino Tops *Patented and fully Guaranteed* All Styles All Finishes

Excel in Service, Beauty and Real Desk Comfort. Our construction insures an Air Tight and Moisture Proof Joint, where Wood Border adjoins the LINO.

LINO is our own specially prepared fabric, scientifically treated, making it impervious to stains.

LINO provides the ideal writing surface. The soft shades are restful to the eyes.

LINO eliminates glass and desk pads.

"It isn't a LINO unless it's a GUNN".

Made in Grand Rapids.

Catalog and sample of top mailed FREE

THE GUNN FURNITURE COMPANY

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

New York Salesrooms: 11 East 36th St.

Preston Furniture Co. Ltd. - Preston, Canada

No Money To Lose

Much Money To Gain!

Mr. Henry M. Laurensen of South Dakota drives a stage. The long daily trips take so much of his time you might wonder how he is able to earn the extra money he makes by our plan. When we asked him why he liked his work with us he replied: "Because it is a good thing—I have made $9.50 in one day—and because there is nothing to lose."

$9.50 In One Day!

While $9.50 is an exceptional day's part-time profits, literally scores of our workers are able easily to make that much in proportion to the time they can spare; *up to $1.50 an hour!* We will pay you just as liberally for every new and renewal subscription which you send us for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. You need no previous experience—but send the coupon for full details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

437 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen: That money-making job you offer looks good to me. Please send me full details, but without obligation.

Name

Street

City

THE LAST TEN PER CENT

(Continued from Page 16)

ever held by any other nation—would pay for little more than a year's imports, and if we do not pay in gold we must mainly pay in goods. In short, we must have exports to pay for the imports, if for no other reason.

In 1921 we were taking punishment for the spree of the two preceding years; industry was a flat tire. Copper mines shut down part of the year or ran on part time. There were large stocks of the metal. In that calendar year we exported 628,000,000 pounds of copper, which was one-quarter more than we produced during the year. That helped very materially to clear the shelves and start up production again. In the same year we exported 1,000,000,000 gallons of illuminating and lubricating oils. Such exports helped to trim the ship.

Nowadays we export more than half our total production of raw cotton, rice, rosin, motorcycles; from one-fifth to two-fifths or more of our total output of tobacco, rye, illuminating and lubricating oils, naphtha, sulphur, condensed milk, binder twine, steel rails and steel wire, wheat, cotton hosiery, railway cars; and about 15 per cent of the total output of tin plate, oil cake and meal, barley, structural steel, steel plates, cotton cloth, rubber boots and shoes; 10 per cent of the dressed meats. To shut off those outlets would throw the whole industrial machine into disorder.

Maybe you are already alive to the importance of foreign trade and will thank me to stop arguing the point. But many people are not alive to it. Because foreign markets take but a small fraction of our products, they regard such markets as rather negligible; or they look upon foreign trade as the special interest of the Standard Oil Company, the Steel Corporation, the big copper producers, and the like. Concerns of that kind, in fact, can take care of their foreign business pretty well through their own organizations. But intelligent cultivation of foreign markets requires an organization such as only a rich corporation can support independently. For smaller concerns, the organization of the Department of Commerce is available.

Suppose you are manufacturing fountain pens in Indianapolis. You want to increase your output. That is the normal state of every manufacturer; for if your output is now 100 and you can raise it to 125, the additional 25 per cent will probably increase overhead expense relatively little and enable you to make each pen a trifle cheaper. You are working the home market, of course, and would cheerfully spend much effort to find an outlet there for one-quarter more pens. But you have paid little attention to foreign trade. That sounds far away and full of all sorts of difficulties in regard to getting in touch with buyers, shipping, credit, foreign tariffs and commercial laws and so forth. Not a great while ago American exports consisted mainly of foodstuffs and raw cotton, which fairly sold themselves, and of others that were sold by big concerns with plenty of capital to invest in foreign-sales organizations. But an American fountain pen will not sell itself abroad; too many other fountain pens are offered there. You cannot afford to set up an elaborate foreign-sales organization.

Usable Information

You know that the Federal Government, first through the Treasury Department and latterly through the Department of Commerce, has long collected and published information about foreign trade. In times past you may have seen some ponderous reports full of statistical tables several months old, bearing the imprint of the Government Printing Office; but looking for a fountain pen through that kind of official literature would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.

However, you may discover that the Department of Commerce now has an agency in the Chamber of Commerce at Indianapolis. In fact it has thirty-odd such agencies in the United States; and the Government has more than 1000 representatives abroad—consuls and commercial attachés—who report to the Department of Commerce. Now, if you drop in at the Indianapolis agency, or just telephone, you will be informed that last week a concern at Brussels, Belgium, went to the representative of the department there with a definite inquiry for American fountain pens; also that in the same week a business house in Adelaide, Australia, applied to the department's representative there in order to get in touch with American manufacturers of fountain pens and pencils.

That is something tangible to go on, and you may then apply to the department, through its Indianapolis agency, to put you on its exporters' index, which it will cheerfully do upon reasonable proof that you are a bona-fide reputable manufacturer. As a rule, a still better line of approach is through your own trade organization—the Association of Pen and Pencil Manufacturers, or whatever its name may be. Perhaps it was through your trade association that you learned of the Indianapolis agency of the Department of Commerce. Or you may have learned of it through happening to see a copy of the department's weekly publication called Commerce Reports. This is not a gratuitous wastebasket publication, by the way. Its subscription price is three dollars a year—on the sound principle that if a man is not sufficiently interested to pay for it he will not be sufficiently interested to read it. With justifiable pride, it boasts that in the last fiscal year the number of paid subscribers rose from under 5000 to nearly 9000.

Over in the back of that publication is a sort of world-want-ad department containing a list of inquiries for American goods which have been received by the department's foreign representatives during a week. A number is attached to each item for example, "Fountain pens, Brussels, Belgium, 6647." The copy of Commerce Reports on my desk contains about 200 such items, each a definite inquiry for American goods. If you are on the department's exporters' index, and apply to its nearest American agency, or to Washington, the details concerning Item 6647 will be supplied to you—the name and address of the Brussels concern, what sort of business it is engaged in, its bank references, and so forth.

Foreign Want Ads

These foreign want ads are not only published in Commerce Reports, but the department now regularly furnishes them to about forty newspapers that have agreed to publish them in skeletal form—for example, "South Africa, 6717, musical instruments; 6718, wheels and axles for mine trucks. Jugo-Slavia, 6795, shoemakers' wooden pegs." Any reputable concern, by registering as an exporter, may have the details by asking for them and giving the identifying number.

To know that somebody in Adelaide, Australia, wishes to buy American fountain pens is only a beginning. The department will advise you about shipping and packing, furnish you with steamship sailings and routes, give you the names of responsible shipping agents, inform you in regard to customs duties of the country to which the goods are going and points in its commercial law that you may need to know. Last year forty foreign countries changed their tariff laws. To find out exactly how any of these changes may affect a given shipment of American goods is a job for an expert. The department performs that job for you. Moreover, it may be very important for an exporter to know of impending changes in a foreign tariff. The department attends to that, and keeps track, for the American exporter, of foreign trade-mark and patent laws and foreign commercial laws generally.

All this is done on the principle that, for business purposes, news and statistics are the most perishable of commodities. The department, of course, publishes a great deal of historical economic literature—the Statistical Abstract, the census returns, periodical reports that are indispensable for making up the record of the country's commerce and for comparative purposes. They are history; but the man in Adelaide isn't going to wait for his fountain pens until a yearly report is published. The department receives by mail and cable something like 200 reports a day from its foreign representatives. The live news in them, such as this inquiry for pens, is mimeographed and sent out promptly.

To be useful for business purposes, news must be fresh, and it must be detailed. If a manufacturer in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, makes cotton hosiery, it doesn't interest him very much to know that our exports of "manufactures of cotton" amounted to $117,234,542 in 1921. "Manufactures of

cotton" embrace a hundred-and-one items that he has nothing to do with. He wants to know about hosiery. A man with string beans to sell doesn't care what quantity of "vegetables" was bought in a given time. He is selling only string beans. To be helpful, the department must tell a manufacturer of spark plugs about that particular article, and not merely about "electrical appliances." If it attempts to tell him about "electrical appliances," it will bury him under a mass of information nine-tenths of which has nothing to do with spark plugs.

Secretary Hoover's idea from the first has been to furnish information that was not only fresh but detailed and specific, so that the spark-plug man would get spark-plug news. In that way that man will get an ounce of fresh information that really interests him and which he will read. Wait six weeks, then unload a couple of pounds of "electrical appliances" on him and he'll dump it in the wastebasket.

Here are two mimeographed sheets headed "Lumber, Importers and Dealers, Jamaica, British West Indies." Below are listed the concerns in Jamaica that handle lumber as commission merchants, wholesale dealers, manufacturers or large consumers. In short, if anybody in Jamaica is going to buy American lumber it will probably be one of these concerns. The list gives name and address of each one, what sort of lumber it handles—for instance, "pitch pine, white pine, box shooks, shingles, staves" its nationality, whether it is a large buyer of lumber, or medium or small. These two sheets are not for publication. They are sent to American lumber companies that are registered on the department's exporters' index. The two sheets, revised and kept up to date, are what such a concern wants, rather than a ponderous index of importers of all sorts of things in all sorts of places. Nearly 1,000,000 trade lists like that were distributed by the department last year, an increase of 73 per cent over the preceding year.

Here is a single sheet headed "Lumber Division, Confidential." It says that a Spanish company, name and address given, has just applied to our commercial attaché in Madrid in order to get in touch with American manufacturers of ready-cut dwellings; also that the Spanish company is interested in American cement dwellings. Another sheet of the same sort headed "Textile Division, Confidential," gives some fresh information regarding American hosiery in England. Three hundred and fifty thousand sheets of that kind were sent out by the department last year. They are not for publication, but confidential tips to the textile trade, the lumber trade, and so forth. In other words, they are to be kept in confidence as regards foreign competitors.

Lumber information goes immediately to the lumber trade and hosiery information to the hosiery trade. By splitting it up in that way, and specializing it, the information is made really useful.

Hoover's Appointive System

In many cases, and by preference, the department works with American trade associations. The associations with which it maintains cooperative relations embrace over 150,000 manufacturers of a great variety of articles, and are of all sizes. This foreign trade is a thing not only of vast proportions but of vast complexity, embracing all sorts of goods. One of Secretary Hoover's outstanding undertakings has been in the way of specializing the work of his department to correspond with the complexity of the subject—to tell the hosiery man about hosiery and the spark-plug man about spark plugs. To that end he now has in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce over a score of commodity divisions. The chiefs of these divisions have been selected in consultation with the manufacturers of that commodity. For instance, in appointing a chief of the shoe division, Mr. Hoover's proposition to the shoe manufacturers would be, "Look around and pick me out the man who knows most about making and selling shoes. If he will take the job I will appoint him." The division chief therefore is a man with practical experience, in close touch with the trade. If a report about shoes comes in from Siam he understands its immediate practical significance to American exporters. When talking with manufacturers he speaks their own language.

In the shoe business, by the way, seven trade organizations, ranging from the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association to the Shoe Polish Manufacturers' Association, coöperate with the department, and have appointed certain advisory committees to consult with the shoe division in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. For, after all, the Department of Commerce can make no shoes and sell no shoes. It is these manufacturers who must finally both make the shoes and sell them. So Mr. Hoover wishes to work in the closest possible touch with them, even in the matter of information, getting them what they want rather than what he might happen to think would be good for them. In the automotive division, seven trade associations, with an aggregate of 1500 members, coöperate with the department.

Every important commodity is a problem in itself. Manufacturers of pumps, representing about 90 per cent of the country's output of that commodity, applied to the department. They didn't want to know about shoes or automobiles, but only about pumps. Through its foreign representatives the department collected pump information in every important country abroad. That was something they could work on. Information of any sort that comes from abroad and has a bearing on automobiles goes to the automotive division. The following sample items are taken from a mimeographed sheet recently issued by that division: "China —— Concession for motorbus service granted in Shanghai; thirty busses to be operated within six months. Mexico —— Motor travel will be greatly increased after highway between Acapulco and Mexico City is finished, work having recently been resumed. Norway —— Automobile hotel to be erected in Christiania, which will include used-car trading station."

The department prefers personal contact. That is, it would like our fountain-pen manufacturer, or the representatives of his trade association, to sit down with it and talk over problems in the pen trade with regard to exports. Such talks at the various American agencies go on daily.

The Weekly Business Summary

The Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce issues a very condensed weekly summary of business conditions at home and abroad. It is authorized to distribute this by mail to such newspapers as ask for it. About 700 newspapers now regularly supply the bureau with special-delivery stamps so that the summary will reach them more quickly than it would by ordinary mail. As a general proposition, when I was in the daily newspaper business we would cheerfully have paid the Government something to throw its stuff in the wastebasket at Washington, thereby saving us the trouble of disposing of it in the same manner in Chicago. I mention the special-delivery stamps as an indication that the Department of Commerce has something fresh and interesting to distribute.

The department now receives an average of more than 3500 inquiries and communications a day from American business houses regarding foreign trade. This is five or six times the average of two years ago. In fine, its circulation has been going up hand over fist, which is the final proof that it has something to tell that people really want to hear. Its files contain letters of appreciation like the following:

We have secured a dozen connections in Latin America and not one has proved a disappointment.
—— Milling Company, East St. Louis.

By coöperating through your office, we have received orders aggregating $35,000 and made connections which we appreciate very much.
—— Mayfield, Kentucky.

In the thirty-two years since I first came to Washington, this is the first genuine, helpful, honest-to-God aid that any department of this Government has ever extended to us, and I want you to know it. —— New York.

The commercial attaché at Lima has sent us specific information regarding the German and Japanese competition that we are up against in Peru. This information has enabled us to gain an insight into the situation there which we could not have got otherwise without going down there. —— Electrical Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

We have just received word from our representative of the very valuable assistance you have rendered him and us in the matter of reexport of our shoes to Holland. We are very grateful for such assistance, as it meant a good deal to us in these troublous times; and it is

Ankle-Fashioned
—to Keep Them Young!

BECAUSE Nunn-Bush oxfords are fashioned to prevent gaping at the ankle, they grow old gracefully. Hence, thousands of men who demand the utmost nicety in every detail of apparel, find in Nunn-Bush ankle-fashioned oxfords a two-fold economy. Their cost is moderate, despite their undeniable smart distinction; they may be worn much longer, for they retain their shape.

NUNN-BUSH & WELDON SHOE CO.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Nunn-Bush

A Lesson Not Learned in the Schoolroom

"The Happy Daisy Boy"

A boy's character is tied up very closely with his play habits. The boy who loves clean, manly, out-of-door sports is getting the best start toward becoming a strong, courageous, self-reliant man.

When your boy asks for an air rifle, remember he is asking for the best sort of education an American boy can have. The millions of American men who learned to shoot with a Daisy Air Rifle, received at the same time a training in character and manliness that has been invaluable to them in after life. You can hear many a successful man say, "I had a Daisy when I was a boy." Let your own boy have this same training.

Different Daisy Models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00, and in size to suit the younger as well as the older boys. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

Daisy Manufacturing Company
Plymouth, Michigan

DAISY
AIR RIFLES

Jonas Hanway, eighteenth century merchant and traveler, is popularly accredited with introducing the first umbrella in England

Decidedly better than the clumsy, cumbersome "first" umbrella is the fashionable India of today; with the—

India distinctive shape
India wider spread
India comfortable length
India strong construction
India windproof tips

All these necessary features at the price of an "ordinary" umbrella—insist on the India—

Manufactured by
ROSE BROTHERS COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa.
and in Canada by THE BROPHEY UMBRELLA CO., Toronto

India Umbrella
Guaranteed
"The little umbrella with the big spread"

Indias for men, women, children and for travelers

Smart Styles for Young Men

MEN who know where to go for the best hats in town; for the best haberdashery; for the best clothes—they are the men who know and wear stylish Ralston Shoes.

Most styles $9.00, some a little more, some a little less.

Catalog on request

RALSTON SHOEMAKERS
960 Main Street, Brockton, Mass.

Ralston

pleasant to feel that we have the active backing of our Government representatives over there.
—— Boston, Massachusetts.

The order we have received amounts to approximately $120,000. We feel that the services of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce were a valuable aid in securing information concerning this project, especially in its early development.
—— BRASS COMPANY, Mansfield, Ohio.

Certainly the Department of Commerce will not sell your fountain pens for you or collect the bill. As Secretary Hoover remarked the other day, "The manufacturer and the distributor must know their jobs." But if you have ever been, even as a mere sight-seeing tourist, in a country whose language and customs you did not understand, you can appreciate that selling American goods abroad requires a special equipment. I always flattered myself that, at least, I spoke and understood the English language; but I once provoked an international complication by insisting that a London cabby take me to the patent office. He stared at me in complete bewilderment as I repeated it, and I naturally lost patience with a cab driver who did not know where one of the great departments of his government was located—until I remembered that in England the "a" in "patent" is long. When I pronounced it that way harmony and understanding were restored. Anybody merely traveling for pleasure in a country the language of which he has not pretty well mastered, meets obstacles of that sort. When it comes to selling goods and collecting the bills, the obstacles implied in foreignness multiply. The laws are different, customs are different, the people are different. An experienced guide and interpreter is needed.

At home and abroad, the Department of Commerce works for the expansion of American foreign trade. Now and then it meets obstacles at home more discouraging than those encountered abroad, because some American manufacturers do not take foreign trade seriously. Such interest as they have in it is of the most casual, incidental sort. To them, foreign trade—except in a period of depression at home—is only after-dinner candy. They will eat it if somebody happens to pass it, but if it isn't passed they don't mind. They have this great home market, which, as a matter of fact, is worth all foreign markets put together. They cultivate the goose that lays the large golden egg and let somebody else bother about the pinfeathery goslings abroad. But that is not good national industrial planning.

Bad Business Manners

In 1921, when the home market shrank, there was a quite lively interest in foreign markets. But with the return of prosperity here, that interest in some exceptional cases dwindled to nothing, and foreign orders were curtly refused on the ground that the plants were busy supplying the home market. Now suppose you step into a department store. The distinguished usher meets you with bows and smiles, inquires solicitously what you wish and conducts you to the proper department. But next month you go back to that same store. Then the usher meets you with a frown and says, "Get out! We've got all the customers now that we can wait on." Foreign customers who had been solicited to buy American goods and later found their orders brusquely refused looked upon it in about that light. Sometimes they had discarded other imported goods in favor of the American article, sometimes they were middlemen who had spent a good deal of time and money introducing American goods.

Obviously, to treat foreign trade in that free-and-easy manner amounts to bad national policy. The home market is incomparably the richer, but foreign trade is vitally important to sound national economics, nobody has any business to slap it in the face. The same thing occurred after the slump of 1907, when in some cases foreign markets were assiduously cultivated for a while and then given a kick. In cold fact, the nation very handsomely subsidizes a great many manufacturers by protective tariff. It has every right to ask respectful consideration of foreign trade at their hands on grounds of national economic policy.

Such bad manners as I have here referred to are the exception, but unfortunately, in dealing with other peoples it is always the exception that is remembered. One bad-mannered Yankee abroad is made the type of all Yankees. So in foreign trade, one roughneck may discredit a hundred compatriots. Every American exporter is trading to some extent on American good will. He ought to be careful of it.

No doubt you have heard often enough that the United States was a debtor nation before the war but has now moved over to the other side of the ledger and is a creditor nation; and as a result of war we now have a big merchant marine. This means that whereas in 1913 we were paying the rest of the world, on net balance, a large yearly tribute for interest on borrowed capital and for ocean freights, nowadays the rest of the world, on net balance, pays us yearly tribute for interest on borrowed capital and we pay less freight to foreign ships. We are much better able to extend credit abroad than we were before the war, and other nations are less able.

Also, as a result of war, we have become the world's leading exporter of goods. In the slump year 1921 our exports, measured in value, were but little over half the total of the boom year preceding. Nevertheless, our exports in 1921 were 80 per cent greater in value than in 1913; but if you take the twenty leading commercial nations as a whole, their exports in 1921 were only 2 per cent greater than in 1913. We rather hogged it. Imports of twenty leading nations were 2 per cent smaller in 1921 than in 1913, but our imports were 40 per cent greater.

Latin-American Trade

This big change in relative foreign-trade position, along with the shift from debtor nation to creditor nation, puts a new angle on national economics. When the world comes to market, to trade or borrow, it finds that the shop has been extensively overhauled. Germany is out of the firm, with not a paper mark to lend and exports shrunk to a poor fraction of prewar figures. France has no money to spare, and her exports, mainly of goods that do not compete with us, are only about a third as great as ours. English exports, expressed in money, are not far from what they were in 1913; but a pound sterling expresses less goods now than it did then. Loosely speaking, Uncle Sam is all over the place. If that means new opportunities, it must also mean some new responsibilities.

War has put a new angle on some things besides economics. I doubt that anybody, not professionally engaged in politics or journalism, took the Monroe Doctrine very seriously in 1913. Theoretically, we didn't want Europe meddling with political affairs in Central or South America; but that there was any actual danger to us through such meddling seemed a far-fetched proposition. Nowadays, in view of world history since August, 1914, we very decidedly do not want Europe colonizing and mandating and sphere-of-influencing on this side of the world. But this side of the world must trade and borrow somewhere. Latin America can't equip its mines and railroads on pious Pan-American oratory. Its interests and understandings and sympathies are bound to run pretty much along the lines of its trading and borrowing. The best cement for political coöperation is economic coöperation.

For trade purposes, Latin America means practically all this hemisphere to the south of us. Its population—white, black, red and mixed—is nearly as large as that of the United States. In foreign trade its position is much like that of the United States a hundred years ago—that is, it exports raw materials, imports manufactures and develops on borrowed foreign capital. Normally, we are in debt to it every year on net balance, buying more goods from it than we sell to it. Probably this will be the condition for a good while to come; for, as we are prosperous, we shall want huge quantities of Latin-American sugar, coffee, hides, fibers, and so forth. Last year our imports from Latin America were $813,000,000, while our exports to that part of the world were $558,000,000.

But buying from anybody gives an advantage in selling to him. You buy your tea from the grocer who buys your eggs—unless there's something the matter with his tea. Nowhere is that simple principle more operative than in foreign trade. Now our exports to Latin America shrank from $1,564,000,000 in 1920 to $558,000,000 in 1922, which looks staggering. But 1920 was a drunken year; and if you compare the shrunken year 1922 with 1914, the showing is more hopeful. To take the high spots,

(Continued on Page 180)

The Super Store

Eight billion dollars is the public's annual bill with America's 40,000 department stores—not including 160,000 other stores handling dry goods and allied merchandise.

The item for buttons alone is $26,534,000.

It requires a trained force of fully a million men and women, at an aggregate salary of $700,000,000 a year, to attend the countless throngs that gather daily at the counters of these magnificent stores.

One of the chief reasons for the amazing magnitude of the modern department store, aside from quality goods and courtesy to customers, is its recognition of the necessity for a complete and dependable delivery service.

In this service—as in 344 other lines of business—Graham Brothers Trucks are a boon to proprietor and patron alike. They are attractive—and dependable. And both the initial cost and maintenance cost are far below the average. Moreover, they ride and steer like passenger cars, with the result that the driver invariably likes the truck—and gives it proper care.

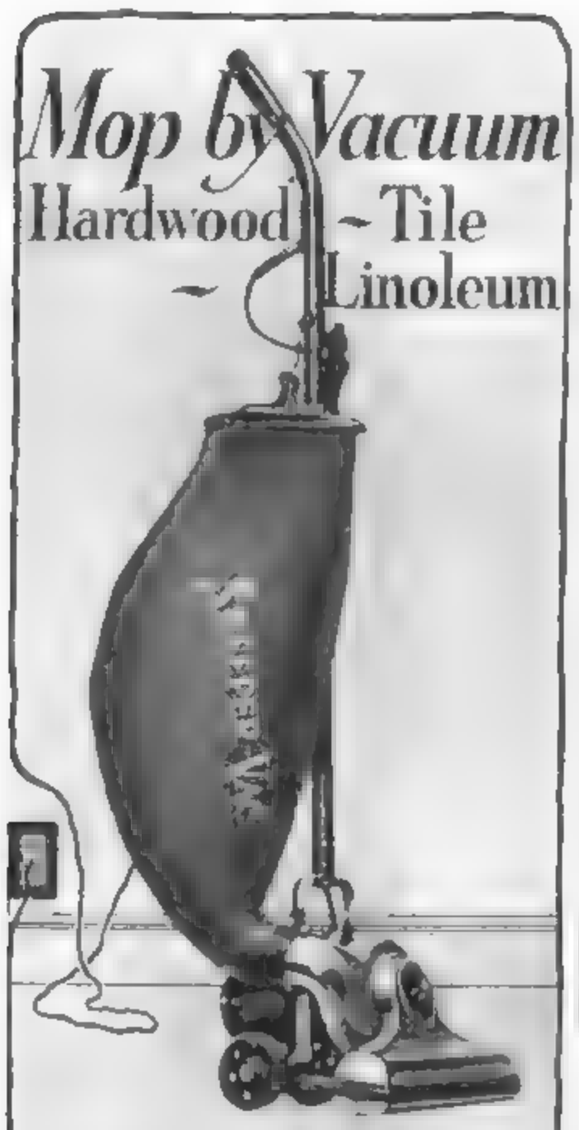
1 Ton Chassis, $1265; 1½ Ton, $1325; f. o. b. Detroit, or Evansville, Ind.

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit — Evansville

Graham Brothers Trucks are built complete with cabs and bodies for every line of business

GRAHAM BROTHERS TRUCKS

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS DEALERS EVERYWHERE



THE improved Sweeper-Vac cleans, better than ever, all types of rugs, thin or thick.

Its exclusive two-in-one feature gives really powerful suction alone or in combination with a correctly speeded motor-driven brush.

The Vac-Mop, an added feature, included only with the Sweeper-Vac, vacuum cleans itself as it mops by vacuum hardwood floors and linoleum.

A wonderful rug cleaner, plus the Vac-Mop and a most effective set of attachments, the Sweeper-Vac is the one vacuum cleaner to accomplish most housecleaning tasks.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
164 Fremont St., Worcester, Mass.

SWEEPER-VAC
the vacuum cleaner with the VacMop

PNEUVAC COMPANY
164 Fremont St., Worcester, Mass.

Kindly send me, without obligation, descriptive literature of the SWEEPER VAC and the VAC-MOP, and also the name of your nearest dealer.

(Continued from Page 178)

the number—not value—of commercial automobiles exported to Latin America increased 1343 per cent from 1914 to 1922; the number of passenger automobiles increased 499 per cent; the value of dyes and dyestuffs increased 8069 per cent; the linear feet of motion-picture films increased 1729 per cent; the number of incandescent electric lamps increased 90 per cent; the value of sugar-mill machinery increased 109 per cent; the value of textile-mill machinery increased 2756 per cent. These comparisons are for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914—all before the war—and the calendar year 1922.

Please note those items, for they illustrate sound national planning with regard to foreign trade. As any wheat grower or cotton grower will tell you, there isn't, by and large, very much profit in selling raw materials to Europe. That is especially true now when Europe's buying power is reduced. Wealth is a product of brains applied to natural resources—and not of muscle, as the cheerful socialists would have it; there is half again as much muscle in Russia as in the United States, and three times as much in China. The more of brains, or ability, and the less of raw materials we export the better. Exporting iron ore is just selling part of our inheritance—a bit of the old homestead that came down from grandfather. There is that much less iron ore here. But exporting a typewriter made of iron ore is selling ability, the more of which you use the more you have.

Before the war Italy had a large export trade in men. They came here by hundreds of thousands and applied their raw labor under American direction to build, for example, a city water system. At the same time great sections of South Italy were in an economic state about the same as in the Middle Ages, and many villages depended upon a single well or spring for its scant water supply. The money which the exported men sent or carried home helped to keep Italy's international balance sheet in trim; but fewer men and more automobiles on the export side would surely have been far better for her national wealth. That as a rule there is more national profit in exporting the finished article than the raw material goes without saying.

Brains in the Wage Scale

The further an article is advanced from the raw state the more labor it absorbs, and our wage scale is much higher than that of any serious competitor in foreign trade. That is a handicap which we want not only to keep but to increase. Secretary Hoover, for one, is very decidedly of opinion that whatever handicap high wages may involve can readily be overcome by just putting in more brains. He illustrates the point by saying that at present we sell 75 per cent of all the automobiles that move in international trade while paying real wages—namely, wages measured by purchasing power—three times those of some of our competitors. The home market gives us an opportunity to develop volume production to its greatest efficiency, and with intelligent national industrial planning we needn't bother about Germany's or Italy's or Japan's low wage scale.

Half our imports are from the tropics, including the Latin-American tropics. There has been a great expansion, both positively and relatively, of such imports in the last ten years. That is a result of our industrial advance. To take the most striking case, imports of raw rubber are a by-product of the automotive business. No doubt it will be a long while before we sell to the tropics anywhere near as much goods as we buy from them; but buying gives us an advantage in selling. Our ability to lend capital gives us an advantage. Not only, as a rule, does the contract for the rails and locomotives go to the market that takes the railroad bonds but the private corporation buys where it can get credit. We now have our merchant ships, which, naturally, are working for American foreign trade.

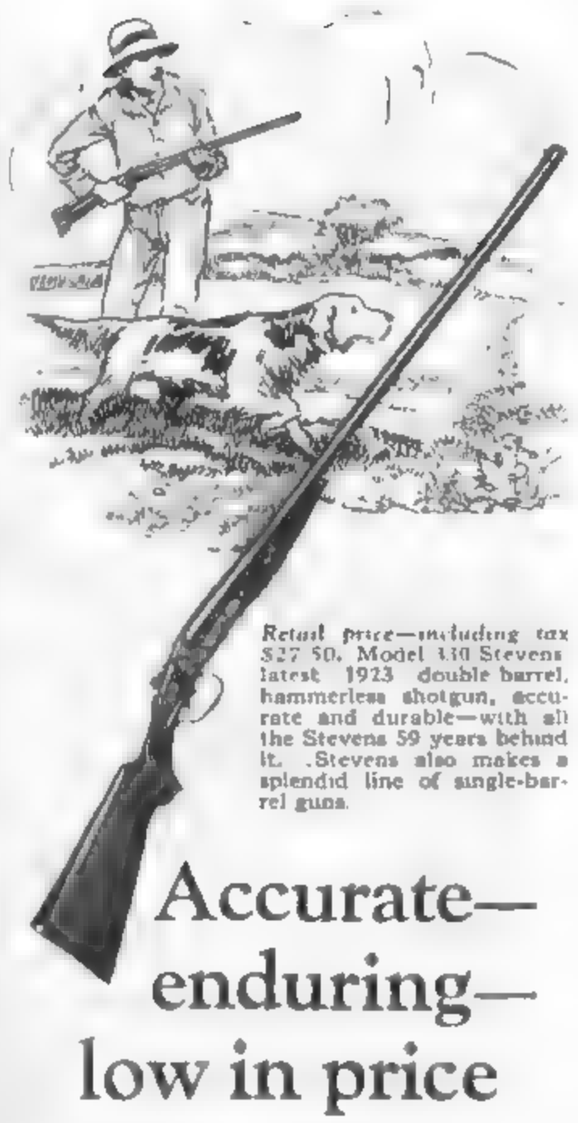
We have certain big and obvious advantages; but having an advantage and using it are, unfortunately, two different things. Along in the gloomy days of 1915 there was a discussion about the future of England. A New York banker who has long been a student of foreign affairs said, "If England comes out of this war bankrupt, in only a few years she will have regained her position in international trade and finance; for England has the experience, and everything else is secondary to that." On that point I may mention that the war, or the peace, swept Germany bare of ocean vessels and loaded her with liabilities that there was no prospect of meeting. Yet, in spite of enormous handicaps, Germany has been coming up hand over fist in the matter of merchant marine. She had the experience—or, to use another term for the same thing, the ability.

The Manufacturer's Chance

Experience is something that can be learned, and one nation can learn another's. Applying experience and ability to foreign trade requires a special technic. It is a complex affair, and no mere generalizations will do much good. Every commodity and every country is a special problem. Here is a seventeen-page mimeographed pamphlet, issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, about the importation of rubber goods into Belgium—just rubber goods and just Belgium. I should say, offhand, that it contained all the information concerning the market for rubber goods in Belgium that anybody could reasonably ask for. But in fact there will be a manufacturer of some particular kind of rubber goods who wants more detailed and specific information, not only about his particular kind of rubber goods but about particular spots in Belgium. In short, intelligent pursuit of foreign trade requires its own technical equipment. Having that equipment in the Department of Commerce, there is no great mystery and no great difficulty about selling American manufactures abroad. As to a great many manufactures—probably as to manufactures in general—American big-volume production, with greater use of machinery and better organization, quite overcomes the theoretical handicap of a wage scale decidedly higher than that of our chief competitors.

Time out of mind export trade has been regarded as a national interest, and as such has received more or less support from the Government. For a long while the American Government did less to assist export trade—in the way of gathering information, acting as the exporter's counsel in his contacts with foreign governments and generally looking out for trade opportunities—than, say, Germany or England did. But I believe that under the present administration and practice of the Department of Commerce that disadvantage no longer exists.

Probably a good many more American manufacturers could find foreign markets by looking for them with reasonable diligence. Finally, it all comes back to that—the push of the individual manufacturer taking advantage of such cooperative helps as are now open to him.



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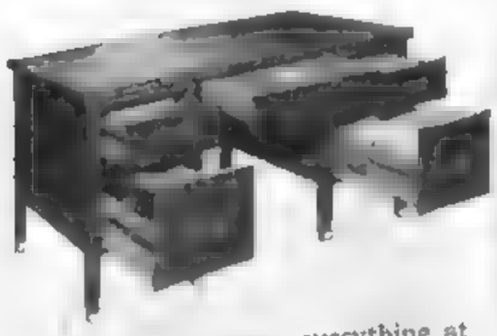

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DWINDLING DISASTERS

(Continued from Page 31)

furnished equally crushing proof of the feebleness of expert economists in matters of business. This was Prof. Adolf Wagner, the coiner of "business idiots." Three months before the industrial crash which overwhelmed victorious Germany after the war of 1870 Wagner was pitted on a lecture platform against a young Westphalian business man of whom no one then had heard. German business was booming.

Expounding the fructifying $1,000,000,000 indemnity exacted by Bismarck from France, Wagner proclaimed that the boom would last for five years. The unknown business man, who was in coal, remarked deferentially that he saw signs of an industrial crisis, and that manufacturers should be on the lookout. Wagner hinted politely that the coal man knew nothing.

"I know coal," said the coal man. "There'll be a slump."

Wagner went home and, nettled by opposition, wrote a pamphlet declaring that though business idiots might understand coal, they had not the expert knowledge qualifying them to understand broad issues. The coal man proved right. The crash came, and another expert economist proved that it cost Germany the whole $1,000,000,000. Wagner's theories are forgotten, but the business idiot survives in the person of Emil Kirdorf, who out of the ruin which the economic expert could not foresee created the Westphalian Coal Syndicate, which is Europe's biggest industrial combine.

Radical opposition between expert economists and business idiots runs through all opinion as to postwar Europe's prospects of recovery. One side makes prophecies, using as raw material certain very disputable assumptions as to the significance of bad currency and bad state finance. These prophecies point to ruin. The other side makes no prophecies; it makes pig iron, steel, sulphuric acid, electromotors, cotton shirts and windowpanes, and by this restorative activity falsifies the prophecies.

Ruin Averted

The progress made by the business idiots is mostly concealed; it must be dug out with labor from tedious, almost inaccessible reports. It is much less trouble to follow the daily advertised vicissitudes of a few prominent bad exchanges than to make elaborate comparisons of production and trade. Yet the fallacy of judging a nation's real condition by its currency is exposed every month by national reports on business. Countries like Czecho-Slovakia, with improving currencies and fairly sound state finances, go through catastrophic crises of rising unemployment and falling output; countries whose ever-worse currencies are taken to foreshadow economic dissolution enjoy continuous business booms, and every prediction that their general conditions will get worse in proportion to the depreciation of their money is falsified. When Europe reads that the German mark exchange has fallen to 200,000 to the dollar it honestly expects a German collapse. It forgets that when the mark sank to eight to the dollar in 1919, when it touched 100 in January, 1920, 300 in late 1921, 8000 in late 1922, the same collapse was believed to be imminent. Few remember that the mark at one cent was in its day quite as sensational as the mark at the two-thousandth part of a cent at the time this is written. The German economic experts themselves expected the collapse. The business idiots prevented it. Working with equal zeal and equal ingenuity when the mark was worth a cent and when it was worth one two-thousandth part of a cent, they imperturbably continued making pig iron, steel, sulphuric acid, electromotors, cotton shirts and windowpanes; they built ships and railroad cars, fused into cost-saving trusts, regained markets and spent money in the furtherance of industrial science. National ruin was averted.

National ruin could not have come in any form other than the ruin of a majority of individual citizens, and the individual citizen did not intend to be ruined. No sooner did he feel the pinch of indigence than he set to work to restore his own individual prosperity, as indigent individuals do—if they are healthy—in all climes and times; and by the totality of individual achievements of single citizens menaced with personal ruin the specter of national ruin was put to flight.

Currency in this recuperative movement played no rôle worth mentioning. From practical experience the individual business man very quickly learned that money could go one way and production and trade another. The expert economists ought to have foreseen this, for it was no new phenomenon. The flight from the franc in the first years of the French revolution was quite as emphatic as the flight from the mark today, and with good reason. By 1796 France had in circulation 46,000,000,000 francs of assignata, and the value of every franc had fallen to one four-thousandth of its nominal gold value. In 1923, when the German Reichsbank in one week increased its note circulation by 4,000,000,000,000, and when the Reichsmark has sunk to one fifty-thousandth of its gold value, France's flutter in frenzied currency seems tame; but it did not seem tame according to the standards of 1796.

The Barry Lyndon Principle

Then French currency and finance were a byword, and every expert economist knew that France would perish. Yet at the time money was worst the recovery of France from the economic exhaustion which set in with the Revolution was under way. While the assignata were still depreciating, business was improving. The French financial writer Delavigne even asserts that France at that time was rapidly increasing in wealth.

"It was when we had no currency worth the name that we stored up a great part of the resources which later enabled us to withstand the drain of the Napoleonic Wars."

This precedent might apply to Europe's bad-money countries today. But it does not necessarily apply. The one way to decide whether it applies or not is to examine independently of currency the records of production, trade, transportation and other indicators of real economic conditions. The test of business is business. In France business recovered first, and the recovery made it possible to create a new sound currency. If Europe's business is really recovering, its currency and state finances will probably be set in order in the same way.

Business in Europe is improving. All European countries which were badly damaged by the war have more or less imperfectly restored their production. Some of them have not yet completed the recuperation cycle, because with better business still goes worse and worse currency. That is the case with Germany. But other countries have completed the whole cycle. They have not only restored their business but they have taken advantage of the growth of national wealth to restore their currencies and finances. The whole recovery process took less than five years. The business idiot first did his work, and then along came the currency reformer and the state financier. This fact, that certain countries which suffered very badly from the war are already practically as well off as they were before the war, is habitually ignored by Europe itself. It is ignored because the countries which have most progressed are in themselves not important, and because in European opinion Germany, as the result of her dimensions and of her former dominant rôle in economic developments, overshadows all other countries. Probably as long as Germany also is not fully restored Europe will continue to talk of universal ruin.

The principle underlying the present partial restoration of Europe is not hard to find. The principle is that the countries which started their postwar existence under the worst conditions have on the whole gone most rapidly ahead, while countries which were not injured by the war at all have not gone ahead at all. They have rather gone back—apparently for the reason expounded by Thackeray's amusing rogue Barry Lyndon, that it is easier for a hungry man to attain prosperity than for a sated man to keep prosperity.

Not only have the rich neutral countries low production and high unemployment but, sound as their exchanges are, they have mostly also money crises. Rich Norway has forty of her banks either in liquidation or held under state control for the purpose of reconstruction. Rich Denmark still staggers under the blow of the Landmands Bank failure with losses totaling 300,000,000 crowns, which, on the basis of population, is around $3,000,000,000 in the

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United States. Germany, Austria and Hungary, countries which did suffer from the war, but which kept their mechanism of production intact, have largely restored their business; but they are not leaders in the restoration movement. In speed of recovery it was the almost ruined republic of Finland and the still less favored new stateletes, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, which come first. Again, the explanation can be found only in the fact that an impoverished nation is only a community of impoverished individuals, and that the motive of self-preservation in face of imminent peril operates on individuals more powerfully than the mere motive of increasing their comfort can operate on individuals in a tolerably prosperous state.

Germany's recent development shows that this is no theory, but is a statistically provable fact. A great many individual Germans were ruined by the currency depreciation. Bondholders, mortgagees and other mere mark holders were plundered wholesale for the benefit of sharper or luckier individuals who got rid of their marks and mark securities and acquired instead real values, such as land, factories, wares and stable foreign currencies. Every German who in 1914 drew an income from bonds of 100,000 marks, worth then $25,000, at present exchange [July] draws 100,000 marks, worth about fifty cents. This was a transfer of real wealth from class to class, and not a loss of national wealth. Its effect, however, has been to increase the national wealth.

The old mark holders and mark security holders, threatened with starvation, were forced wholesale into productive, wealth-creating work. Reports of the German industrial inspectors therefore show that the number of German producers has increased rapidly. The number productively employed—after making allowance for the reduction in the ranks of the ordinary unemployed—was, in 1920, 3 per cent more than in 1919, 8 per cent more in 1921 than in 1920, and 11 per cent more in 1922 than in 1921. The more rapid the currency depreciation, and the harder the pressure on the classes dependent on the currency, the stronger became the compulsion to recreate wealth. That explains the circumstance, long ago commented on by Mill and other economists, that, after war, restoration is so rapid that wholly ruined countries very soon again draw even with countries which enjoyed peace. It is the explanation why some of the little states which broke loose from Russia, and started their independent life in the worst of all possible conditions, have gone far faster ahead toward recuperation than countries which suffered little.

Prosperity from Near-Ruin

History has here completely defeated prophecy. Four years ago not one expert economist in Europe would admit that the stateleta, Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, could survive. Everything was against them. Before the war, as Russian provinces, they lived on the margin of existence. During and after the war they were overrun by Russians, by Germans, by Bolsheviks, finally by alien anti-Bolsheviks. Russia requisitioned their food and cattle and carried to Petrograd their machinery. Germany, on Russia's heels, extracted even the brass screws from their doorbells. Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks consumed what little was left. Production was paralyzed by the disappearance of its mechanism. For export in exchange for necessaries there were no goods, and had there been goods there were no markets—the one market that counted before the war was the Russian Hinterland. The statelets had no governments and no currencies. The first prime minister of Esthonia seriously considered making his country a British protectorate; if only the unlucky nation could get a little flour and a few plows for its derelict acres it was ready to agree to anything.

Yet in four years all these troubles were overcome. Today all three countries have stable governments, tolerable administration, social order, restored agriculture, reviving industries. They export enough to pay for what they take from abroad, and have therefore ceased to be beggars and borrowers. Their budgets are balanced, and two of them have currencies which will probably be taken as models whenever the more important countries of Central Europe feel themselves strong enough to embark on currency reform.

The Baltic statelets went through precisely the same sequence of troubles as still in part afflict Central Europe. They began their recuperation in precisely the same way as Central Europe has begun hers—by restoring production—but they pushed the recuperation further by restoring their currency and finances. The business idiots led. First came a rapid increase in agricultural and industrial output; next export recovered, with the result that currency depreciation slackened, and finally state finances improved.

Between 1919 and 1922 Esthonia's farm-products production increased 83 per cent, her forestry products 280 per cent, and the number of employed in her small industries nearly 200 per cent. The increase was abnormally rapid because the volume of goods produced and the number of employed at first were abnormally low. Being able to produce, Esthonia was able to export. In 1919 only one-eighth of her foreign purchases—more properly gifts or loans—were covered by export of goods produced at home. In 1921 it was considered a great triumph that Esthonia exported goods worth 2,286,000,000 marks, and so paid for nearly half her imports, of 4,811,000,000. In 1922 she paid for all her imports with exports, with the exception of a small sum, which was covered by exporting precious metals.

In 1919 Latvia's imports exceeded her exports eightfold. By 1921 her trade had recovered about as much as Esthonia's. Against imports worth 70,000,000 gold francs she exported for 29,000,000. Last year she exported for 102,000,000 francs against imports of 107,000,000, and so practically established a trade balance.

Latvia's Valorized Taxation

Lithuania, an almost self-contained country needing little raw materials for only the smallest industries, began better, but up to 1921 she also could not pay her way. In 1922 she exported more than she imported and even began to lay up a reserve of foreign high-exchange money in order to strengthen the backing of the gold currency which she was able to establish at the end of the year.

This is a remarkable achievement. It appears all the more remarkable if it is noted that in the first five months of 1923 not one of the richer European countries—neither Great Britain, nor France, nor Belgium, nor Holland, nor Sweden, nor Switzerland—recorded an export surplus in any one month. But still more remarkable is the Baltic statelets' restoration of their public finances. Esthonia started her independent life without any finances at all. In 1918–19 only 7 per cent of her expenditure was covered by revenue. But 41 per cent was covered in 1920, and 73 per cent in 1921. Ninety per cent, said official optimists, would be covered in 1922. But, in fact, before eleven months of the year were out there was a surplus of 400,000,000 marks.

Latvia's finances seemed even more hopeless, because her paper ruble continued to depreciate long after Esthonia's mark was practically stable. All countries with depreciating currencies have bad finances. Before paper money assessed in taxes reaches the tax collector's hands it has shrunk in value. In March, 1922, Latvia made a bold attempt to meet this trouble by valorizing her taxation. She assessed it, that is, in fictitious gold francs which had then no existence, and compelled the taxpayer to increase his paper-ruble payments in proportion to the ruble's depreciation in terms of gold. This measure has since been recommended for adoption by the German Economical Council. In Latvia the experiment proved a success. The real value of the taxation yield was kept up; and immediately afterwards Latvia ceased to balance her budget by printing inconvertible paper money. Last year the Latvian budget showed a surplus. Lithuania in the first half of 1923 also had a surplus of revenue over expenditure; and this, too, was achieved in connection with a radical currency reform.

The restoration of the Baltic statelets' currencies is the crown on their achievements. Esthonia and Latvia began life with the Russian paper ruble, already rotten, and destined to circulate in quadrillions. Lithuania started with a mixed currency of Russian rubles and of German east marks and east rubles, guaranteed by Germany and therefore bound to fall in value together with the German mark. Esthonia replaced the ruble with a mark of her own,

(Continued on Page 185)

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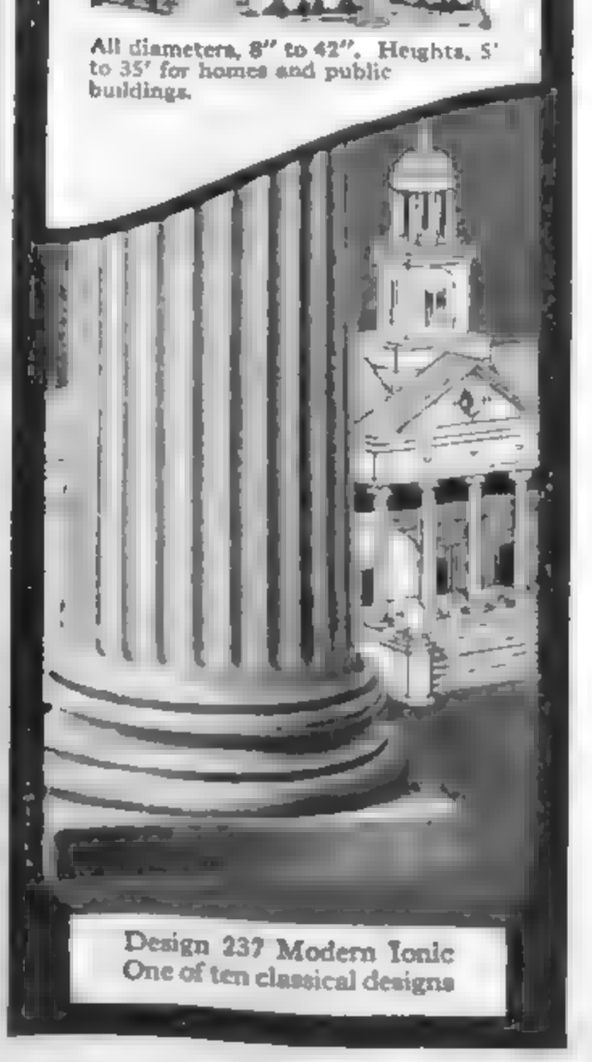

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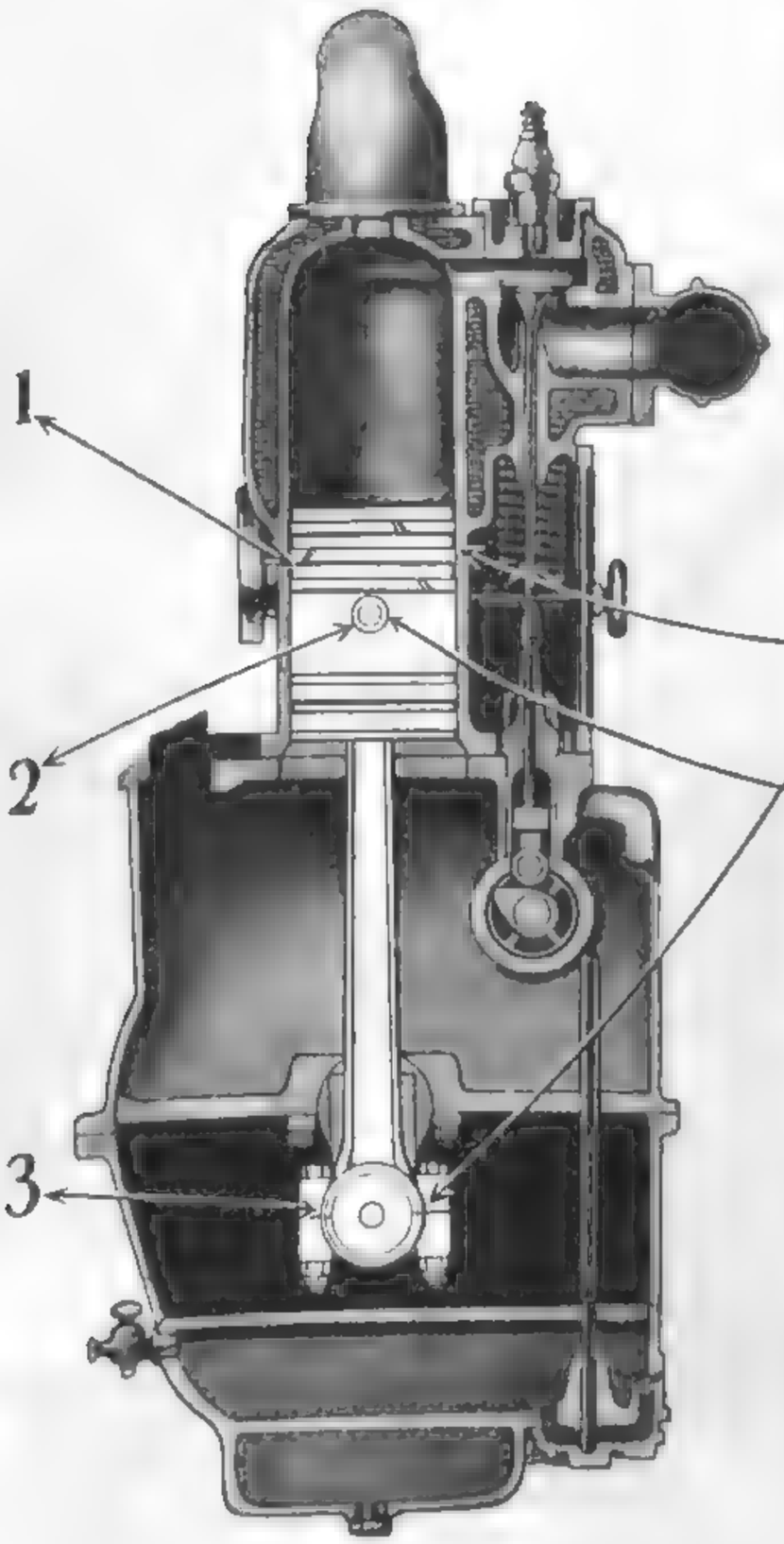

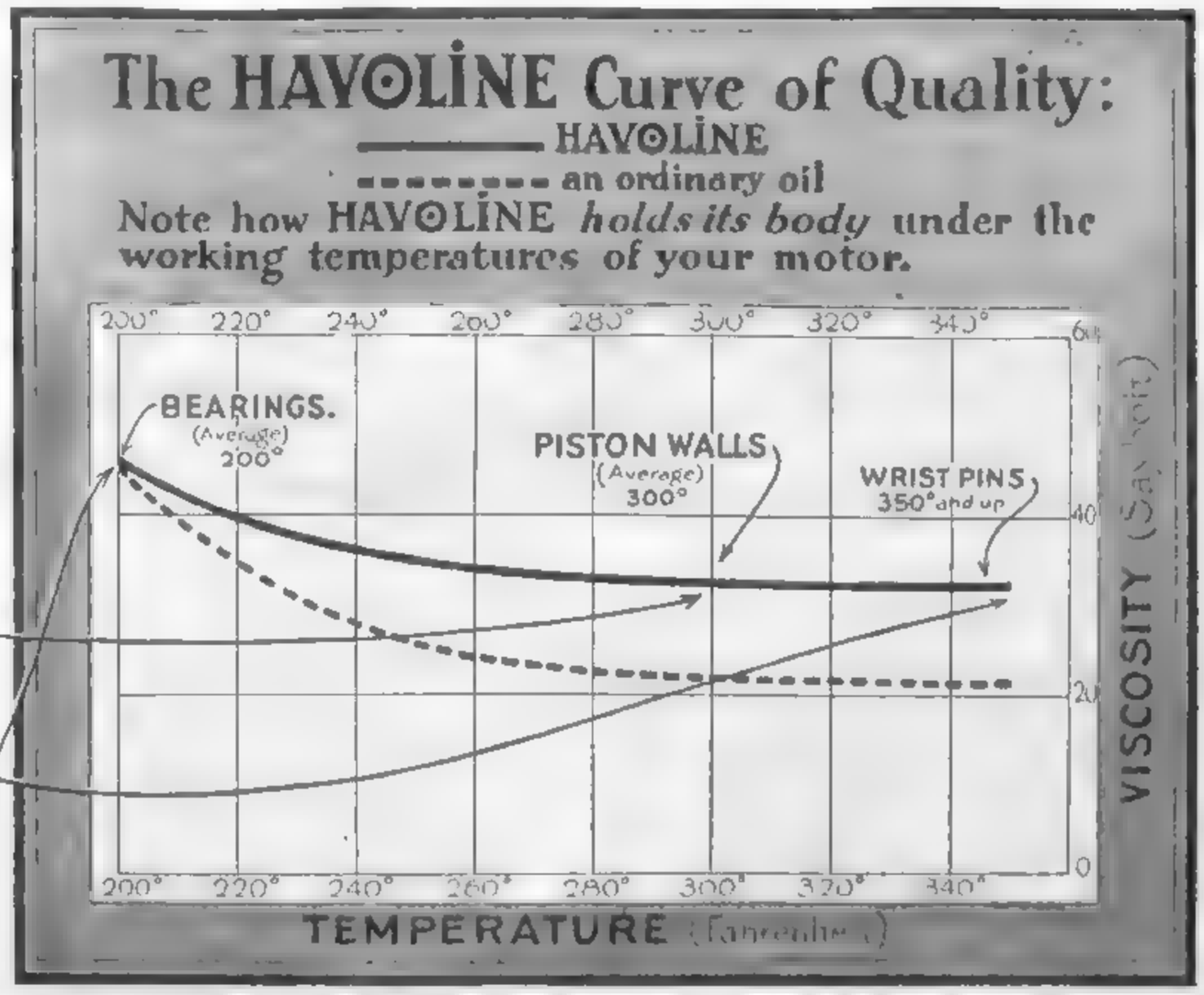

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OF course, home is best, but it is fun to dine out every now and then. So when *he* says, "Let's go to the Blackstone tonight, darling" perhaps it's the St. Francis or the Grunewald Hotel; at any rate, the *best* wherever you live—you give him a hug and prepare for a happy evening.

And when you are finally *there*, eyes alight, best gown on, bubbling interest in everything—nothing escapes you. You drink in the soft lights and the beautiful music, the silken hangings and handsomely gowned people. *And you are happy!*

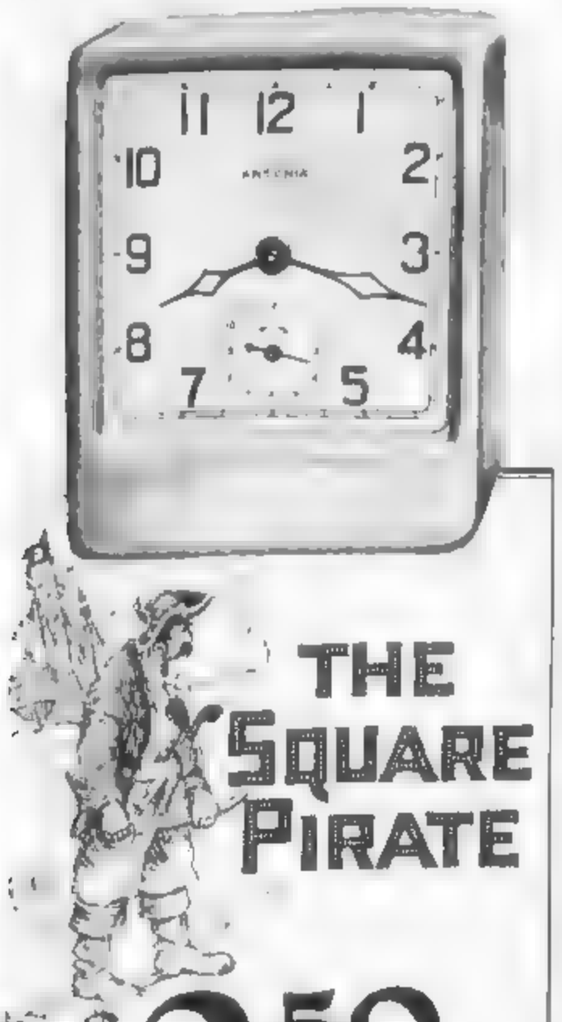
You notice the exquisite table appointments especially, the gold encrusted china and expensive-looking, beautiful silver. You would prefer different designs for your silver, of course, but you *would* like yours to be as important-looking as this. If *only* you could afford it!

But, like as not, one of the famous Wallace designs is what you are envying, and, if so, your wish can come true, for even Wallace is not so very expensive. Go down town tomorrow to your favorite jeweler's, and ask to see the various Wallace designs.

Send right now for the handsome Hostess Book which tells you how to set the perfect table for all kinds of social functions. It gives many other delightful hints as well and is yours for *only 50c*. Address R. Wallace & Sons Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn.

WALLACE *Silver* STERLING AND PLATE

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX
The New Alarms



THE SQUARE PIRATE

$2.50

Radium Dial $1.00 extra

THERE have been all sorts of pirates, but never until now a Square Pirate.

For $2.50, this Square Pirate will make you walk the plank every morning and take your plunge into the day's work ***on time.***

The Square Pirate stands so solidly that it is not easily tipped over.

No projecting feet to mar the furniture.

Seamless metal case, with a finish that resembles platinum and does not tarnish nor show finger marks.

Height—4¼ inches.

Width—3½ inches.

Runs for 30 hours.

Continuous alarm.

Concealed bell.

The Square Pirate is so good looking that it may be properly used in any room in your home—an alarm clock of entirely new design, which has achieved instant success throughout the United States.

Remember the name—the Square Pirate. It is a thoroughly good alarm clock at a very low price.

The above prices are for United States only
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If he has none in stock, we will mail you one post paid on receipt of the price.

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P. New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 182)

but this, too, was pure paper, and it depreciated at first. The revival of business saved it. The enormous increase in exports duly caused a demand for the Esthonian mark, and for two years past Esthonia's currency has been practically stable in gold value. Three years ago one German mark was worth seven Esthonian marks. Today one Esthonian mark is worth 800 German marks. Latvia replaced her Russian rubles with Latvian rubles, also pure paper, and also at first depreciating. But reviving business and the great increase of exports put her into possession of the gold and high-exchange foreign currencies necessary for stabilization. The Lettish gold franc, or lat, is today almost as stable as the dollar.

The reform is not yet complete, because paper rubles of variable value still circulate side by side with the lats. But even the Lettish paper ruble counts as a high currency in Berlin. Lithuania went for her new currency unit to the United States, and gave her lita the value of ten cents. At a time when the German paper mark circulates in trillions, Lithuania has the modest circulation of 48,500,000 litas, or under $5,000,000, and all this is fully secured. Production and export supplied the gold backing of $5,300,000 held by the new national bank. As long as business continues good—as long, that is, as goods in demand in international markets are produced in sufficient quantity—the currencies of the three Baltic countries are almost as good as coined gold.

Finland's Recovery

Business first, finance and currency afterwards is the sequence also in the recovery of Finland, the fourth Baltic state. Finland's recovery is even more complete, but Finland had advantages. Before the war she was not a mere Russian province, but a semi-independent country with flourishing agriculture, highly developed industries, good education, social order and the tradition of stable government. But Finland also emerged from the war ruined. For four years she delivered almost the whole product of her industries to Russia, getting in exchange paper rubles which the Bank of Finland was later obliged to write off as worthless. In the winter after the peace of Brest-Litovsk, Finnish territory was ravaged by the Russian Bolshevik garrison in league with native Reds. In 1918 Finland was starving. Russia, her former chief customer, neither bought from her nor supplied her with food, and to countries which could have supplied her she had nothing to export. She was among the worst-off countries of Europe; and she was indeed classed with the very worst by the fact that she could not feed herself.

Finland's history immediately after the war is a history of budget deficits, increasing inflation, rapidly rising prices, reduced production, inability to pay her way, expressed in vast import surpluses, with the inevitable result of a rapidly falling exchange. Between 1913 and 1921 the Bank of Finland's note circulation rose from 113,000,000 to nearly 1,400,000,000 marks; up to 1920, prices rose thirteenfold; in 1919 industrial output was only one-third of that of 1913, and in the same year only one-third of imports were paid for with exports. In 1913 the Finnish mark was worth nineteen cents, in 1921 it fell to one cent, and in Berlin, where it now quotes around 6000 German marks, it quoted under one mark. All the supposed phenomena of impending ruin were visible. Today none are visible. Finland has budget surpluses, stable currency circulation and prices, rapidly increasing production, a favorable trade balance, and a currency which after doubling its gold value since September, 1921, does not vary more than 1 per cent in a month. Having started so badly, Finland is one of the two countries which have begun to pay back their borrowed dollars to the United States.

Finland's recovery began in the same way as that of the three newer Baltic countries, and in the way in which the so far imperfect recovery of Germany, Austria and Poland began. Business progressed first and made the reform of finances and the stabilization of currency possible. In fact, Finland's exchange did not begin to rise until two years after production began to revive. Currency, that is, was still going down when business was going up. Already in 1920 Finland's output of industrial and agricultural products was 47 per cent higher than in 1919, in 1921 it was 32 per cent higher than in 1920, and in 1922 it was 36 per cent higher than in 1921. In May, 1918, Finland had 200,000 unemployed; in June, 1923, she had 800.

The same imperative behest of self-preservation which compelled Finland to resume the production of goods compelled her to find new markets to replace Russia. For her wood, pulp and paper she gained England and other West European countries; and her low exchange enabled her to drive Sweden from these markets, with result that high-exchange Sweden stagnated until 1922, when she found a substitute market in the United States. The table of Finland's foreign trade in the last four years shows the speed with which a vigorous nation, forced by the starvation threat into action and ingenuity, recovers from the impoverishment of war:

	IMPORTS	EXPORTS
	[In Millions of Marks]	
1919	2,505	873
1920	3,020	2,306
1921	3,784	3,389
1922	3,953	4,461

Finland's trade position in 1922 was far better than in 1912 or 1913, because before the war she had chronic negative trade balances, repaired by money received from immigrants in America and from Russian travelers. It was this trade improvement, made possible in turn by improving production, which produced the stabilization of Finland's currency and simultaneously the repair of her badly shattered finances. In 1919 the Finnish budget showed a deficit of 500,000,000 marks, and in 1920 of 300,000,000. But in 1921 there was a surplus of 200,000,000, in 1922 of 400,000,000. Finland's debt is slowly being paid off, and at present exchange does not exceed $50,000,000. The ruin took five years to accomplish. The recovery was complete by mid-1922, only three years after it began. No better illustration exists of the fact that the countries suffering worst from wars and disasters may in a very short time be no worse off than if they had not suffered at all.

Not politicians and economists, whose material position is in most cases independent of business conditions, but farmers, manufacturers, merchants, salesmen, clerks and manual workers, for all of whom bad business means worse living, began Europe's restoration, and in the four countries dealt with carried it more or less fully through.

It was the same classes of active men who saved Central Europe from a crash in 1919–20, and who, while politicians muddled and economists theorized, brought back a very considerable part of the lost prewar prosperity. This relative valuation of business and theory is not always well understood in Europe, for the good reason that the very fact of recuperation is not admitted. Europe still keeps its eye only on the exchanges; the most important Central European countries have low or declining exchanges; and therefore ruin is assumed. Were a Czecho-Slovak business man asked about this, he would be surprised. He would answer, "Our Czech crown appreciated about 100 per cent in 1922, but our unemployed in 1922 increased from 110,000 to 500,000, and whereas we had 67 bankruptcies in December, 1921, we had 532 in December, 1922."

A Question of Backbone

In all countries with depreciating currencies the business man swears at the instability which, he says, deranges trade, but he turns the depreciation to advantage by paying off his gold bonds in paper, by paying all current creditors in money which every day represents a smaller burden on himself, and by paying taxes which every day represent a smaller real revenue to the state and a corresponding saving to industry. Apart from that, the business man reasons loosely that if his nation is energetic and skillful, temporary bad money will no more harm it than permanent good money will benefit a lazy, unenterprising nation. Germans long ago put this truth in a punning dialect couplet, for understanding of which must be noted that "mark" means not only the national currency unit but also physical backbone:

Steht unse Mark in Kurs ok schlecht,
Dat Mark in unse Volk ist echt?

which, meaning,

What matters that our cash goes wrong,
If only our backbone is strong?

is printed by the municipality of Halle on an emergency currency note of present

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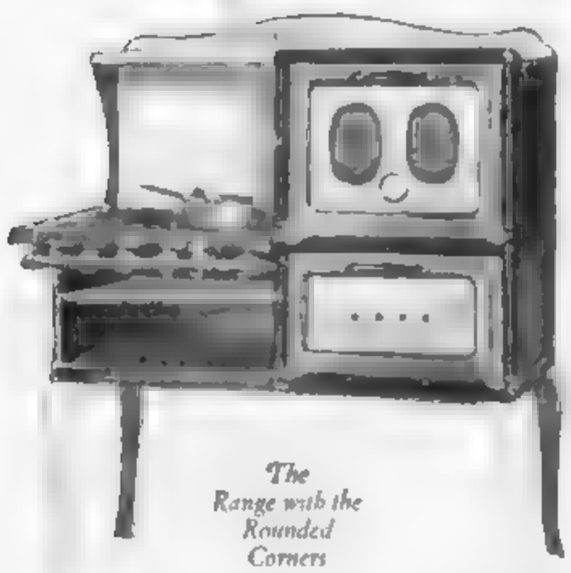
See the variety of plain and period styles, some with mahogany or walnut finish, made in convenient sizes and priced for every purse. Because no other chest has such unusual features, make certain the name, LANE, is burned inside the lid of the one you buy. Write to us for near-by dealer's name if your furniture or department store cannot supply you with the genuine LANE.

THE LANE COMPANY, Inc.
Altavista, Virginia

TAPPAN
GAS RANGES



The Range with the Rounded Corners

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The height of the cooking top and the oven saves the stooping that results in baking-day backaches. Food in the oven is automatically watched over by the Wilco-Tappan Heat Regulator. Cleaning the Tappan is a few-minutes' job only. Rounded corners throughout, sanitary porcelain-enamel finish, cast-iron oven bottom, easily removed and washed under the faucet—the whole range is easily kept like new for a lifetime.

In the Tappan complete line there's a style and price that will please you. Write for the Tappan cook book and the name of your Tappan dealer.

Dealers: The Tappan franchise in your community offers some unusual opportunities.

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MANSFIELD, OHIO
ESTABLISHED 1881

TAPPAN

value about one-thousandth of an American cent. This optimism is justified by the rapid improvement in German production since the war.

Naturally, in German controversy everything is represented as getting worse. The controversies are mostly directed by one class against another, and each class, if it is to get the thirsted-for doles or tax exemptions, must succeed in proving its ruin. But when truth accidentally coincides with controversial exigencies Germans honestly blurt out even favorable truth. Bernhard Dernburg, banker and ex-Colonial Secretary, lately declared that Germany's production had fallen 50 per cent since 1913. Ex-Minister of Industry Robert Schmidt had repeatedly said much the same thing. But Dernburg this time made his statement in order to prove that higher wages could not be paid; and as Schmidt, a Socialist, wanted to prove that they could be paid he denounced the Dernburg estimate as absurd. And to the Reichstag he ran off a whole list of industries in which production has rapidly risen, and of a few industries in which it is even higher than before the war.

In fact, the recovery of German production has been extraordinarily rapid, and in most branches also remarkably steady. In some branches it is still materially below that of 1913, but in all it is far above 1919 and 1920. Sometimes the loss since 1913 is compensated for by gains in allied branches, sometimes by creations of entirely new industries. Thus coal output in the republic's present area is 15 per cent less than in 1913, but the lignite output is 57 per cent greater. Against the fall-off in some metal branches there is a big aluminum industry which is almost entirely new. The production of industrial chemicals has declined 22 per cent since 1913, but against the loss is a present annual production of 340,000 tons of pure niter, of which nobody dreamed in 1913. The older staple industries recover year by year.

Worst hit of all was iron. Before the war Germany's greatest smelting was done in Lorraine, whither she transported Ruhr coal; and Lorraine is lost. In 1919 Germany produced only 5,650,000 tons of pig iron, against 19,300,000 tons in 1913. But in 1921 she produced 7,000,000 tons, and 8,700,000 tons in 1922. In 1919 Germany produced only 812,000 tons of potash, against 1,110,000 tons in 1913. But in 1921 she produced 921,000 tons, and 2,050,000 tons in 1922. In the business year 1914–15 Germany produced 2,600,000 tons of raw sugar, and in 1919–20 only 701,000 tons. But in 1922–23 her production had recovered to 1,482,000 tons. Judged by her raw rubber imports Germany produces more rubber goods than before the war. In 1922 she imported 33,430 tons, against 28,400 tons in 1913. In 1921 Germany's pottery production was only 55 per cent of that of 1913; in 1922 it was 82 per cent. The output of textiles, machines and glass is smaller than in 1913, but it is between 50 and 200 per cent bigger than in 1919.

Germany's Business Advance

German transportation and shipping figures entirely agree with her production figures. Goods if produced must be carried. The figures show the same rapid decline and the same rapid recovery. In 1919 railroads carried only 287,000,000 tons, against 480,000,000 tons in the same area in 1913. But in 1922 goods transported recovered to 391,000,000 tons. The use of motor trucks for transportation never declined, and in 1922 was 350 per cent higher than in 1913. In 1919 German shipyards turned out only 151,900 tons of new ships; in 1922 they built 742,100 tons. In 1919 Germany's commercial navy totaled only 419,000 tons, against 5,135,000 tons in 1913; by December, 1922, it had recovered to 2,176,000 tons. Shipping in German ports has not only fully recovered; it actually beats the best prewar records. In the first five months of 1923 Hamburg's shipping in both directions was 12,462,000 tons, against 11,561,000 tons in the same months of 1913. Bremen, the other great port, is even farther ahead of its best prewar record.

These figures leave no doubt. Germany may be much poorer than before the war, but she is not at present getting poorer. She is restoring her business, and is thereby moving towards the point at which, following universal precedent, she will be able also to restore her finances and her currency. At present, apart from reparations, the only obstacle to currency reform is the import surplus, which would depress the mark's exchange even if all international questions were settled. But this import surplus which is about $500,000,000 a year is, in proportion to population, a trifle compared with the import surplus which Finland got rid of in three years by increasing her exports in measure as the production of exportable goods increased. Germany's prospects are therefore anything but black.

The prospects of Austria and Poland, the other countries usually held up as examples of Europe's ruin, are no worse. In both countries while currency was falling production was rising. Between January, 1920, and January, 1922, Austria's crown exchange fell to the one six-hundredth of its already very low value. But during the three years Austrian business improved. In 1922 Austria's iron output was 223 per cent more than in 1920, her production of coal 22 per cent more, and her production of textiles, machines and locomotives 119 per cent more. Compared with 1919, for which there are no exact figures, industrial production increased about 250 per cent. In eighteen months of 1922–23 Poland's mark exchange fell to one-fiftieth of its already low value. But Poland's coal output increased, and now exceeds that of before the war. In three years her iron production increased 137 per cent, and her production of cotton goods 400 per cent. In 1921–22 her sugar output was 151,000 tons, in 1922–23 it was 268,000 tons.

Past the Real Crisis

As in Germany so in Austria and Poland, everyone talks only of the exchanges. But no business man allows the exchanges to hamper business. "The falling exchange," says Poland's Finance Minister, Grabski, lately resigned, "did to some extent derange trade, and it transformed enormous unearned values from one citizen's pocket to another. But it could not check the improvement of business, because this improvement was a necessary reaction against the economic stagnation and anarchy in which Poland found herself on achieving her independence, and because the pressing need of individual citizens supplied an imperative impetus to work."

Grabski's view, though the view of a politician and economist, puts the plain truth as to the relation of business to currency in Central and East Europe, and as to the real source of the recuperative process which, despite the expert economists, is now well under way. His words apply also to Soviet Russia, for though Russia's currency uninterruptedly descends, her production increases wherever the Communist straitwaistcoat has been taken off, and wherever the individual Russian is free to engage in private enterprise. The turning point of the European crisis, which consisted not in badness of money but in poverty of goods, was really reached two or three years ago, when the business idiots proved that they could still plow, manufacture, organize and adapt themselves to postwar conditions. This was the real crisis. The unreal, supposedly symptomatic crisis, which consisted in bad money and bad state finance, has not yet been everywhere overcome, but as it has been overcome in the countries which first restored their business, it will probably be overcome also in those other countries in which the restoration of business is proceeding but is not yet complete.

Europe's impoverishment through the war is still a fact, but it matters very little that Europe is poorer than in 1913 if it is certain that she is richer than in 1919 or 1920. As wealth ultimately lies in the production of goods, and as production has risen, it seems certain that Europe is richer than in either of these last two years. No one can see why this reconstructive process should not continue until recovery is complete, until the expert economists admit it, and the poor, toiling, blind and egoistic but always creative business idiot is proved to have been right.

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Get your dealer to put on a set of Hartfords. Note the difference! If possible, ride in a car equipped with any other shock absorbing device. You'll never, never give up your Hartfords. That's why we can say—*Satisfaction-or-money-back.*

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There's a genuine Hartford for Fords—offering a new conception in riding comfort to their owners. Let Hartfords stop those muscle-tiring, car-wrecking jolts; minimize that nerve-racking vibration. Hartfords make steering easier, too; driving safer. Wheel traction is better; gasoline mileage greater. Clamp-on fittings—no holes to drill. Attach them yourself, if you wish.

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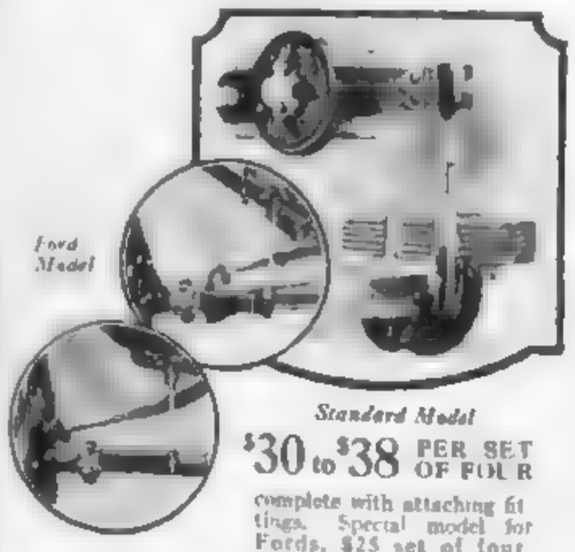

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2. You *must*, in every case, either fully satisfy the guest whom you are serving—or, if you cannot do so, even when you have gone to the limit of your authority, you *must* refer the case immediately to your superior.

3. You *must* follow the spirit as well as the letter of your detailed instructions, as contained in the Statler Service Codes and your other printed instructions.

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We *guarantee* that our employees will handle *all* transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guests as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We *guarantee* that *every* employee will *go to the limit* of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he *can't* satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write *to me* a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices, Hotels Statler Co., Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

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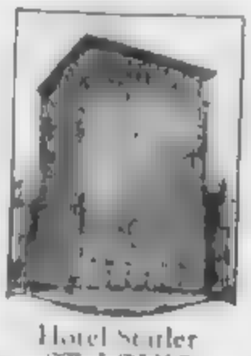

Hotel Statler
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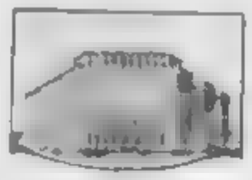

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The rate per day (for one and for two people) of every Statler room is posted permanently in that room, printed in plain figures.

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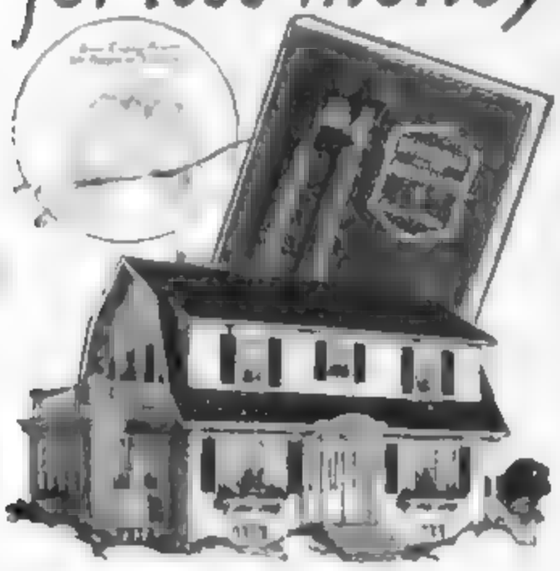

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32

sheriff or sellin' oil stock, you're bound t' fall.

Ever' day some feller with a host o' friends tears out, leavin' th' community bankrupt. We don't mean t' say that ever' feller that's got personal magnetism is a defaulter or a home wrecker, but all th' slickers have personal magnetism. Fer personal magnetism kin be abused th' same as synthetic gin, an' besides th' opportunities an' temptations are all th' greater where one has personal magnetism. Magnetism means social success as well as financial success.

We've all seen big, strappin', good-lookin' fellers, with little ugly wives, an' we've said, "What does that feller see in her?" You can't see personal magnetism. We've all seen governors an' mayors an' senators, an' said t' ourselves, "My goodness, how'd he ever git elected?" Magnetism! It's great stuff. You don't really have t' have your teeth plugged, or your neck shaved, if you've got that whatever-it-is called magnetism. It's far better'n belongin' t' any union. Of course, if you're well fixed, magnetism would only be an extry added feature, but if you're jest startin' out in life, jest beginnin' t' live, with a car half paid fer, magnetism's your friend.

What a pity it is that so many of us jest flatly refuse t' become acquainted with our own great powers, but prefer t' struggle along skimpin' an' savin' an' takin' correspondence courses an' farmin' an' tryin' this an' that, when we might cultivate personal magnetism an' reach th' top without detours, dust or tunnels.

—*Abe Martin.*

The Revolving Door

THIS is the horrible tale of Paul
MacGregor James D. Cuthbert Hall,
Who left his home one winter's day
To go to work, and on his way
In manner that was strange and weird
Mysteriously disappeared.
He left no clew, he left no trace,
He seemed to vanish into space.
Now listen to the fate of Paul
MacGregor James D. Cuthbert Hall.

He worked, did James, as shipping clerk
For Parkinson, McBaine & Burke,
Who in their store on North Broadway
Sold dry goods in a retail way.
And at the entrance to their store
There was a large revolving door
Through which passed all who went to work
For Parkinson, McBaine & Burke.

Upon this day, accursed of fate,
MacGregor James, arriving late,
Dashed headlong madly toward the store,
And plunged in through the spinning door.
Around about it twirled and whirled
And Paul was twisted, curled and hurled
And mashed, and crashed, and dashed and bashed,
As round and round it spun and flashed.
At times it nearly stopped, and then
It straightway started up again.
"I fear that I'll be late to work,
And Parkinson, McBaine & Burke
Will be distressed and grieved," thought Paul
MacGregor James D. Cuthbert Hall.

He raised his voice in frantic cry,
And tried to hail the passers-by.
He tried in vain to call a cop,
But still the door refused to stop.
And so he spins and whirls about,
And struggles madly to get out,
While friends, heartbroken, search for Paul
MacGregor James D. Cuthbert Hall.

—*Newman Levy.*

Palliation

HE TOLD me a lie
And he was unjust;
He deserted his love,
He was false to his trust.

He accepted a bribe,
He cheated at cards;
He forged a check
And he threw his pards.

He went back on a pal,
He befriended a crook;
But he did return
A borrowed book.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

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Exclusive Manufacturers
DANBURY, CONN.

AMERICA GOES A-MARKETING

(Continued from Page 4)

a dredging contractor—needs men. The fact somehow gets abroad, and on the morrow when he arrives at his place of business on the water front, there they are—queues a mile long, thousands of applicants, men of all origins and types and occupations. The concern, as it happens, has a reputation for good wages and generous treatment. Here are folk of every conceivable race, color and previous condition of servitude—vociferous, gesticulating Italians; pasty-faced Poles; wiry, undersized Croats; lumbering, soggy Teutons; swarthy, round-eyed Greeks; a handful of lank, desiccated Englishmen, with white hands and craning necks; some tallow-headed Scandinavians; Slavs of all varieties and Jews of all nationalities; and many, many more.

There is a considerable wait, and then the employment superintendent emerges from the door and starts operations. He takes in the layout with a comprehensive, critical glance. The eyes of the throng follow him around anxiously as he sets to picking and choosing. This he is, of course, bound to do. To begin with, the firm has not, perhaps, enough jobs for this whole invasion. Besides, it takes no expert to see that not more than half the men are physically fit or trained for the work. What is somewhat surprising, however, is the process of selection.

Our superintendent takes the Britishers without any further ado. A disinterested outsider would declare that a strange choice They do not look the least bit like dredgers. Equally unceremoniously, he dismisses the Hellenes. He engages the blond Swedes, though a child could tell him they are peasants experienced in dairying who never looked on a dredge in their lives before. The Germans, too, he signs up, in spite of their honest confession that they were brought up to be—shall we say?—lens grinders and soldiers. But he hardly listens to what they tell him; what they did before does not interest him. He goes on sorting; passes up the Russians with a significant wink, waves some other Slavs out of the line, along with most of the Italians. Two or three groups he holds over for further inspection.

A curious performance. Just what is he up to? Try as you will, there seems no way of getting onto his system—not yet. He presumably wants dredgers. Yet here he goes and turns away willing hands without so much as inquiring what they are good for, and stocks up on a lot of men who may be nice enough fellows, but half of whom avowedly do not qualify for the job. Oh, well, wait. He has only just got started. What you have been witnessing is a mere curtain raiser. The real fun is yet to come.

Willing Workers

It comes thick and fast when he gets around to examining the doubtful cases. Such questions as he plies them with!

He starts in with the Finns—a strapping, good-looking lot who might be taken for Scandinavians, yet somehow different. Clearly that is why they were held over.

"We are experienced men, every one of us," timidly volunteers their spokesman "We have operated dredges in the Gulf of Bothnia. Some of us were employed as longshoremen on the Baltic." They look the part, too, the horny-handed giants.

"H'm—oh, yes," absently muses the company's representative. "I have been thinking—ah—er—just what made you come to us? Yes, that's it—just what made you?"

The men look puzzled.

"Why, sir, we want to work."

"Oh, work! Of course! We have quite all the laborers we need. That is to say, we haven't at all the right sort."

Pause.

"Look here," he resumes, "did you say you were Finns? Umph! Just wait a minute till I refer to my ethnographical chart. Odd, I don't seem to locate you. No trace of Finns among the Nordic races. I take it you belong to the Mediterranean strain. Not so desirable, that. Dear me, it's worse than I suspected. You are not even Indo-Europeans. Ah, there we are! Grouped with the Lapps and the Magyars under the head of Turanians."

There is a murmur of uneasiness among the applicants. They are quite bewildered now.

"We are plain men," ventures the one who spoke before; "we have lived in Finland all our lives. We thought it was in Europe. But you know best, sir. And if you say it's in Turania, it must be so. But let me assure you, sir, we are good, honest workers."

At this the superintendent makes an impatient gesture.

"Workers!" he shouts. "That is all very well. But work is not everything in this world. There are ideals, aspirations, traditions, destiny. For instance, now, what is your attitude toward progress? Do you agree with Bakunin and the Marxians? Or do you believe in social salvation by gradual evolution?"

On hearing this last word, the Finns cross themselves.

"God forbid!" cries their leader "We are true Christian men, your honor."

"Another thing," continues the questioner, "I almost forgot. Who told you that there was work for you here? Did one of our foremen, perhaps, suggest you could get a job?"

A ray of hope lights up the faces of the harassed aliens. For an instant they seem to hesitate. Then they snatch at the happy idea

"Yes, sir," they reply unanimously.

"That settles it," declares the superintendent with finality. "Contract labor! I won't have you! Please file out quietly through the door on your left."

"You'd think," snorts a young fellow over his shoulder—"you'd think I was asking for his daughter in marriage."

How to Answer

Next come the Slovaks. For the most part the performance is a repetition of the foregoing, and as man is a creature who gets wisdom from experience, they are not caught napping. However, there are variations.

"Do you believe in bigamy?" begins the examiner. "I mean in marrying more than one wife? No? Fine! Then let me ask you something else: Why did you leave your country?"

"Our country is not our own," replies the boldest of the group. "The Magyar, sir, he holds it in subjection. He makes it very unpleasant for people."

A look of sympathy comes into the superintendent's eye.

"Victims of political tyranny," he murmurs. "Our works here are full of such as you. That, in fact, is what the firm was organized for—to provide a haven for the disinherited. It has turned out wonderfully. Our men make astounding progress, going into business for themselves in no time at all."

The applicants beam.

But presently the employment manager takes another line.

"Do you propose," he inquires, "to settle down hereabouts, and bring up your children to be engineers and stockholders? Or will you take your wages and hop off?"

That now is a stumper. The men scrutinize the examiner's face, to discover just which way he expects them to answer. One thing seems clear to them: They are not wanted very badly for some reason or other. So they plunge. Oh, no, as soon as the job is finished they'll clear out to the old place and buy farms. They have no intention of burdening the country with their presence forever.

Well, they missed it again. The superintendent frowns, and then he pitches into them.

"So that's it! All you are after is a temporary berth. Then you are going to skip and carry the wealth of the country away with you. Oh, this is too sickening! No loyalty, no gratitude, not a trace of idealism! You can skip right now!"

"But the job," stammer the men, completely flabbergasted—"the job, sir! We thought you had some work that needed doing."

"Dang the job!" And he turns to the Jews.

He starts asking them about their origin and previous allegiance, but precipitately drops that tack. In the chorus that greets his opener, he can distinguish the names of every place he ever heard of and of several that he had not. They hail from all over the map. Queer that they are grouped together. But anon he is enlightened.

"And what caused you to quit such a variety of delightful climes?"

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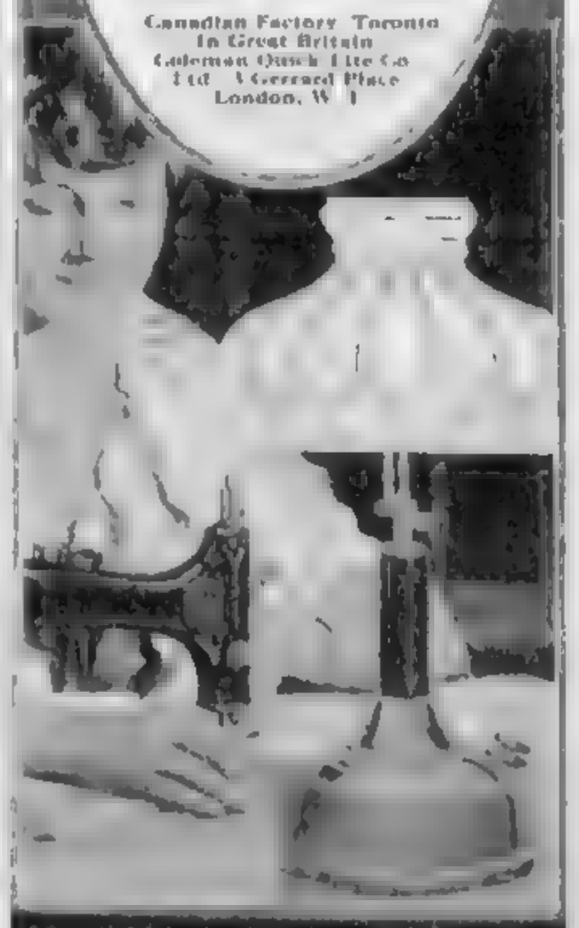

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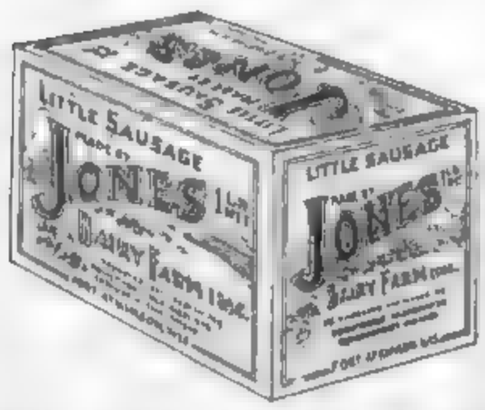

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"Well, sir, you see, they would not let us worship the Almighty as our fathers taught us, and they called us unkind names, and now and again they made unfounded charges and burned our homes. It was very inconvenient, sir."

"Oh"—that apparently touches his tender spot—"religious persecution! Disgraceful! And in the twentieth century too! That must be put a stop to. You are welcome."

The applicants are about to take off their coats, when something occurs to him.

"Just a minute! I am sorry, but I cannot take you on as a group. We don't go by faith here, but by nationality. The question is, How many from your respective countries are already on the job in good standing? Some of you, I observe, for instance, come from Lithuania. According to my instructions here, there is room for only three more from that quarter. And as for the Ukraine, that is exhausted altogether."

For a moment there is heavy silence.

"But," presently ventures one of the rejected, "we were under the impression you required some thousands of new workers. Seems to me you barely engaged several hundred."

"Well, yes; quite so. The places are not filled, but the quotas are."

Europe's Migratory Workers

As to what all this means I have already let out some hints at the beginning of this article. It means that when we think of America as an industrial corporation and of the newcomer as a mere worker we are overlooking the essential point; that we are looking at a solid object with three dimensions as if it were something flat. True enough, America has a continent to develop, but she also has a nation to build. She does, indeed, for immediate purposes require a commodity called labor; but, owing to the very nature of her case, she is constrained to keep a watchful eye on the future. She cannot let the insistent demand of her machines for muscle swerve her from her noble destiny as the civilizing power of a new world. In a word, the alien to her is not so much a tool as a soul.

All one has to do to grasp this idea firmly is to cast an eye abroad. Immigration, as you may know, is not an exclusively American method of securing labor. In many European countries certain seasonal occupations, notably agriculture, rely to a very considerable extent on the migratory worker. In Russia, before the revolution, there were tens of thousands of peasants who drove cabs or trucks or toiled in the factories of the cities in winter and in the spring returned to their farms. The great East Prussian landowners regularly imported Poles and other Slavs from the Baltic Provinces to do their plowing and harvesting. I am told that the Polish population of Upper Silesia was originally brought in by the Germans to work the mines.

Right now there are in France large numbers of Belgian laborers, agricultural as well as industrial. If you go up to the border and see those men crossing over, the first thing that will strike you is that there is nothing resembling our immigrant stations. The frontier police perfunctorily glance at passports and luggage, and that is all. The immigrant is treated in all respects as a traveler is. Whence arises the difference?

The answer is obvious. France is in this transaction purely and simply an employer. The Belgian is nothing more than a worker. He is coming in search of a job, not to find a new home. He is bringing his hands with him, but his individuality he has left behind in his own country. When the harvesting is done, when the rush orders are filled, he will go back. Therefore the French authorities are not greatly interested in his race or his aspirations. He is to them literally a commodity.

The immigrant to the United States is, in nine cases out of ten, a home seeker. He has pulled himself up by the roots and is coming to the New World to settle down. For the time being, to be sure, he is a hired man; but there is no telling what he will be tomorrow. Owing to our singularly liberal domestic arrangements, he becomes almost from the start one of the family. If he is young, he may actually marry one of our daughters. His children will in any case be Americans. And at the end of a paltry five years this alien, with the soil of his native land still clinging to his roots, will be taking a hand in our public life.

Can you wonder, then, that America picks and chooses? She is driven to it. Urgently as she may need hands to operate her plant, she is bound to subordinate immediate industrial considerations to the integrity of her race and the preservation of her institutions. If human labor could somehow be obtained independently of human character, if she could somehow get the alien's hands without the alien, she could afford to be promiscuous. As things are, she cannot afford to think of economics where her national future is at stake. She is with one hand marketing for commodities and with the other angling for souls.

That is why America excludes the Chinaman. Cheap labor is all very fine. If we could have our work done away from home, as the imperial powers of Europe do—that, you know, is what imperialism is in part, a substitute for immigration—we should be willing enough to have it. We are no more anxious to throw money away than are other nations. But this cheap labor dilutes our blood, weakens our foundations, lowers our standards, endangers our whole scheme of salvation. At that rate it comes much too high.

And that, too, is why we have a contract-labor clause and a national quota system in our immigration law. At first glance these enactments appear preposterous. An employer who turns away a desirable applicant on no other ground than that some other worker sent for him, or because the applicant's uncle has not shown any capacity for self-advancement, is—to put it mildly—behaving in a whimsical fashion. But when you remember that America is thinking of her manhood first and of factories last, the enigma ceases to be puzzling.

I can tell you in very few words what the origin and intent of these provisions were. The contract-labor clause was in the first instance directed against the padrone system, imported to our shores from Italy and some other places in Southern Europe. We were determined to make an end of the practice of indentured slavery. The quota plan is a direct step in linking up immigration with Americanization. It is a device for determining the assimilative quality of the various European peoples by the record of those of their members who are already in our midst. As I have already said, it is the first—and for that reason, perhaps, a rather clumsy—attempt at scientific selection of America's future population.

The Immigrant's Pandora's Box

And this brings me to my second apparent contradiction—the paradox of Americanization. I must ask you to go back and read again what I said at the beginning of this article. The point of those remarks was this: Not only does America turn away willing hands, not only does she seem to pay scant heed to her industrial needs, she goes one vast, astonishing stride farther. Having, after long and painful choosing, recruited her army of toilers, and having assigned each man to his post, she turns right around and urges them to abandon the tasks for which she presumably wanted them. She swoops down on them with pleas and arguments, with threats and promises, with night schools and settlements, with lectures and leaflets, and dins it into their ears that unless they wish to incur her displeasure and her eternal scorn, they must with all haste dash out of the menial grooves, seize Opportunity by the throat and show the mettle that is in them by conquering this New World.

Was there, I ask you, ever such tyranny? It is as if a manufacturer who had long striven to get a suitable working force together were to insist that each operative must, after a stated interval, set up in business for himself on pain of losing his rank and the favor of his employer. What is the result of this strange procedure? Americanization undoes the work of immigration. It leaves us pretty much where we were before. It makes ever-fresh foreign invasions an absolute economic necessity. It is one of the underlying causes of our chronic labor shortages.

Of course, if you look at the matter from the outside, you will no doubt declare that I am again exaggerating and that I ought to be indicted for riding a hobbyhorse to death. True enough, I will be told, America is doing everything she can to bring enlightenment to the benighted alien. But that is a far cry from this colorful interpretation of yours. In point of fact, America is quite selfish in the enterprise—selfish, to be

(Continued on Page 192)

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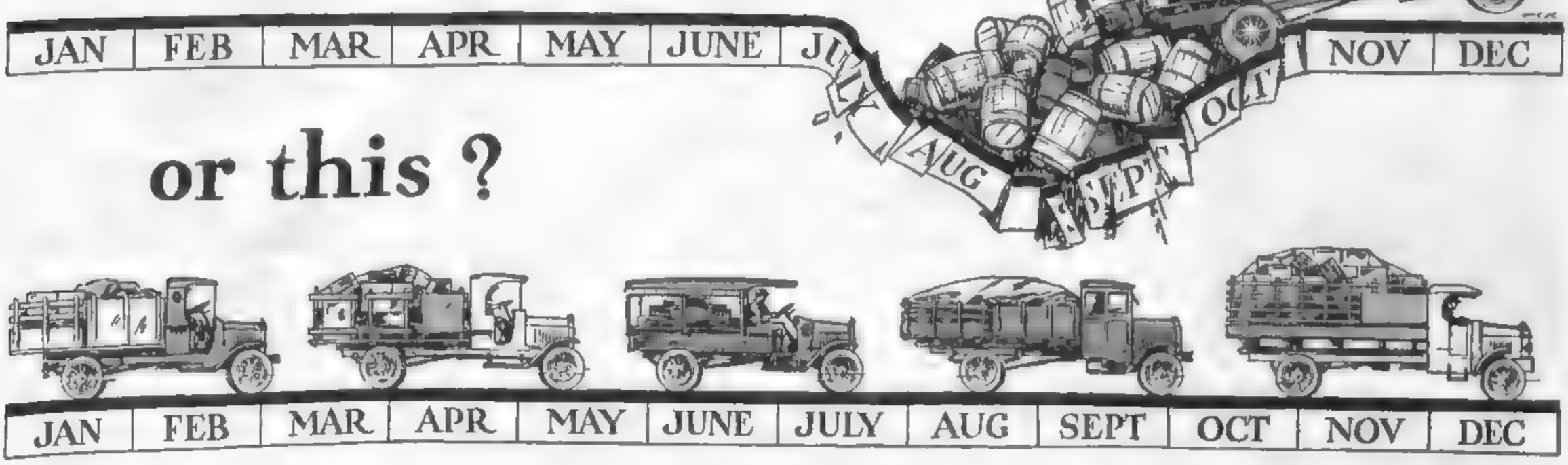

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(Continued from Page 190.

sure, in a large and generous way, but selfish none the less. She gives the foreigner factory classes and night schools and leaflets and settlements, not with any motive of uplift but because she has to. Far from contemplating his complete emancipation with a view to rendering him independent of his place in industry, she is, on the contrary, trying to fit him the better into it by filing away his rough edges

The aim of Americanization is not to evolve the foreigner into a full-fledged American, but to make him into a competent laborer. We want to help the newcomer to adapt himself to our world with the least possible friction, and incidentally to make a tolerable neighbor of him. In short, the idea is to shape the crude human material to our ends, exactly as we refine mineral ores. But we are not aspiring to be alchemists. We have no thought of extracting gold from pig iron, and we are not engaged in any fantastic endeavor to turn the hunky into a gentleman.

Oh, I know all about that! Americanization, I grant you, is a course of training in efficiency for the benefit of unregenerate aliens. How should I not know it? I am one of the graduates. I can even tell you just why this adjusting process is necessary. You see, when the immigrant comes to us he suddenly looms up as an enormous problem. Those bundles of his with which we have just noticed him walking off the gangplank are a veritable Pandora's box, and he is no sooner in our midst than he lets loose over our heads a whole flock of unexpected complications.

To begin with, he is an uprooted human being. That may sound simple, but it is not. Like any other transplanted creature, he is exposed to ailments and infections which the indigenous fauna have learned to resist or to throw off. His body, his mind and his soul are subject to afflictions which back there in his own home he never even suspected to exist. He has not, as we sometimes suppose, brought them with him; neither has he found them here; they spring by spontaneous generation out of the contact of the two universes. What is more, the maladies are communicable. And it is not possible to quarantine him; there are too many of him. Therefore the mischief he gets into has a tendency to spread to others.

Unless he is taken promptly in hand and steered straight, he is likely to become a menace to our civilization and our very life.

Political Infants

Then there is politics. My foreign-born friends cry "Slander!" every time somebody ventures to suggest that there is a direct connection between municipal corruption and the large masses of half-assimilated aliens in our cities. Yet the charge is certainly not unfounded. The foreign colony is for obvious reasons the most fertile soil for the particular kind of crop which the ward boss specializes in. Where the bill of indictment goes astray is in assuming that the immigrant is from birth endowed with an extra share of original sin. The real cause lies, clearly, not in the European's political waywardness but in something very like the reverse. I mean his political innocence. He is lacking, not in integrity but in experience. More often than not citizenship is an entirely new thing to him.

"Here," he says to himself, "is an interesting toy called a vote. I wonder what I am supposed to do with it."

It scarcely enters his head that the franchise imposes responsibilities on him. But he is willing to be told, and the first person who takes the trouble to tell him is a gentleman in a cutaway and a florid waistcoat who until the other day kept the saloon on the corner. Of course, if he were not a political infant, he would carry his researches a little further, just to check up on this first-volunteered information. Being what he is, he takes the district leader for a walking Constitution of the United States. Therefore America, concerned about the health of her cities and public life, finds it necessary to come and teach him differently. Americanization branches forth into political education.

I have heard tenement-house owners assert with much exasperation that never again would they install modern improvements in such buildings.

"What is the use?" they cried disgustedly. "The Dagos don't know what to do with them, anyhow. They fill the bathtubs with coal and throw potato peelings in the toilet bowl. They are not benefited, and all the good it does me is to pile up my plumber's bills."

Right-o! The diagnosis is excellent. But the prescription smacks of quackery. It is quite true; the new immigrant mistakes a bathtub for a coal scuttle and a toilet bowl for a garbage pail. In the village where he was born and raised, family life was not carried on in the rarefied atmosphere of a fifth-floor rear apartment, and vegetable offal could be fed to the goat right in the parlor; and when one felt particularly hot or soiled one had but to plunge into the pond on the edge of town or pay a visit to the Roman baths on the principal square. Therefore the remedy is to give him a little assistance in spanning the chasm between the sixteenth century and the twentieth. What he needs is not dispossession, but a couple of years' time and a carefully graded course in readjustment. America, thank heaven, seems to have caught the idea. That is why, I take it, she sends him, not the sheriff, but a trained social worker.

A Course in Readjustment

Filth and a cheerful disregard of all sanitary rules are the prevailing order in most of the quarters where the newly landed congregate. My crowded memory still preserves some *clichés* of littered streets, of pestilential air shafts, of the scurrying plagues that shared my residence without contributing to the rent, of unheralded showers of slops out of a clear sky, or at least out of an open window, while I took the air of an evening. But what I remember more vividly than all this is my painful astonishment at the sudden degeneration of my compatriots. I had known these people in their native haunts. There never was a more meticulous human being than the Rumanian peasant anywhere in the world. What was the explanation? My first impulse was to blame it all on America. She it was who was encouraging him in these unlovely ways. But I know better now. I have found out that it takes time and effort to fit into a totally alien world. The time must come out of the immigrant's pocket, but the effort has to be furnished, in part, by America—and the technical name of the effort is Americanization.

Do you know that more Polish and Hungarian and Finnish babies die, per thousand population, in our slums and mining camps than in the native lands of these races? And furthermore, that a greater proportion of their parents perish from tuberculosis and a variety of occupational diseases in the United States than at home? That would not be particularly astonishing if it were not for the fact that infant mortality for the nation as a whole is lower in America than in all but one or two countries in the entire world. Industrial casualties are considerably more numerous among the foreign-born than among native American workers employed in the same trades and even in the same plants. These phenomena are not accidental. There is a reason for them. And if you have read the last half dozen paragraphs with any care you won't need me to tell you what it is.

So then, as we all agree, this is what Americanization comes to: It is a course of training for the fresh arrival designed to fit him to new surroundings and to make him at least moderately efficient in the humble tasks for which he was admitted to the country in the first place. We have to teach him the rudiments of English to enable him to read the danger signs so as to prevent him from maiming himself. We have to appoint a trained guide to instruct his wife in the mysteries of cooking with gas and in the art of raising children in tenements and in crowded streets. He is a stranger in a strange world, and it is the part of the native to acquaint him with the ins and outs of local custom and tradition. He has somehow to find out that postage stamps are sold in drug stores, that a foot is twelve inches, that American merchants dislike bargaining, and that a man must always wait for a woman to speak first. Not least in importance, we cannot let cheats mulct and exploit him.

Up to this point Americanization is mere adaptation. It is not much more than the slaveholder used to do for the black man. But do you really think, gentle reader, that that is all America is trying to do? Why, bless you, it is barely the kindergarten! Of course, it depends a good deal on what you have in mind when you say "America."

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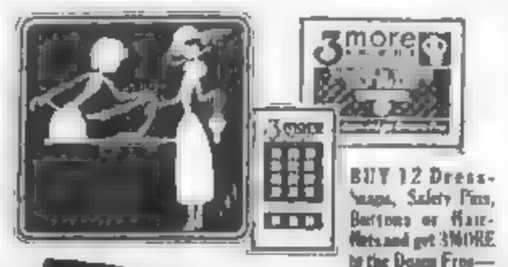

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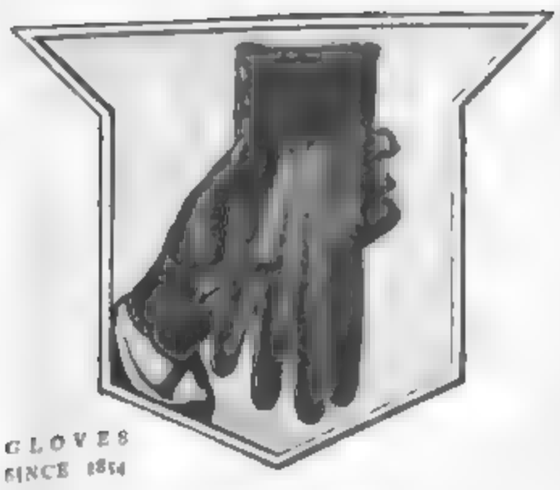

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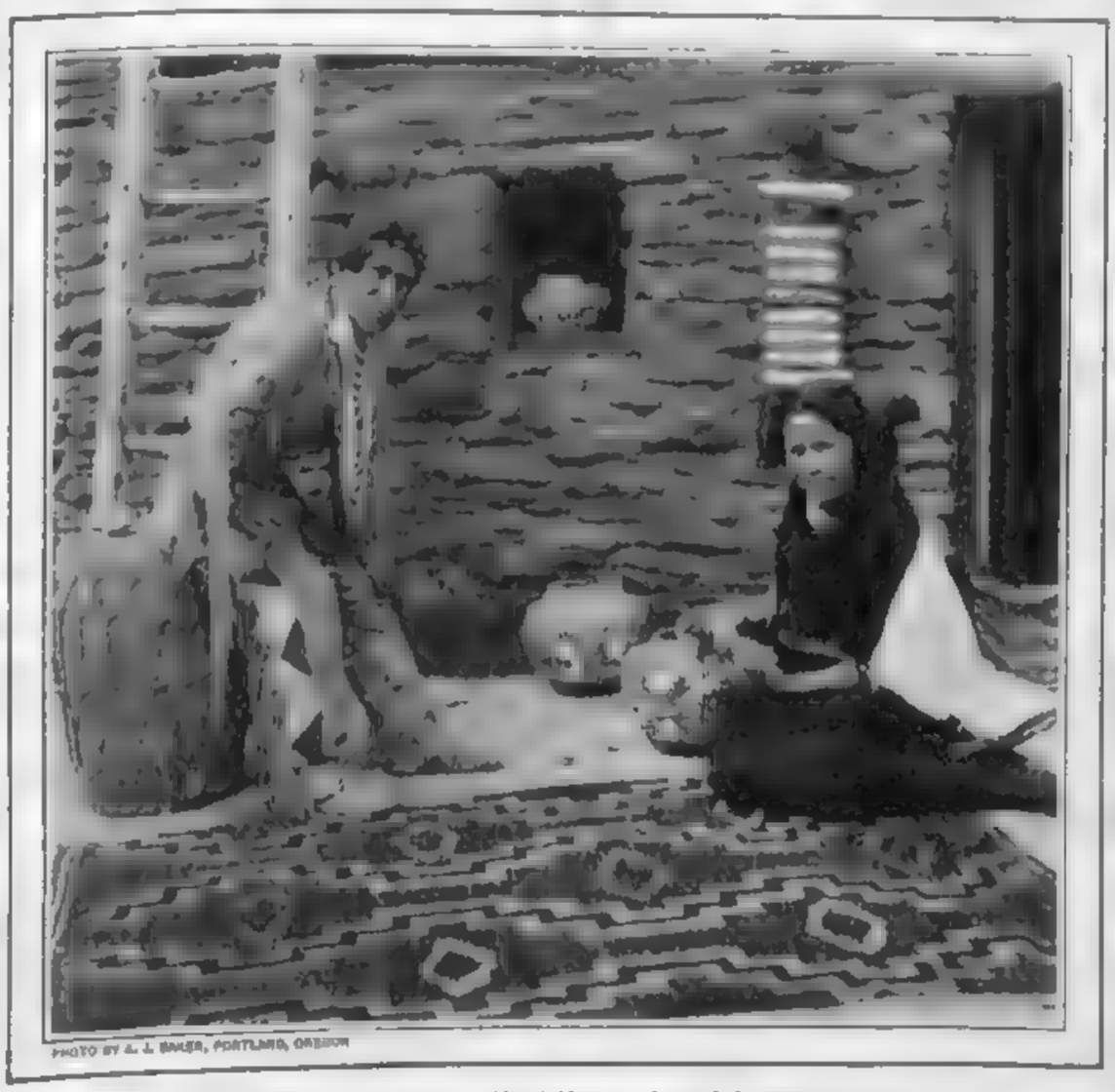
Most of the organizations and civic bodies which have been identified with the enterprise for decades are quite deliberately driving at something else. The settlements clearly are after much more than efficiency. They do, to be sure, start in with soap and shower baths and spelling. But they do not stop there. They are carrying the whole American gospel of self-development and personal success to the heathen of the slums. Aye, and culture. They go in for music and classical dancing and interior decorating and sculpture and I don't know what else. They seem to be bent on making the hunky—or his children, at any rate into one of his betters. Witness their emphasis on table etiquette and the uses of evening clothes. Small wonder the critics are saying that the settlement is endeavoring to introduce the standards of Fifth Avenue and the country club among wage earners with twenty a week. And if you ask me my opinion, I'll offer it frankly: The settlement workers ought to be indicted for treason to the sweatshop and the padrone. They are emancipating the slaves.

Still, I don't know why we should be concentrating all the fire on the settlements. Our very authorities are up to the same game. There are more municipal libraries on the East Side than I have been able to keep count of. And the books therein contained are not all about hygiene and the blessedness of hard work and plain living and how to become a better janitor, nor even entirely about our form of government and the greatness of the United States. We have a municipal college in New York which is more than half filled with the foreign-born and their sons; and another with the daughters. I do not assert that the institutions were built specially for them; but I have not heard of any attempt to keep them out. Outside a university campus, there is no place anywhere in the United States—or in the world, for that matter—where so many public lectures are given per square foot as in certain foreign colonies which I could name. And the subjects range from the Louisiana Purchase to the works of Tagore, and from rug weaving to the theory of relativity. Our museums of art and natural history distribute tons of circulars and posters annually in the slums of the hunky, imploring their inhabitants for the honor of a visit. Maybe you can see how the higher education and the study of Rubens and anthropoid apes is going to promote a better grade of pants making.

I must confess to you that I was myself once upon a time misled about America's purposes with the immigrant. The idea that the only interest this country had in me was as a slave had been so thoroughly hammered into my head during my greenhorn period that when the time came for me to get an education I actually did not dare to take the step openly. I was sure I would be deported on charges of entering under false pretenses and breach of contract. It was a perfectly clear case: America had taken me on to help with the chores, and now that I was in I was going ahead to set up for myself. That was my principal reason for going out West to college—to run away as far as my funds would carry me from the immigration authorities. Luckily my tongue would not betray me. I had succeeded in ridding myself of the more incriminating kind of foreign accent, and I was determined to keep severely to myself. However, my secret leaked out somehow. Just what the way of it was I do not remember. It does not matter. It was the sequel that was interesting, incredible, fantastic. Do you suppose I was rounded up and sent out of the country? Not much! Teachers and students vied with one another in commending my courage, my achievement and goodness knows what not. At the time of my graduation the metropolitan newspapers of the state had me interviewed and printed editorials of which the refrain was that America needed more immigrants like me!

That experience of mine was typical. It is not just sentimental ladies of wealth and professional uplifters who labor at the task of transforming the dumb, bewildered alien into a self-reliant, independent, progressive American. The whole nation is at it. Back there in the Old World the everlasting cry is that the foreigner overruns the country and gets ahead of the native. You will hear that complaint everywhere. It is, I suppose, natural human jealousy and the desire to keep a good thing for oneself. The feeling against Americans in Mexico and against the white man in China comes down to that. The most familiar instance is the Jew, the eternal foreigner. The real animus against him in such places as Russia, Poland and Rumania is not religious principally. It is that he is in some singular way not of the country and that he is too slippery to hold down. Well, at this moment there is a considerable anti-Jewish agitation in the United States. Only the other day I read a book on the subject by an American. To my vast astonishment his criticism was not that this ancient race took advantage of the opportunities offered them here to become capitalists and exploiters. Of the familiar old World charges there was scarcely an echo. He had nothing but praise for the Portuguese and German Jews, because they were assimilated and well to do. But he went rather hard after what he termed the Polish variety, and the fault he found with them was that they tended to stay at peddling and the sweated trades and displayed no talent for self-emancipation.

Imagine such a thing! Picture the Roman patrician losing his temper with his



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helots because they did not hustle to get their freedom and become citizens. Conceive of King Leopold of the Belgians storming at the natives of the Congo for their failure to acquire the civilization and the ideals of their white masters! Yet our anti-Jewish author is not so original as he sets up to be. He is following good American tradition. The things which he holds against the Eastern European Jews pretty well summarize the objections we all have to the newer immigrants. Have you ever asked yourself what it is exactly that we dislike about the foreign colonies? It surely is not that they are schools where the newcomer is taught how to bridge the gulf between his old environment and the new, so that he might the more easily conquer his share of America. We take exception to it because, through its foreign-language newspapers and its imported customs and traditions and diet and associations, it encourages the immigrant to stay foreign and delays his graduation into America proper.

For two generations we have been holding up certain races from Northern and Central Europe as models for later immigrants to emulate. Was it because they clung to their little groups and to the lowly tasks of their early days? Quite the reverse. It was because they spread out, made the most of America, sent their sons to college, and in a very short time became a power in our affairs and our councils. As we express it, they have the stuff in them of which Americans are made. They share our ideas and ideals. They are assimilable. Our reluctance toward the Eastern and Southern European is due to his slowness to fall in with our ways. I have never yet heard an American exclaim, "Here is a noble immigrant. He has been a ditch digger for thirty years, and is still at it." The individual aliens whom we admire are men like Carl Schurz and Andrew Carnegie and Prof. Edward Steiner. Not that, as our friends abroad would have it, Americans worship wealth and the people who amass it. We love to say, "These fellows came to us poor and weak. Behold what they have made of themselves! Go, thou sluggard, and do likewise." It is the magic potency of America and the human conquest of handicaps that sets our souls vibrating. I have often wondered what would happen in any European country if this sort of wholesale emancipation of outsiders were encouraged. I think the natives would rise up in revolution and put the foreigners over the frontier.

Now that it is done, you may perhaps wonder why I did it. What is the argument and what does it prove? There is no argument. I have taken—and given—all these pains to explain America's way with the foreigner, because we are at this moment on the threshold of a new era in immigration. For the past forty years the Old World has been sending us the people who suited our industrial purposes well enough, but whom, with our eyes on the future, we were not sure we wanted. The late war, however, has brought about fundamental changes in the European labor market. Speaking broadly, it has bettered the lot of those races and classes which hitherto have come seeking our shores, while it has impoverished those who never emigrated before. It seems likely that the newest immigration will be a great improvement, racially and culturally, over its predecessor. I feel, therefore, that public opinion in this country ought to take stock of America's objectives in this all-important matter. The question is bound soon to arise: Now that we can have the European whom we have all along wanted, are we going to take him? And if we take him, what are we going to do with him?

To this new situation and to these questions I shall return later on.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr Ravage. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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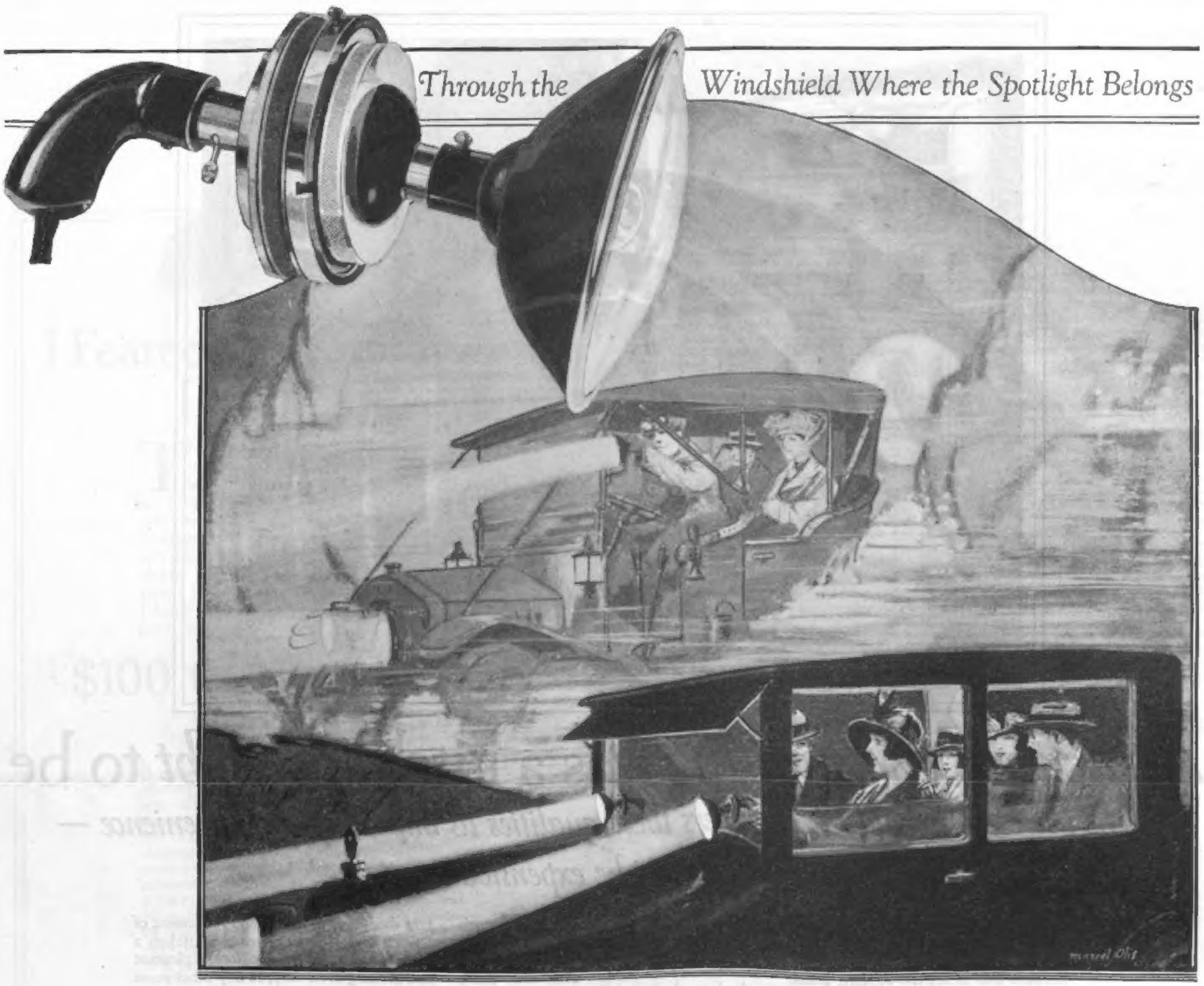

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"I don't know how I could get along without Pet Milk in the kitchen. I use it in every recipe that calls for milk or cream. Pet is so rich and creamy that I dilute it for nearly every dish, even for cream soups and creamed vegetables. By adding one part water I get extra-rich milk. With two parts water I get ordinary cooking milk. Our favorite dishes, when made with Pet, are most appetizing. The cream gravy I make with Pet is rich and smooth. My Pet Milk biscuits are the delight of my family. With Pet Milk I can be sure my recipe will turn out right, for Pet is always sweet and uniformly rich to the last drop". . . The Helvetia Company (Originators of Evaporated Milk), 836 Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

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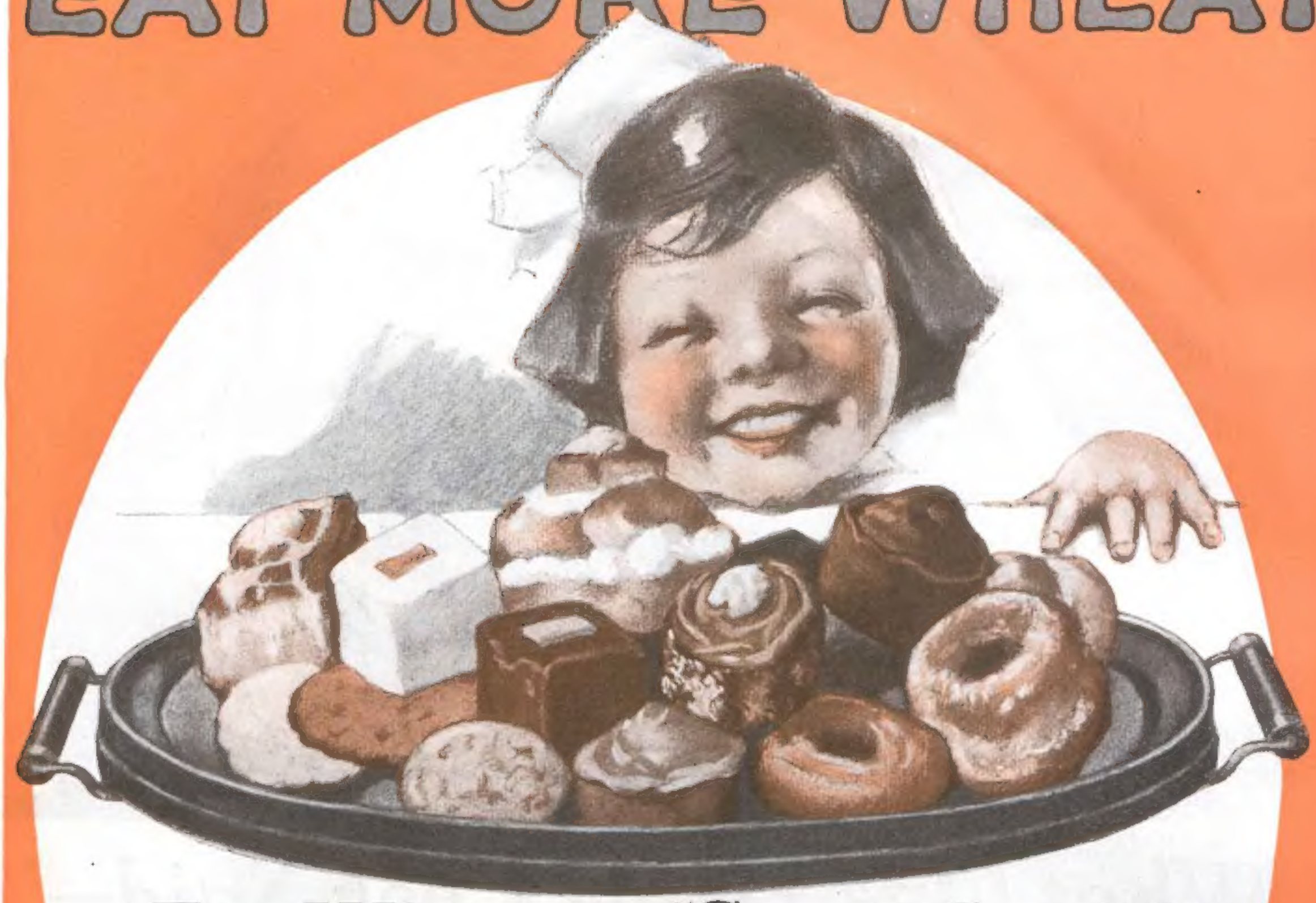
CREAM GRAVY. *Ingredients:* 2 tablespoons fat from pan; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 teaspoon salt; few grains pepper; 2-3 cup Pet Milk diluted with 1 1-3 cups water. *Recipe:* Pour off all fat from pan in which chicken has been fried. Measure and put back two tablespoons, to which add flour mixed with salt and pepper. Stir until it is smooth; then add slowly the diluted milk. Stir until it thickens, strain, and serve.

Milk at its Best

EAT MORE WHEAT



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